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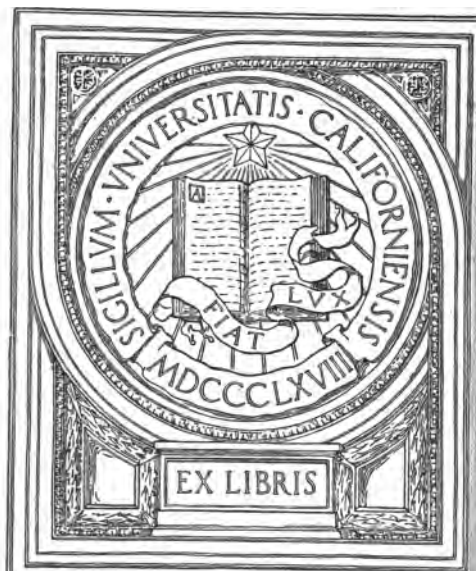
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**SONGS,  
ODES, AND OTHER POEMS,**

**ON  
NATIONAL SUBJECTS;**

**COMPILED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.**

**BY WM. McCARTY.**

---

**PART THIRD—MILITARY.**

---

**"Come out, ye Continentals!"**

**"And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,  
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves."**

**PHILADELPHIA:  
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**This Volume is Dedicated**

To the memory of General JOSEPH WARREN, General RICHARD MONTGOMERY, General DAVID WOOSTER, General HUGH MERCER, General the BARON DE KALB, and all the officers, non-commissioned officers, and soldiers who fell in the achievement of the liberty and independence of their country, in the war of 1776.

**It is also Dedicated**

To the memory of General ZEBULON MONTGOMERY PIKE, and all the officers, non-commissioned officers, and soldiers who fell in the war of 1812, in support of that independence which the others had gained. To the officers, non-commissioned officers, and soldiers of the army of the United States, this book, which celebrates, in song, our national victories, is also respectfully inscribed, by

THE COMPILER.

M57381



THE  
AMERICAN NATIONAL  
SONG-BOOK.

MILITARY SONGS.

I BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT.

From the New York Gazette, or the Weekly Post Boy,  
November 10, 1755.

Verses occasioned by the melancholy news of the British  
forces being defeated, and General Braddock slain, on the  
banks of the river Ohio.

—Mares animos in martia bella  
Versibus exacuit.

*The dying general speaks :*

THEN, 'tis decreed—the vain exulting Gaul  
In these ill-fated fields beholds my fall.  
\* But let not Britain, when she hears the tale,  
In timid indolence my fate bewail.  
O ! rather let her sons, unused to fear,  
To women leave the tribute of a tear.  
A brave revenge alone becomes the brave,  
A brave revenge these dying heroes crave.  
See where their mangled limbs bestrew the field :  
Firm, undismay'd, unknowing how to yield.  
Behold them with their latest gasp of breath,  
Implore their country to revenge their death.



~~~~~  
May Britain, then, let loose her vengeful ire,  
Redoubled force repeated wrongs require ;  
Each active hand with martial terror arm,  
Each martial bosom with her spirit warm.  
So, haughty Gaul, when her exploits she hears  
Shall with her ill-starr'd triumph mix her fears ;  
As midnight thieves that, wrapt in vile disguise,  
Have made some luckless traveller their prize,  
Afraid of justice, drop the booty won,  
And tremble for the mischief they have done.  
In vain the fetter'd Gaul prepares his chains,  
For British freedom, even in India's plains.  
Great George, born to command the free and brave  
Shall break his weapons and chastise the slave.  
My blood I freely spill ; rejoiced to make  
The first libation for fair Freedom's sake.  
For as, in Greece of old, the warrior's meed  
For liberty, is nobly thus to bleed.

Here then I cheerful quit life's poor remains,  
For glory well exchanged in martial plains ;  
In future times, (nor do I boast in vain,)  
When Britain numbers o'er her warrior-train,  
When time my errors shall obliterate  
And veil my faults in pity to my fate,  
In the fair list, perhaps, shall stand his name,  
Who through these regions show'd the road to fame ;  
Who midst these pathless wilds, and streams that  
roll

From sources unexplored, first taught the Gaul  
That Britain's freeborn sons, inspired by fame,  
Nor danger daunts, nor toilsome marches tame.  
What though by me, these ill-starr'd heroes led,  
With me, oppress'd by numbers, fought and bled :

What though our blood these barbarous currents dye,  
To savage rage exposed our bodies lie ;  
Yet still our name a terror shall remain,  
For length of ages to the servile train.  
Oft shall these warrior's shades, who sullen rove,  
Along the o'er-shaded stream or twilight grove,  
Or o'er savannahs drear, in dread array,  
By moonlight gleam, their marshall'd ranks display,  
Affright the Gaul, whose dazzled fancy sees  
The horrid armour glittering through the trees,  
His shrivell'd soul within him dies with fear,  
Whilst bursts of imaged cannon wound his ear.  
Nor will our pensive ghosts one comfort know,  
Till destined vengeance overtake the foe ;  
Till (servile Gaul expell'd) fix'd in these plains  
By British valour, British freedom reigns.

---

From the Pennsylvania Gazette, October 25, 1759. (Published by  
B. Franklin.)

## 2 ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.

WHAT honours, Wolfe, should thy brave brows adorn ?  
Shall fading wreaths, by other heroes worn ?  
Not breathing marble, nor enlivening brass,  
Though there thy manly form the eye may trace ;  
Not columns stately rising from the plain,  
To tell the victories which thy arms did gain ?  
Not generous praise, which tuneful bards convey,  
Which lasts when other monuments decay,  
Though many a British bard thy fall shall mourn,  
And sing melodious dirges o'er thy urn ;

No works of mortal hands, or mortal wit  
Thy virtues equal, or thy fame befit :  
Heaven saw, and straight prepared a nobler prize,  
And to receive it snatch'd thee to the skies.

---

## 3

## BRAVE WOLFE.

CHEER up, my young men all,  
Let nothing fright you ;  
Though oft objections rise,  
Let it delight you.  
Let not your fancy move  
Whene'er it comes to trial ;  
Nor let your courage fail  
At the first denial.  
I sat down by my love,  
Thinking that I woo'd her ;  
I sat down by my love,  
But sure not to delude her.  
But when I got to speak  
My tongue it doth so quiver,  
I dare not speak my mind,  
Whenever I am with her.  
Love, here's a ring of gold,  
'Tis long that I have kept it,  
My dear, now for my sake,  
I pray you to accept it.  
When you the posy read,  
Pray think upon the giver,  
My dear, remember me,  
Or I'm undone forever.

---

Then Wolfe he took his leave,  
Of his most lovely jewel ;  
Although it seemed to be,  
To him, an act most cruel.

Although it's for a space  
I'm forced to leave my love,  
My dear, where'er I rove,  
I'll ne'er forget my dove.

So then this valiant youth  
Embarked on the ocean,  
To free America  
From faction's dire commotion.

He landed at Quebec,  
Being all brave and hearty ;  
The city to attack,  
With his most gallant party.

Then Wolfe drew up his men,  
In rank and file so pretty,  
On Abraham's lofty heights,  
Before this noble city.

A distance from the town  
The noble French did meet them,  
In double numbers there,  
Resolved for to beat them.

*A Parley. Wolfe and Montcalm together.*

Montcalm and this brave youth,  
Together they are walking ;  
So well they do agree,  
Like brothers they are talking.

Then each one to his post,  
As they do now retire ;  
O, then their numerous hosts  
Began their dreadful fire.  
Then instant from his horse,  
Fell this most noble hero,  
May we lament his loss,  
In words of deepest sorrow.  
The French are seen to break,  
Their columns all are flying ;  
Then Wolfe he seems to wake,  
Though in the act of dying.  
And lifting up his head,  
(The drums and trumpets rattle)  
And to his army said,  
"I pray how goes the battle?"  
His aide-de-camp replied,  
"Brave general, 'tis in our favour,  
Quebec and all her pride,  
'Tis nothing now can save her.  
"She falls into our hands,  
With all her wealth and treasure."  
"O then," brave Wolfe replied,  
"I quit the world with pleasure."

---

## 4

## QUEBEC.—1775.

Loud howl'd the storm, dark gloom'd the night,  
The clouded stars denied their light,  
To those who to the bloody fight  
Advanced in darkness silently.



---

No noisy drum alarm'd the ear,  
No trumpet broke the silent drear,  
Nor e'en a footstep could you hear,  
As slow they moved, and warily.

Quebec, thy towering ramparts high,  
That night had doom'd in flames to lie,  
Had not the terrors of the sky  
Opposed thy foemen's bravery.

Now dreary silence is no more,  
Earth shakes beneath the cannon's roar,  
The spotless snows were limned with gore,  
And carnage riots horribly.

The gloomy face of murky night  
Is 'lumined by the streams of light,  
That upwards, from the field of fight,  
Gleam'd in the black sky fearfully.

Alas! ye brave, your home again  
Ye ne'er shall see—for on the plain  
The flower of your force lies slain,  
And Britain shouts triumphantly.

Ah! whence that loud and piercing yell!  
'Twas Freedom, when her hero fell;  
A bullet wing'd by fiends of hell,  
Has slain the flower of chivalry.

Though he is doom'd to perish here,  
Though humble is the warrior's bier,  
Yet moisten'd by a soldier's tear,  
His name shall live eternally.

**5            BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.**

Composed by a British officer, the day after the battle,  
June 17, 1775.

It was on the seventeenth, by break of day,  
The Yankees did surprise us,  
With their strong works they had thrown up,  
To burn the town and drive us.

But soon we had an order come,  
An order to defeat them;  
Like rebels stout, they stood it out,  
And thought we ne'er could beat them.

About the hour of twelve that day,  
An order came for marching,  
With three good flints, and sixty rounds,  
Each man hoped to discharge them.

We marched down to the Long Wharf,  
Where boats were ready waiting;  
With expedition we embark'd,  
Our ships kept cannonading.

And when our boats all filled were  
With officers and soldiers,  
With as good troops as England had,  
To oppose who dare control us?

And when our boats all filled were,  
We row'd in line of battle,  
Where showers of ball like hail did fly,  
Our cannon loud did rattle.

There was Copps' Hill battery, near Charlestown,  
Our twenty-fours they played;

And the three frigates in the stream,  
That very well behaved.

The Glasgow frigate clear'd the shore,  
All at the time of landing,  
With her grape-shot and cannon-balls.  
No Yankees e'er could stand them.

And when we landed on the shore,  
We draw'd up all together;  
The Yankees they all mann'd their works,  
And thought we'd ne'er come thither.

But soon they did perceive brave Howe,  
Brave Howe, our bold commander;  
With grenadiers, and infantry,  
We made them to surrender.

Brave William Howe, on our right wing,  
Cried, "Boys, fight on like thunder;  
You soon will see the rebels flee,  
With great amaze and wonder."

Now some lay bleeding on the ground,  
And some fell fast a running  
O'er hill and dales, and mountains high,  
Crying, "Zounds! brave Howe's a coming."

Brave Howe is so considerate,  
As to guard against all dangers:  
He allow'd each half a gill this day;  
To rum we were no strangers.

They began to play on our left wing,  
Where Pigot, he commanded;  
But we return'd it back again,  
With courage most undaunted.

To our grape-shot and musket-balls,  
To which they were but strangers,  
They thought to come with sword in hand,  
But soon they found their danger.

And when their works were got into,  
And put them to the flight, sir,  
They pepper'd us, poor British elves,  
And show'd us they could fight, sir.

And when their works we got into,  
With some hard knocks and danger;  
Their works we found both firm and strong,  
Too strong for British Rangers.

But as for our artillery,  
They gave all way and run,  
For while their ammunition held,  
They gave us Yankee fun.

But our commander, he got broke  
For his misconduct, sure, sir;  
The shot he sent for twelve-pound guns,  
Were made for twenty-fours, sir.

There's some in Boston pleased to say,  
As we the field were taking,  
We went to kill their countrymen,  
While they their hay were making.

For such stout whigs I never saw,  
To hang them all I'd rather;  
By making hay with musket-balls,  
Lord Howe cursedly did bother.

Bad luck to him by land and sea,  
For he's despised by many;

The name of Bunker Hill he dreads,  
Where he was flogg'd most plainly.  
And now my song is at an end :  
And to conclude my ditty,  
'Tis only Britons ignorant,  
That I most sincerely pity.  
As for our king and William Howe,  
And General Gage, if they're taken,  
The Yankees will hang their heads up high,  
On that fine hill, call'd Beacon.

---

**6 GENERAL WARREN; OR, THE BATTLE  
OF BUNKER HILL.—1775.**

LET others boast of monarchs' pride,  
Surrounded by a sanguine tribe,  
A noble theme my muse shall guide,  
'Tis the deeds of the valiant Warren.  
When tyrant George assails our shore,  
And thousands of his slaves sent o'er,  
With power to kill, afflict us ill,  
Our towns to burn that we might mourn,  
And make us to his sway return,  
A sway that was slavish and foreign :  
'Twas then our patriot's spirit rose,  
And they resolved to oppose  
The progress of our cruel foes,  
And stop their wicked courses.  
Warren was his country's choice,  
Call'd to arms by their voice,  
And at the word he draws his sword,

Quit drug and pill, his post to fill,  
He takes command on Bunker's Hill,  
To fight the tyrant's forces.

Howe, he who then had chief command  
Of George's troop within our land,  
Addressed thus his hireling band :

Which was to ours treble,  
"Behold !" says he, "yon motley host ;  
We'll quickly drive them from their post,  
For as ye live, no mercy give,  
Don't mind one prayer, nor yet one spare,  
For vengeance we will have that's rare,  
And destroy every Yankee rebel."

Now Warren, with undaunted breast,  
As up the hill his foes they press'd,  
With honest pride he thus express'd

As he view'd the British banners :  
"Our stripes unfurled let them be,  
Whose motto's death or liberty ;  
In freedom's name, my friends, take aim ;  
It's my desire, till they draw nigher,  
That no man throw away his fire ;  
We'll teach those red-coats manners.

"Remember well the wrongs you bore,  
In Boston streets deluged in gore,  
And justice banish'd from our shore,

The minions of corruption :  
Remember your wives whose injuries dear,  
And hear the cries of all the fair ;

Our old men kill'd, our prisons fill'd,  
Our houses fired, our trade expired ;  
Such deeds our patriots' hearts expired,  
To give them a warm reception."

Then a tremendous cannonade  
Was from the British forces play'd,  
But when come to our pallisade,  
They received a republican thunder :  
Wing'd with death our bullets flew,  
It seem'd that each its object knew ;  
We took good aim, no spot was vain,  
The ground was spread with heaps of dead,  
The living in a panic fled,  
Which made the British wonder.

Then twice again they us attack'd,  
And twice again we drove them back,  
Too soon for powder we did lack,  
Or we'd have killed all the soldiers of Nero.  
At length a cursed unlucky shot  
Struck Warren in a vital spot :  
"I fall" cries he, "for liberty ;  
I freely bleed if we succeed,  
O may my country soon be freed !"  
Thus died a republican hero.

---

## 7 GENERAL MONTGOMERY.

The following lines are ascribed to a private who fought under the banners of Montgomery while he lived, and who mourns his untimely fate, in strains which, though not very poetical, are "warm from the heart and faithful to its griefs."

COME, soldiers, all in chorus join,  
And pay a tribute at the shrine  
Of brave Montgomery :  
Which to the memory is due  
Of him who fought and died, that you  
Might live and yet be free.

With cheerful and undaunted mind,  
Domestic happiness resign'd,  
    He, with a chosen band,  
Through deserts wild, with fix'd intent,  
Canada for to conquer went,  
    Or perish, sword in hand.

Six weeks before St. John's we lay,  
While cannon on us constant play,  
    On cold and marshy ground ;  
When Prescott, forced at length to yield,  
Aloud proclaim'd it in the field,  
    Virtue a friend had found.

To Montreal he wing'd his way,  
Which seem'd impatient to obey,  
    And open wide her gates ;  
Convinced no force could e'er repel  
Troops who had just behaved so well,  
    Under so hard a fate.

With scarce one-third part of their force,  
Then to Quebec he bent his course,  
    That grave of heroes slain !  
The pride of France, the great Montcalm,  
And Wolfe, the strength of Britain's arm,  
    Both fell on Abraham's plain.

Having no less of fame acquired,  
There, too, Montgomery expired,  
    With Cheeseman by his side ;  
Carleton, 'tis said, his corpse convey'd  
To earth in all the grand parade  
    Of military pride.



# 8 ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF GEN. MONTGOMERY.

BY ANN ELIZA BLEECKER.

MELPOMENE, now strike a mournful string,  
Montgomery's fate assisting me to sing!  
Thou sawst him fall upon the hostile plains  
Yet ting'd with blood that gush'd from Montcalm's  
veins,

Where gallant Wolfe for conquest gave his breath,  
Where numerous heroes met the angel death.

Ah! while the loud reiterated roar  
Of cannon echoed on from shore to shore,  
Benigner Peace, retiring to the shade,  
Had gather'd laurel to adorn his head!  
The laurel yet shall grace his bust; but, oh!  
America must wear sad cypress now.  
Dauntless he led her armies to the war,  
Invulnerable was his soul to fear:  
When they explored their way o'er trackless snows,  
Where life's warm tide through every channel froze,  
His eloquence made the chill'd bosom glow,  
And animated them to meet the foe;  
Nor flamed this bright conspicuous grace alone,  
The softer virtues in his bosom shone;  
It bled with every soldier's recent wound;  
He raised the fallen veteran from the ground;  
He wiped the eye of grief, it ceased to flow;  
His heart vibrated to each sound of wo:  
His heart too good his country to betray  
For splendid posts or mercenary pay,  
Too great to see a virtuous land oppress'd,  
Nor strive to have her injuries redress'd.

Oh had but Carleton suffer'd in his stead !  
Had half idolatrous Canadia bled !

'Tis not for him but for ourselves we grieve;  
Like him to die is better than to live ;  
His urn by a whole nation's tears bedew'd,  
His memory blest by all the great and good :  
O'er his pale corpse the marble\* soon shall rise,  
And the tall column shoot into the skies ;  
There long his praise by freemen shall be read,  
As softly o'er the hero's dust they tread.

---

### BATTLE OF BUNKER'S HILL.

THE sun, emerging from his bed,  
Began to tinge the hills with red ;  
Unfolding to the distant sight  
The heroes brave on Bunker's height—  
Determined to be free, or fight  
For country's rights and liberty.

Great Warren led his patriot-band  
Of heroes nursed in Freedom's land,  
Whose sturdy limbs, they boldly swear  
No tyrant's chains shall ever wear,  
Nor lordly despots ever share  
The products of their industry.

Thus fill'd with courage—roused with ire,  
Whilst indignation lends its fire,

---

\* In St. Paul's Church, in the city of New York, is a beautiful monument raised to his memory by order of Congress, 1783.

---

With hasty steps to arms they fly,  
And Britain's hosts their look defy,  
Resolved to conquer, or to die,  
Nor brook disgraceful slavery.

Commission'd by perfidious Gage,  
The foe approaches, arm'd with rage;  
"Disperse, ye rebels," loud they roar,  
"Ye rebels damn'd," nor added more,  
But soon they shook the solid shore  
With thunders of artillery.

Then Warren snatch'd his shining blade :  
But courage cool his words display'd :  
"Your fathers' voice cries from their graves,  
My generous sons, scorn to be slaves !  
Nor ever yield to royal knaves  
Your birthright and your legacy."

Together then the armies clash,  
And lightnings from their weapons flash !  
Now cannons roar ! and muskets blaze !  
And sheets of fire the hill displays,  
Which all the distant towns amaze !  
So dreadful was the scenery.

Now blood of heroes stains the ground,  
And slaughter'd ranks lie scatter'd round,  
And fiercer still the contest grows,  
As Putnam rushes on the foes,  
And warmly every bosom glows  
With hopes of glorious victory.

Twice the foe was put to flight,  
And, rallied twice, renew the fight,

And if some god had brought supply  
Of ammunition from the sky,  
Again they had been forced to fly,  
Before the arms of bravery.

What scenes of horror and surprise  
Now struck the wondering Briton's eyes !  
What groups of dying, wounded, slain,  
Brave Freedom's sons left on the plain !  
The blood streams warm from many a vein,  
Of heroes famed for gallantry.

In rocky caves and gloomy cells,  
In gaping vaults and deep-dug wells,  
They crowd their dead—a piteous heap !  
Far from their native land to sleep,  
Where widows mourn and orphans weep,  
The effects of British tyranny.

But, Warren, hapless was thy doom !  
On Bunker's height to find a tomb ;  
What tongue can give thee due applause,  
A martyr in thy country's cause,  
Supporter of its rights and laws,  
A scourge to fraud and villainy.

---

## 10 ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL MONTGOMERY.

BY BRIAN EDWARDS, ESQ.

MONTGOMERY falls ! let no fond breast repine  
That Hampden's glorious death, brave chief, was  
thine,

~~~~~  
With his shall Freedom consecrate thy name,  
Shall date her rising glories from thy fame ;  
Shall build her throne of empire on thy grave :  
What nobler fate can patriot crave ?

—◆—

## 11     HEARTS OF TEMPERED STEEL.

*Tune.*—" *A hunting we will go.*"

Come on, my hearts of temper'd steel,  
And leave your girls and farms,  
Your sports and plays, and hallow'd days,  
And hark away to arms,  
And to conquest we will go.

No foreign slaves shall give us laws,  
No British tyrant reign ;  
'Tis Independence makes us free,  
And Freedom we'll maintain.  
And to conquest we will go, &c.

We'll chase the foe from post to post,  
Attack their works and lines ;  
And by some well laid stratagem,  
We'll make them all Burgoynes.  
And to conquest, &c.

In shady tents by cooling streams,  
With hearts all firm and free ;  
We'll chase the cares of life away,  
With songs of liberty !  
And to conquest, &c.

And when the wars are o'er, my boys,  
We'll sit us down at ease ;  
We'll plough and sow, and reap and mow,  
And live just as we please,  
When to conquer we have done, &c.

Each hearty lad shall have his lass,  
All sparkling as a star ;  
And in her softer arms forget  
The dangers of the war,  
When to conquer, &c.

So, honest fellows, here's my hand,  
My heart and very soul :  
And all the joys of Liberty,  
Good fortune and the bowl.  
Since to conquer, &c.

---

**12****BATTLE OF TRENTON.**

ON Christmas day in '76,  
Our ragged troops with bayonets fix'd,  
For Trenton marched away.  
The Delaware see, the boats below,  
The light obscured by hail and snow,  
But no symptoms of dismay.

Our object was the Hessian band,  
That dared to invade fair freedom's land,  
And quarter in that place.  
Great Washington he led us on,  
With ensigns streaming with renown,  
Which ne'er had known disgrace.

In silent march we pass'd the night,  
Each soldier panting for the fight,  
Though quite benumb'd with frost.  
Greene on the left, at six began,  
The right was with brave Sullivan.  
Who in battle no time lost.

Their pickets storm'd, the alarm was spread,  
That rebels risen from the dead  
Were marching into town.  
Some scamper'd here, some scamper'd there,  
And some for action did prepare,  
But soon their arms laid down.

Twelve hundred servile miscreants,  
With all their colours, guns, and tents,  
Were trophies of the day:  
The frolic o'er, the bright canteen,  
In centre, front, and rear was seen,  
Driving fatigue away.

Now, brothers of the patriot bands,  
Let's sing our safe deliverance  
From arbitrary sway.  
And as life you know is but a span,  
Let's touch the tankard while we can,  
In memory of the day.

---

### 13 CAPTURE OF CORNWALLIS.

WHEN British troops first landed here,  
With Howe commander o'er them,  
They thought they'd make us quake with fear,  
And carry all before them.

With thirty thousand men and more,  
And us without assistance,  
America must needs give o'er,  
And make no more resistance.

But Washington, our glorious sun,  
Of British hosts the terror ;  
Soon by repeated overthrows  
Convinced them of their error.

Let Princeton and let Trenton tell,  
What gallant deeds he's done, sir ;  
And Monmouth's plains where hundreds fell,  
And thousands from them ran, sir.

Cornwallis, too, when he approach'd  
Virginia's old dominion,  
Thought he would soon her conqueror be,  
And so was North's opinion.

But Washington no sooner knew,  
The visit that he paid her,  
Than to his parent state he flew,  
To crush the bold invader.

When he march'd down before Yorktown,  
His Lordship soon surrender'd ;  
His martial pride he laid aside,  
And struck the British standard.

Gods ! how this stroke did George provoke,  
And all his thoughts confuse, sir ;  
And how the peers did hang their ears,  
When first they heard the news, sir.



Then let us toast America,  
"Thy glory ne'er shall wither;  
And long will Britain rue the day  
Her hostile bands came hither."

---

## 14

## THE SOLDIER.

A SOLDIER is the noblest name  
Enroll'd upon the list of fame,  
His country's pride and boast;  
Honour, the glorious bright reward,  
For which the hero draws his sword,  
Should ne'er be stain'd or lost.  
To guard our rights and liberty,  
Our duty and our care,  
The brave and worthy to respect,  
And to the verge of life protect  
The innocent and fair.

The eagle towering from her nest,  
Her influence spread from east to west,  
Where Freedom soon appear'd;  
'Twas there she found her favourite son,  
Through all the world his name is known,  
Great Washington revered.  
And smiling thus, the goddess spoke,  
"Columbia's sons draw near;  
A soldier's duty ne'er forget,  
Behold, a bright example set,  
The school of honour's here."

**15**                    **TO THE VOLUNTEERS.**

**SOLDIER**, hear that solemn call !  
No true heart it can appal ;  
Honour bids you take the field—  
To her dictates only, yield !

Who is he so base to pause  
In his country's sacred cause ?  
'Twas not so your fathers fought,  
'Twas not thus their sons they taught !

Hark ! your sires,—“ Go, go, my son,  
Go where glory may be won,  
Seek it in the embattled plain,  
Fight, nay die, the palm to gain.”

By the pride of ancient days—  
By the hero's well-won praise—  
By your country's dearest right—  
Soldier, soldier, dare the fight.

By the patriots now at rest,  
(In their country's praises blest)  
By your Washington's dread might,  
Soldier, soldier, dare the fight !

Europe's tigers red with blood,  
Like an overwhelming flood,  
On our peaceful, blissful shore,  
Would the tide of ruin pour.

'Tis a common cause we try,  
'Tis Honour, Fame, and Liberty !  
'Tis life, 'tis home, and all things dear !  
God of Hosts, in mercy hear !

See your western brethren bleed !  
British gold has done the deed ;  
Child and mother, son and sire,  
Beneath the tomahawk expire.

Soldier, life is but a day,  
Transient as the sunny ray ;  
Would you fill a coward's grave,  
This evanescent good to save ?

Yet midst battle's wild alarms,  
Midst the clattering din of arms,  
Let Pity move—let mercy spare—  
'Tis thy brother meets thee there.

Nor comes he there thy foe by choice—  
Listen, then, to mercy's voice !  
Cherish love's benignant glow,  
Midst the scenes of death and woe.

He who sees a sparrow fall,  
Sees thee prompt at duty's call ;  
He who numbers every hair,  
God of Battles, guards thee there ;  
Till Victory, espousing Peace,  
Shall bid contending armies cease !

## 16

## A SOLDIER'S ADVICE.

COMRADES ! follow my advice ;  
Learn with skill to draw a trigger ;  
Awkward men are weak as mice,  
Dexterous men beat two men bigger !  
Science in war conducts to fame ;  
Minerva wins Bellona's game.

Clumsy ramparts rose at first  
Foiling captains brave and witty :  
Ramparts now explode in dust,  
Miners take the strongest city.  
Science in war conducts to fame,  
Minerva wins Bellona's game.

An ignorant soldier plays the dolt,  
A veteran doubts his upper story,  
In battle smiles to see him bolt :  
Tactics lead the brave to glory !  
Science in war conducts to fame ;  
Minerva wins Bellona's game.

Courage may be very fine,  
Steel is tough, though not a hatchet ;  
Give it shape and edge to shine,  
Clumsy mallets never match it.  
Science in war conducts to fame :—  
Minerva wins Bellona's game.

Martial science would you know ?  
Mind your leader—hold your prattle ;  
Discipline must guide the blow  
That decides your country's battle.  
Science in war conducts to fame ;  
Minerva wins Bellona's game.

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## 17 THE VOICE OF AMERICA.

HARK ! the peal for war is rung ;  
Hark ! the song for battle's sung :  
Firm be every bosom strung,  
And every soldier ready.

Heavens ! shall the trump of clamorous fame,  
Through the wide world, our wrongs proclaim,  
Our boasted liberties a name,  
The mockery of nations.

Shall menial slaves pretend to scan  
The sacred heaven-descended plan,  
Built on the eternal rights of man,  
The freedom of the ocean ?

No ! by the souls of millions, no !  
We'll strike their proud pretensions low ;  
Blow the war trump, loudly blow,  
And summon all the nation.

On every hill, on every plain,  
From Mississippi to the main,  
Your eagle standard plant again,  
And buckle on your armour !

Who will desert his country's cause ?  
Our rights, our altars and our laws,  
Eternal fame, the world's applause,  
And glory of the nation ?

By murder'd Pierce, the Chesapeake fray,  
By many a foul, disgraceful day,  
Away, my gallant souls away,  
To vengeance and to victory !

On to Quebec's embattled halls !  
Who will pause when glory calls ?  
Charge, soldiers, charge its lofty walls,  
And storm its strong artillery.

Firm as our native hills, we'll stand,  
And should the lords of Europe land,  
We'll meet them on the farthest strand,  
We'll conquer o'er we'll die.

Now let the song united rise,  
Wide as our realms its spirit flies,  
To heroes in the eternal skies,  
To Washington in heaven.

---

## 18

## A SOLDIER'S LIFE.

How blest the life a soldier leads,  
From town to country ranging,  
For as the halt the march succeeds,  
Our toil delights by changing.  
Though cannons roar along the field,  
And comrades bleed beside us,  
Our hearts are like our bayonets steel'd,  
These dangers never fright us.  
Should fresh troubles come, we'll take sword and  
gun,  
If the enemy attack, we'll not heed them,  
But prime, load, and fire, and charge as they come  
nigher,  
'Twas the way our brother soldiers gained their  
freedom.

Our country's call we will obey,  
'Tis what we take delight in;  
Although we're snug at home to day,  
To-morrow we may be fighting.

Should foreign troops invade our land,  
We'll welcome them on shore, sir ;  
Americans they can't withstand ;  
They well knew this before, sir.  
The drum beats alarms, we appear with our arms,  
Though the enemy advance we'll not heed them ;  
We'll march till we meet then we'll make them re-  
treat,  
'Tis the way we'll support the cause of Freedom.  
Returning home with cheerful hearts,  
Our friends delighted greet us :  
Presenting us with flowing bowls,  
The pretty lasses meet us :  
Their smiles, my lads, drive off dull care.  
And banish every sorrow :  
We'll drink, and dance, and laugh and sing,  
And take our rest to-morrow.  
Then drink round my boys, 'tis the first of our joys,  
May we have our arms and courage when we need  
them,  
To prime, load, and fire—so we'll raise our fame still  
higher,  
And support our Constitution and our freedom.

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## 19

## THE SOLDIER'S CALL.

*Tune.—The Soldier's Return."*

Rouse, rouse, ye brave, ye gallant souls,  
Who cherish independence,  
That country you so dearly love  
Demands your quick attendance ;

Injured, insulted, she has been,  
By Britain—haughty nation;  
Then haste to arms, for honour calls  
Aloud for reparation.

Remember your forefathers bold,  
For freedom who contended,  
Who nobly dear Columbia's cause  
With their best blood defended;  
O! do not sully their fair fame:  
O tarnish not their glories;  
Discard the deeds, despise the name  
And actions of old tories.

In infant days Columbia bore  
The storms of war unmoved,  
For a tyrant's wrath and deep designs  
More than a match she proved;  
O! who can think upon those times,  
Nor feel his bosom glowing,  
Nor feel sensations, sweet, sublime,  
His patriot heart o'erflowing.

And if in infancy she foil'd  
The plans of wild ambition,  
To her united youthful might  
Vain will be opposition:  
In Him who rules the host of heaven,  
Her hope, her stay, her trust, is,  
He will with victory crown the cause  
Of liberty and justice.

Too long has our loved country sought,  
By mild negotiation,  
To have her rights restored in peace,  
For wrongs some compensation.



But patience hitherto has made  
Her claims be more neglected,  
The last resort then must tried,  
She then may be respected.

Though war we never do desire,  
We do not dread its terrors ;  
Columbia's thunders shall once more,  
Show kingcraft all its errors.  
Her volunteers will rally round  
The starry flag of Freedom,  
Nor shall Quebec arrest their march,  
If heroes only lead them.

Then beat the drum—the trumpet sound,  
And let the cannon rattle,  
Gird on your swords, your muskets seize,  
Be all prepared for battle.  
Go forth to conquer or to die,  
The cause is good, is glorious,  
And sacred Union will ensure,  
The final end victorious.

---

## 20 THE DEATH OF THE BRAVE.

How glorious the death for our country to die,  
When vanquish'd, when fallen are her foes ;  
On victory's soft bosom the hero shall lie,  
And sink in her arms to repose !

Though low in the dust his proud spirit expires,  
The dust by his bleeding form press'd ;  
'Tis glory his soul's last emotion that fires,  
And beats the last throb of his breast.

Immortal shall bloom each bright wreath of his fame,  
'Tis valour's illustrious meed;  
Lisping infants shall sigh as they murmur his name,  
And learn for their country to bleed.

With tears shall fond beauty his ashes bedew,  
And breathe a soft sigh o'er his breast;  
Shall seek the first roses his grave to bestrew,  
And guard the lone spot of his rest.

Hence, cowards! who wake not to Freedom's loud  
call!

Hence! seek an inglorious grave!  
Those only who dare for their country to fall—  
Those only shall sleep with the brave!



## 21 BATTLE OF BENNINGTON.

REMEMBER the glories of patriots brave,  
Though the days of the heroes are o'er;  
Long lost to their country and cold in their grave,  
They return to their kindred no more.  
The stars of the field, which in victory pour'd  
Their beams on the battle are set,  
But enough of their glory remains on each sword  
To light us to victory yet!

Walloomsack! when nature embellish'd the tint  
Of thy fields and thy mountains so fair,  
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print  
The footsteps of slavery there!

No ! Freedom, whose smiles we shall never resign,  
Told those who invaded our plains,  
That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,  
Than to sleep for a moment in chains.

Forget not the chieftain of Hampshire, who stood  
In the day of distress by our side ;  
Nor the heroes who nourish'd the fields with their  
blood,  
Nor the rights they secured as they died.  
The sun that now blesses our eyes with his light,  
Saw the martyrs of liberty slain ;  
O, let him not blush when he leaves us to-night,  
To find that they fell there in vain !



From the Pennsylvania Magazine for June, 1775.

## 22 AN ELEGY TO THE MEMORY OF THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEERS

Who fell in the engagement between the Massachusetts  
Bay militia, and the British troops, April 19, 1775.

Let joy be dumb, let mirth's gay carol cease—  
See plaintive sorrow comes bedew'd with tears,  
With mournful steps retires the cherub Peace,  
And horrid War with all his train appears.

He comes, and crimson slaughter marks his way,  
Stern famine follows in his vengeful tread,  
Before him pleasure, hope, and love decay,  
And meek-eyed mercy hangs her drooping head.

Fled like a dream are those delightful hours,  
When here with innocence and peace we roved,  
Secure and happy in our native bowers,  
Bless'd with the presence of the youths we loved.

The blow is struck, which through each future age  
Shall call from Pity's eye the frequent tear;  
Which gives the brother to the brother's rage,  
And dyes with British blood the British spear.

Where'er the barbarous story shall be told,  
The British cheek shall glow with conscious  
shame,  
This deed, in bloody characters enroll'd,  
Shall stain the lustre of their former name.

But you, ye brave defenders of our cause,  
The first in this dire contest call'd to bleed,  
Your names hereafter, crown'd with just applause,  
Each manly breast with joy-mixt woe shall read.

Your memories dear to every freeborn mind,  
Shall need no monument your fame to raise,  
Forever in our grateful hearts enshrined;  
And bless'd by your united country's praise.

But, O, permit the muse with grief sincere,  
The widows' heartfelt anguish to bemoan;  
To join the sisters' and the orphans' tear,  
Whom this sad day from all they loved has torn.

Blest be this humble strain, if it imparts  
The dawn of peace to but one pensive breast,  
If it can hush one sigh that rends your hearts,  
Or lull your sorrows to a short-lived rest.

~~~~~  
But vain the hope, too well this bosom knows  
How faint is Glory's voice to Nature's calls;  
How weak the balm the laurel wreath bestows,  
To heal our breasts when love or friendship falls.

Yet think, they in their country's cause expired,  
While guardian angels watch'd their parting sighs,  
Their dying breasts with constancy inspired,  
And bade them welcome to their native skies.

Our future fate is wrapt in darkest gloom,  
And threatening clouds, from which their souls are  
freed :

E'er the big tempest burst they press the tomb,  
Not doom'd to see their much-loved country bleed.

O let such thoughts as these assuage your grief,  
And stop the tear of sorrow as it flows,  
Till Time's all-powerful hand shall yield relief,  
And shed a kind oblivion o'er your woes.

But, O, thou Being infinitely just,  
Whose boundless eye with mercy looks on all,  
On thee alone thy humbled people trust,  
On thee alone for their deliverance call.

Long did thy hand unnumber'd blessings shower,  
And crown our land with Liberty and Peace,  
Extend, O Lord, again, thy saving power,  
And bid the horrors of invasion cease.

But if thy awful wisdom has decreed  
That we severer evils yet shall know,  
By thy Almighty justice doom'd to bleed,  
And deeper drink the bitter draughts of woe,

O, grant us, Heaven, that constancy of mind  
Which over adverse fortune rises still ;  
Unshaken faith, calm fortitude resign'd,  
And full submission to thy holy will.

To thee, Eternal Parent, we resign  
Our bleeding cause, and on thy wisdom rest,  
With grateful hearts we bless thy power divine,  
And own, resign'd, " Whatever is, is best."

---

## 23 BATTLE OF PRINCETON.

STERN winter scowl'd along the plain,  
And ruthless Boreas urged amain  
His fierce, impetuous course ;  
In ice the watery regions bound,  
The torrent's foaming rage confound  
And stop its boisterous force.

While hostile bands their rights invade,  
Columbia's sons in tents were laid,  
And winter's blasts defied :  
No foes appal, no dangers fright,  
Whilst Freedom's sacred cause they fight,  
And Washington's their guide.

While slumbers seal'd the hero's eyes,  
He saw a godlike form arise,  
Like martial Pallas drest ;  
'Twas Liberty ! celestial maid !  
In all her golden charms array'd,  
The goddess stood confess'd.

---

"My son," she cried, "the gods above,  
Thy country's sacred cause approve,  
And on thy virtues smile;  
Though proud oppression waste the land,  
Yet freedom purchased by thy hand  
Shall soon reward thy toil.

Lo! where Britannia's banners rise  
In awful pomp, and brave the skies;  
Exulting o'er the land;  
Her haughty legions soon shall feel  
The force of thine avenging steel,  
And this thy chosen band.

Though veterans compose their train,  
And tenfold legions fill the plain,  
To martial deeds inured;  
Undaunted rise and take the field,  
For Liberty shall lend her shield  
And Victory her sword."

Up rose the chief, at the command,  
And straight convened his faithful band,  
Inspired by freedom's lore;  
Egyptian darkness veil'd the night,  
But Liberty's celestial light  
Their footsteps went before.

Where Princeton rears the muse's seat,  
In arms the hostile legions met,  
And fate upheld the scale;  
Forth rush'd the blazing orb of light  
To add new glories to the sight,  
When Freedom's sons assail.

Like Mars, Columbia's hero stood ;  
Her haughty foes were drench'd in blood,  
Or shunn'd the doubtful fight ;  
Whilst Britons shame and grief confound,  
Fair Liberty the victors crown'd  
With honours ever bright.

Henceforth the grateful muse shall twine  
Her annual wreath at Freedom's shrine,  
The hero's brow to grace ;  
By whose victorious arm restored,  
No more she flies the hostile sword,  
But hails her native place.

And still with the revolving year,  
A garland shall the muse prepare,  
To deck her Mercer's urn ;  
While Freedom fills the trump of fame,  
Columbia shall revere his name,  
His fate her sons shall mourn.

---

**24****AMERICAN HISTORY.**

IN the reign of King James (and the first of the name)  
George Summers, with Hacluit to Cheapside came,  
Where far in the forests not doom'd to renown,  
On the river Powhattan they built the first town.

Twelve years after this, some scores of dissenters  
To the northernmost district came, seeking adventures ;  
Outdone by the bishops, those great fagot fighters,  
They left them to strut with their cassocks and mitres.



~~~~~  
Thus banish'd forever, and leaving the sod,  
The first land they saw was the pitch of Cape Cod.  
Where famish'd with hunger and quaking with cold,  
They plann'd the New Plymouth—so call'd from the  
old.

They were without doubt a delightful collection;  
Some came to be rid of a Stuart's direction,  
Some sail'd with a view of dominion and riches,  
Some to pray without book, and a few to hang  
witches;

Some came on the Indians to shed a new light,  
Convinced long before that their own must be right,  
And that all who had died in the centuries past  
On the devil's lee-shore were eternally cast.

These exiles were form'd in a whimsical mould,  
And were awed by their priests, like the Hebrews of  
old;

Disclaim'd all pretensions to jesting and laughter,  
And sigh'd their lives through to be happy hereafter.

On a crown immaterial their hearts were intent,  
They look'd towards Zion wherever they went,  
Did all things in hopes of a future reward,  
And worried mankind—for the sake of the Lord.

With rigour excessive they strengthen'd their reign,  
Their laws were conceived in an ill-natured strain,  
With mystical meanings the saint was perplex'd,  
And the flesh and the devil were slain by a text.

The body was scourged for the good of the soul,  
All folly discouraged by peevish control,

A knot on the head was the sign of no grace,  
And the pope and his *comrade* were pictured in lace.

A stove in their churches, or pews lined with green;  
Were horrid to think, much less to be seen,  
Their bodies were warm'd with the linings of love,  
And the fire was sufficient that flash'd from above.

'Twas a crime to assert that the moon was opaque,  
To say the earth moved was to merit the stake;  
And he that could tell an eclipse was to be  
In the college of Satan had took his degree.

On Sundays their faces were dark as a cloud—  
The road to the meeting was only allow'd;  
And those they caught rambling, on business or pleasure,  
Were sent to the stocks to repent at their leisure.

This day was the mournfullest day in the week—  
Except on religion none ventured to speak—  
This day was the day to examine their lives,  
To clear off old scores and to preach to their wives.

In the school of oppression though woefully taught,  
'Twas only to be the oppressors they sought;  
All, all but themselves were bedevil'd and blind,  
And their narrow-soul'd creed was to serve all mankind.

This beautiful system of nature below,  
They neither consider'd nor wanted to know,  
And call'd it a dog-house wherein they were pent,  
Unworthy themselves and their mighty descent.

They never perceived that in Nature's wide plan  
There must be that whimsical creature call'd man,

Far short of the rank he affects to obtain,  
Yet a link in its place in creation's vast chain.

Whatever is foreign to us and our kind,  
Can never be lasting, though seemingly join'd ;  
The hive swarm'd at length, and a tribe that was  
teased

Set out for Rhode Island, to think as they pleased.

Some hundreds to Britain ran murmuring home,  
While others went off in the forests to roam,  
When they found they had miss'd what they look'd  
for at first,

The downfall of sin and the reign of the just.

Hence, dry, controversial reflections were thrown,  
And the old dons were vex'd in the way they had  
shown :

So those that are held in the workhouse all night  
Throw dirt, the next day, at the doors, out of spite.

Ah ! pity the wretches that lived in those days,  
(Ye modern admirers of novels and plays,)  
When nothing was suffer'd but musty dull rules,  
And nonsense from Mather, and stuff from the  
schools.

No story like Rachel's could tempt them to sigh,  
Susannah and Judith employ'd the bright eye—  
No fine spun adventures tormented the breast,  
Like our modern Clarissa, Tom Jones, and the rest.

Those tyrants had chosen the books for your shelves,  
(And trust me, no other than suited themselves,)  
For always by this may a bigot be known,  
He speaks well of nothing but what is his own.

From indwelling evil these souls to release,  
The Quakers arrived with their kingdom of peace—  
But some were transported, and some bore the lash,  
And four they hanged fairly for preaching up trash.

The lands of New England (of which we now treat)  
Were famous, ere that, for producing of wheat;  
But the soil (or tradition says strangely amiss)  
Has been pester'd with pumpkins from that day to  
this.

---

## 25 TAXATION OF AMERICA.

WHILE I relate my story, Americans give ear;  
Of Britain's fading glory, you presently shall hear,  
I'll give you a true relation, attend to what I say,  
Concerning the taxation of North America.

The cruel lords of Britain, who glory in their shame,  
The project they have lit on they joyfully proclaim;  
'Tis what they're striving after, our rights to take  
away,  
And rob us of our charter in North America.

There are two mighty speakers, who rule in Parliament,  
Who always have been seeking some mischief to  
invent,  
'Twas North, and Bute, his father, this horrid plandid  
A mighty tax to gather in North America. [lay,

He search'd the gloomy regions of the infernal pit,  
To find among those legions one who excell'd in wit,  
To ask of him assistance, or tell them how they may  
Subdue without resistance this North America.

---

Old Satan, the arch traitor, resolved a voyage to take,  
Who rules sole navigator on the burning lake ;  
For the Britannic ocean he launches far away,  
To land he had no notion in North America.

He takes his seat in Britain, it was his soul's intent,  
Great George's throne to sit on, and rule the Parliament,  
His comrades were pursuing a diabolic way,  
For to complete the ruin of North America.

He tried the art of magic to bring his schemes about,  
At length the gloomy project he artfully found out :  
The plan was long indulged in a clandestine way,  
But lately was divulged in North America.

These subtle arch-combiners address'd the British  
court,

All three were undersigners of this obscene report—  
There is a pleasant landscape that lieth far away,  
Beyond the wide Atlantic in North America.

There is a wealthy people, who sojourn in that land ;  
Their churches all with steeples, most delicately stand ;  
Their houses, like the gilly, are painted red and gay ;  
They flourish like the lily in North America.

Their land with milk and honey continually doth flow,  
The want of food or money they seldom ever know :  
They heap up golden treasure, they have no debts to  
pay,

They spend their time in pleasure in North America.

On turkeys, fowls, and fishes most frequently they dine,  
With gold and silver dishes, their tables always shine,  
They crown their feasts with butter, they eat and rise  
In silks their ladies flutter in North America. [to play,

~~~~~  
With gold and silver laces, they do themselves adorn,  
The rubies deck their faces, refulgent as the morn !  
Wine sparkles in their glasses, they spend each happy  
day

In merriment and dances, in North America.

Let not our suit affront you, when we address your  
throne,

O king this wealthy country and subjects are your own,  
And you their rightful sovereign, they truly must obey,  
You have a right to govern this North America.

O king, you've heard the sequel of what we now  
subscribe,

Is it not just and equal to tax this wealthy tribe ?  
The question being asked, his majesty did say,  
My subjects shall be taxed in North America.

Invested with a warrant, my publicans shall go,  
The tenth of all their current they surely shall bestow,  
If they indulge rebellion, or from my precepts stray,  
I'll send my war battalion to North America.

I'll rally all my forces by water and by land,  
My light dragoons and horses shall go at my command,  
I'll burn both town and city, with smoke becloud the  
day,

I'll show no human pity for North America.

Go on, my hearty soldiers, you need not fear of ill—  
There's Hutchinson and Rogers, their functions will  
fulfil—

They tell such ample stories, believe them sure we  
may,

That one half of them are tories in North America.

~~~~~  
My gallant ships are ready to hoist you o'er the flood,  
And in my cause be steady, which is supremely good ;  
Go ravage, steal, and plunder, and you shall have the  
prey ;

They quickly will knock under in North America.

The laws I have enacted, I never will revoke,  
Although they are neglected, my fury to provoke,  
I will forbear to flatter, I'll rule with mighty sway ;  
I'll take away the charter from North America.

O George ! you are distracted, by sad experience find  
The laws you have enacted are of the blackest kind.  
I'll make a short digression, and tell you by the way,  
We fear not your oppression in North America.

Our fathers were distressed, while in their native land ;  
By tyrants were oppressed, as I do understand ;  
For freedom and religion they were resolved to stray,  
And try the desert regions of North America.

Heaven was their protector while on the roaring tide,  
Kind fortune their director, and providence their guide ;  
If I am not mistaken, about the first of May,  
This voyage was undertaken for North America.

To sail they were commanded, about the hour of noon,  
At Plymouth shore they landed, the twenty-first of  
June ;

The savages were nettled, with fear they fled away,  
And peaceably they settled in North America.

We are their bold descendants, for liberty we'll fight,  
The claim to independence we challenge as our right,  
'Tis what kind Heaven gave us, who can take away ?  
Kind Heaven, too, will save us in North America.

We never will knock under, O George, we do not fear  
The rattling of your thunder, nor lightning of your  
spear: [dismay;

Though rebels you declare us, we're strangers to  
Therefore you can't scare us in North America.

To what you have commanded, we never will consent;  
Although your troops are landed upon the continent;  
We'll take our swords and muskets, and march in  
bright array,  
And drive the British rustics from North America.

We have a bold commander who fears not sword nor gun,  
The second Alexander, his name is Washington,  
His men are all collected, and ready for the fray,  
To fight they are directed for North America.

We've Greene, Gates, and Putnam, to manage in the  
field,  
A gallant train of footmen, who'd rather die than  
yield;  
A stately troop of horses train'd in a martial way,  
For to augment our forces in North America.

Proud George, you are engaged all in a dirty cause,  
A cruel war hath raged repugnant to all laws,  
Go tell the savage nations you're crueller than they,  
To fight your own relations in North America.

Ten millions you've expended, and twice ten millions  
more,  
Our riches you intended should pay the mighty score,  
Who now will stand your sponsor, your charges to  
defray,  
For sure you cannot conquer this North America.



I'll tell you, George, in metre, if you attend awhile,  
We forced your Sir Peter from Sullivan's fair isle;  
At Monmouth too we gained the honours of the day—  
The victory we obtained for North America.

Surely we were your betters, hard by the Brandywine;  
We laid him fast in fetters, whose name was John  
Burgoyne,

We made your Howe to tremble with terror and dismay,  
True heroes we resemble in North America.

Confusion to the tories, that black infernal name,  
In which Great Britain glories, for ever to her shame;  
We'll send each foul revolter to smutty Africa,  
Or noose him in a halter in North America.

A health to our brave footmen, who handle sword and gun,  
To Greene, Gates, and Putman, and conquering Wash-  
ington; [decay  
Their names be wrote in letters which never shall  
While sun and moon doth glitter in North America.

Success unto our allies in Holland, France, and Spain,  
Who man their ships and gallies, our freedom to main-  
tain,

May they subdue the rangers of proud Britannia,  
And drive them from their anchor in North America.

Success unto the Congress of these United States,  
Who glory in the conquest of Washington and Gates;  
To all, both land and seamen, who glories in the day,  
When we shall all be freemen in North America.

Success to the legislation that rules with gentle hand,  
To trade and navigation, by water and by land;  
May all with one opinion our wholesome laws obey,  
Throughout this vast dominion of North America.

## 26

## WARREN'S ADDRESS

To the American soldiers, before the battle of Bunker Hill.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

STAND! the ground's your own, my braves!  
Will ye give it up to slaves?  
Will ye look for greener graves?  
Hope ye mercy still?  
What's the mercy despots feel!  
Hear it in that battle peal!  
Read it on yon bristling steel!  
Ask it—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?  
Will ye to your homes retire?  
Look behind you! they're afire!  
And before you, see  
Who have done it!—From the vale  
On they come!—and will ye quail?  
Leaden rain and iron hail  
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!  
Die we may—and die we must:—  
But, O, where can dust to dust  
Be consign'd so well,  
As where heaven its dews shall shed  
On the martyr'd patriot's bed,  
And the rocks shall raise their head,  
Of his deeds to tell!

## 27 ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF BRIGADIER-GENERAL MERCER,

Of Virginia, slain in the action near Princeton, January 3,  
1777.

*"Et generis jactatus honos, dominatio regum,  
Quicquid opes, quicquid forma dedit boni,  
Supremam simul hanc expectant omnia noctem;  
Scilicet ad Lethum ducit honoris iter."*

ANOTHER patriot claims the votive strain;  
Fresh laurels spring around the honour'd hearse;  
Lamented Mercer, late in battle slain,  
Be thine the offering of my artless verse.

'Tis nature bids the manly tear to flow,  
In rich oblations o'er the closing urn;  
Guiltless of art, unusual feelings glow,  
And harden'd chiefs involuntary mourn.

But say, what cause,\* from sweet domestic ease,  
Call'd forth the patriot to the doubtful strife;  
From scenes where affluence lavish'd all to please;  
The fondling infant, and the tender wife?

Those soft endearments are, alas, no more;  
No kindred tie his willing step detains;  
Resolved, he leaves Virginia's friendly shore,  
To guard the soil where heaven-born Freedom  
reigns.

---

\* "Dura sed emovere loco me tempora grato,  
Civilisque rudem belli tulit æstus in arma."

The naked Indian or the wily Gaul,  
The painted savage, and the untutor'd band ;  
On those no more his angry weapons fall—  
A foe more savage dares his chastening hand.

Now Sol uprising gilds the distant spire,  
Paints the dun umbrage of the western wood ;  
O'er hapless Princeton sheds his genial fire,  
Rousing the Britons to new scenes of blood.

Loud sounds the martial trumpet from afar,  
The watchful cavalry invest the ground ;  
The beat of drums proclaims the approaching war,  
While frighten'd heralds bear the tidings round.

The distant hills on each horizon blaze  
With polish'd arms and troops in vast parade ;  
No lingering terror either host delays,  
To meet the foe in hostile pomp array'd.

Intrepid Mercer leads the embattled van,  
His great example every soldier fires ;  
Throughout the deepening line, from man to man,  
The pulse of glory every breast inspires.

Swift on the foe the dauntless warrior springs,  
Braves the loud cannon's desolating force ;  
Dares the grim terrors of their circling wings,  
And strews the field with many a bleeding corse.

But pierced he falls ; he welters on the ground ;  
The ruffian foe rejoice with savage cries ;  
While reeking bayonets blush from wound to wound,  
Stabbing the hero as he vanquish'd lies.

~~~~~

A corps reserved (though panting for the deed)  
Indignant view'd the tragic scene from far ;  
Onward they furious rush'd with vengeful speed,  
Plied the loud cannon, and renew'd the war.

Forced from their murdering work, the villains fly,  
In broken columns o'er the bloody field ;  
Some breathless faint, some maim'd expiring lie,  
While others trembling to the victors yield.

In vain they shun the vengeance of our arms,  
In vain the terrors of the war decline ;  
The grateful chace each patriot bosom warms,  
And showers destruction on their routed line.

Revenge appeased, with ample victory crown'd,  
For Mercer mangled, and for Haselet slain,  
Sees Britain's miscreants strew the purpled ground,  
A grateful offering on the well-fought plain.

Now what was virtue, (which the just admire,)  
Soul of the patriot instinct of the brave ;  
Quench'd is that spark that fed the genial fire,  
And Mercer slumbers in the peaceful grave.

Olympus' towering heights, those blest abodes,  
Where Freedom sheds her fair auspicious ray,  
Glorious he seeks, and mix'd with kindred gods,  
Breathes the pure ether of eternal day.

—◆—

## 28 BURGoyNE'S SURRENDER.

As Jack, the king's commander,  
Was going to his duty,  
Through all the crowd he smiling bow'd  
To every blooming beauty.

The city rung of feats he'd done  
In Portugal and Flanders,  
And all the town thought he'd be crown'd  
The first of Alexanders.

To Hampton Court he first repairs,  
To kiss great George's hand, sir,  
And to harangue o'er state affairs,  
Before he left the land, sir.

The Lower House sat mute as mouse  
To hear his grand oration,  
Whilst all the Peers with loudest cheers  
Proclaim'd him through the nation.

Then straight he went to Canada,  
Next to Ticonderoga,  
And leaving those, away he goes  
Straightway to Saratoga.

With grand parade his march he made,  
To gain his wish'd for station;  
Whilst far and wide his minions hied,  
To spread his proclamation.

To all his ready offers made  
Of pardon or submission,  
Lest cruel bands should waste the lands,  
Of all in opposition.

But ah! the cruel fate of war,  
This boasted son of Britain,  
When mounting his triumphal car,  
With sudden fear was smitten.

The sons of Freedom gather'd round,  
Their hostile bands confounded,  
And when they would have turn'd their backs,  
They found themselves surrounded.

In vain they fought, in vain they fled,  
Their chief, humane and tender,  
To save the rest soon thought it best,  
His forces to surrender.

Thus may America's brave sons  
With honour be rewarded,  
And be the fate of all our foes  
The same as here recorded.



## 29 THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.

BY R. H. ESQ.

*Tune—The Tempest.*

WHILST in peaceful quarters lying  
We indulge the glass till late,  
Far remote the thought of dying,  
Hear, my friends, the soldier's fate :  
From the summer's sun hot beaming,  
Where yon dust e'en clouds the skies,  
To the plains where heroes bleeding,  
Shouts and dying groans arise.  
Halt ! halt ! halt ! form every rank here ;  
Mark yon dust that climbs the sky,  
To the front close up the long rear,  
See ! the enemy is nigh ;

Platoons march at proper distance,  
Cover close each rank and file,  
They will make a bold resistance,  
Here, my lads, is gallant toil.

Now all you from downy slumber  
Roused to the soft joys of love,  
Waked to pleasures without number,  
Peace and ease your bosoms prove :  
Round us roars Bellona's thunder,  
Ah ! how close the iron storm,  
O'er the field wild stalks pale wonder,  
Pass the word there, form, lads, form.  
To the left display that column,  
Front, halt, dress, be bold and brave ;  
Mark in air yon fiery volume,  
Who'd refuse a glorious grave ;  
Ope your boxes, quick, be ready,  
See ! our light-bobs gain the hill  
Courage, boys, be firm and steady,  
Hence each care, each fear lie still.

Now the dismal cannon roaring  
Speaks loud terror to the soul,  
Grape shot wing'd with death fast pouring,  
Ether rings from pole to pole ;  
See, the smoke, how black and dreary,  
Clouds, sulphureous hide the sky,  
Wounded, bloody, fainting, weary,  
How their groans ascend on high !  
Firm, my lads ; who breaks the line thus ?  
O ! can brave men ever yield,  
Glorious danger now combines us,  
None but cowards quit the field.



---

To the rear each gun dismounted ;  
Close the breach, and brisk advance.  
All your former acts recounted  
This day's merit shall enhance.

Now half-choked with dust and powder,  
Fiercely throbs each bursting vein :  
Hark the din of arms grows louder,  
Ah ! what heaps of heroes slain !  
See, from flank to flank wide flashing,  
How each volley rends the gloom ;  
Hear the trumpet ; ah ! what clashing,  
Man and horse now meet their doom ;  
Bravely done ! each gallant soldier  
Well sustained this heavy fire ;  
Alexander ne'er was bolder ;  
Now by regiments retire.  
See, our second line moves on us,  
Ope your columns, give them way,  
Heaven perhaps may smile upon us,  
These may yet regain the day.

Now our second line engaging,  
Charging close, spreads carnage round,  
Fierce revenge and fury raging,  
Angry heroes bite the ground.  
The souls of brave men here expiring  
Call for vengeance e'en in death,  
Frowning still, the dead, the dying,  
Threaten with their latest breath.  
To the left obliquely flying,  
O ! be ready, level well,  
Who could think of e'er retiring,  
See, my lads, those volleys tell.

Ah ! by heavens, our dragoons flying,  
How the squadrons fill the plain !  
Check them, boys, ye fear not dying,  
Sell your lives, nor fall in vain.

Now our left flank they are turning ;  
Carnage is but just begun ;  
Desperate now, 'tis useless mourning,  
Farewell, friends, adieu the sun !  
Fix'd to die, we scorn retreating,  
To the shock our breasts oppose,  
Hark ! the shout, the signal beating,  
See, with bayonets they close :  
Front rank charge ! the rear make ready !  
Forward, march—reserve your fire !  
Now present, fire brisk, be steady,  
March, march, see their lines retire !  
On the left, our light troops dashing,  
Now our dragoons charge the rear,  
Shout ! huzza ! what glorious clashing,  
They run, they run, hence banish fear.

Now the toil and danger's over,  
Dress alike the wounded brave,  
Hope again inspires the lover,  
Old and young forget the grave ;  
Seize the canteen, poise it higher,  
Rest to each brave soul that fell !  
Death for this is ne'er the nigher,  
Welcome mirth, and fear farewell.

### 30. TO THE MEMORY OF THE BRAVE AMERICANS,

Under General Greene, in South Carolina, who fell in the  
action of September 8, 1781.

BY PHILIP FRENEAU.

AT Eutaw Springs the valiant died :  
Their limbs with dust are cover'd o'er—  
Weep on, ye springs, your tearful tide ;  
How many heroes are no more !

If in this wreck of ruin, they  
Can yet be thought to claim a tear,  
O, smite your gentle breast, and say,  
The friends of freedom slumber here !

Thou who shalt trace this bloody plain,  
If goodness rules thy generous breast  
Sigh for the wasted rural reign ;  
Sigh for the shepherds sunk to rest !

Stranger, their humble graves adorn ;  
You too may fall and ask a tear :  
'Tis not the beauty of the morn  
That proves the evening shall be clear.

They saw their injured country's woe ;  
The flaming town, the wasted field ;  
Then rush'd to meet the insulting foe ;  
They took the spear—but left the shield.

Led by thy conquering genius, Greene,  
The Britons they compell'd to fly :  
None distant view'd the fatal plain,  
None grieved in such a cause to die.

But like the Parthian famed of old,  
Who, flying, still their arrows threw ;  
These routed Britons, full as bold,  
Retreated and retreating slew.

Now rest in peace, our patriot band ;  
Though far from Nature's limits thrown,  
We trust they find a happier land,  
A brighter sunshine of their own.

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### 31 TO THE AMERICANS

On the rumoured approach of the Hessian forces, Waldeckers, &c. ; occasioned by General Gage's proclamation, that the provinces were in a state of rebellion and out of the king's protection.

(Published, 1775.)

BY PHILIP FRENEAU.

The blasts of death ! the infernal guns prepare—  
" Rise with the storm and all its danger share."

REBELS you are—the British champion cries.  
Truth, stand thou forth, and tell the wretch he lies :  
Rebels !—and see this mock imperial lord  
Already threatens these rebels with the cord.\*  
The hour draws nigh, the glass is almost run,  
When truth will shine and ruffians be undone ;  
When this base miscreant shall forbear to sneer,  
And curse his taunts and bitter insults here.

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\* See, in the records of American History, about this time, a letter from General Gage to General Washington ; with the answer of the latter.

If to control the cunning of a knave,  
Freedom respect, and scorn the name of slave;  
If to protest against a tyrant's laws,  
And arm for vengeance in the righteous cause,  
Be deem'd rebellion—'tis a harmless thing:  
This bugbear name, like death, has lost its sting.  
Americans at freedom's fane adore!  
But trust to Britain and her flag no more:  
The generous genius of their isle has fled,  
And left a mere impostor in his stead.  
If conquer'd, rebels (their Scotch records show)  
Receive no mercy from the parent foe;\*  
Nay, even the grave, that friendly haunt of peace,  
(Where mercy gives the woes of man to cease,)  
Vengeance will search—and buried corpses there  
Be raised, to feed the vultures of the air;  
Be hang'd on gibbets! such a war they wage:  
Such are the devils that swell our souls with rage.  
If Britain conquers, help us heaven to fly:  
Lend us your wings, ye ravens of the sky;  
If Britain conquers, we exist no more;  
These lands will redden with their children's gore,  
Who, turn'd to slaves, their fruitless toils will moan,  
Toils in these fields that once they call'd their own!  
To arms! to arms! and let the murdering sword  
Decide who best deserves the hangman's cord:  
Nor think the hills of Canada too bleak  
When desperate freedom is the prize you seek;  
For that the call of honour bids you go  
O'er frozen lakes and mountains wrapt in snow:

---

\* After the battle of Culloden. See Smollett's History of England, 1745.

No toils should daunt the nervous and the bold,  
They scorn all heat, or wave-congealing cold.  
Haste! to your tents in iron fetters bring  
These slaves, that serve a tyrant, and a king.  
So just, so virtuous is your cause, I say,  
Hell must prevail, if Britain gains the day.

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### 32 DEATH OF COL. LAURENS.

To the memory of the brave, accomplished, and patriotic Col. John Laurens, who, in the twenty-seventh year of his age, was killed in an engagement with a detachment of the British from Charleston, near the river Cambahee, in South Carolina, August, 1782.

BY PHILIP FRENEAU.

SINCE on her plains this generous chief expired,  
Whom sages honour'd and whom France admired;  
Does fame no statues to his memory raise,  
Nor swells one column to record his praise;  
Where her palmetto shades the adjacent deeps,  
Affection sighs, and Carolina weeps!

Thou who shalt stray where death this chief confines,  
Approach, and read the patriot in these lines:  
Not from the dust the muse transcribes his name,  
And more than marble shall declare his fame;  
Where scenes more glorious his great soul engage,  
Confess'd thrice worthy in that closing page;  
When conquering Time to dark oblivion calls,  
The marble totters, and the column falls.

Laurens, thy tomb while kindred hands adorn,  
Let northern muses, too, inscribe thy urn;

Of all, whose names on death's black list appear,  
No chief that perish'd claim'd more grief sincere ;  
Not one, Columbia, that thy bosom bore,  
More tears commanded or deserved them more !  
Grief at his tomb shall heave the unwearied sigh,  
And honour lift the mantle to her eye ;  
Fame through the world his patriot name shall spread,  
By heroes envied and by monarchs read ;  
Just, generous, brave—to each true heart allied,  
The Briton's terror, and his country's pride ;  
For him the tears of war-worn soldiers ran,  
The friend of Freedom, and the friend of man.

Then what is death, compared with such a tomb,  
Where honour fades not, and fair virtues bloom ?  
Ah ! what is death, when fame like this endears  
The brave man's favourite, and his country's tears !



## 33

## ODE,

Written on the meeting of the first Congress, under the new  
federal Constitution.

“ONCE more we're one,” a nation cries,  
And rapturous echo rends the skies,  
With “once more we are one.”  
Now hautboy, violin, and flute,  
Breathe out, nor ever hence be mute ;  
The immortal deed is done !

Returning government now comes ;  
Sound, sound the trumpets ! beat the drums !  
Let every breast expand.

Let party rage and discord cease ;  
And may each foe to general peace  
Be exiled from our land.

The blast of war—the din of arms,  
No longer sound their dread alarms,  
In thunder's awful roar.  
Peace, with her mild and gentle train,  
Has visited our land again,  
And reigns our queen once more.

The arts shall raise their drooping head,  
Science throughout our empire spread  
Her influence, like the sun ;  
While wisdom, justice, patriot zeal,  
Join, to affix the closing seal,  
And finish what's begun.

The sails of commerce, now unfurl'd,  
Shall waft our produce round the world,  
With each propitious breeze.  
Our soil to labour now shall yield  
A rich reward from every field,  
While exports crowd the seas.

Let Spanish shafts probe southern mines ;  
Let Gallia cultivate her vines ;  
In gems let India blaze :  
China her silks and ware may boast :  
Let gold and pearls deck Brazil's coast,  
And Afric spices raise :

No Pedro or Pizarro here  
Shall call from widow'd eyes the tear  
No plundering war we wage ;



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Not India's gems, or Peru's mines,  
Or Afric's spice, or Gallia's vines,  
Can here awake such rage.

When first, provoked, to arms we flew,  
And the bright blade of Freedom drew,  
Nations with wonder gazed :  
But when success our banners crown'd,  
And peace the trumpet's clangour drown'd,  
All Europe was amazed.

But now we call the world to view  
A nobler scene—an era new—  
A nation met in peace :  
To bind by general law the whole,  
And to one body give one soul,  
And bid distraction cease.

No more shall partial systems jar ;  
No more shall state with state make war,  
Or parts oppose the whole ;  
Faction her haggard head shall hide,  
While shouts of union, far and wide,  
Echo from pole to pole.

Our fame shall rise on eagle's wings  
High above emperors and kings,  
Nor shall we ever stop,  
Till, as a people, we look down  
On all the splendour of a crown,  
From elevation's top.

In peace our friendship shall embrace  
Each member of the human race,  
Of every sect and creed—

Pagans, idolaters, and Turks,  
All who confide in faith or works,  
Even Israel's lineal seed.

But when our country sounds the alarm,  
The noblest blood our breasts shall warm  
On the embattled plain.  
Our standard shall be planted there,  
Its streamers floating high in air;  
Our flag shall rule the main.

---

## 34

## IERNE'S SONS.

WAR, demon of destruction fell,  
Now mounts his iron rapid car,  
Invoking with infernal yell  
His furious powers from afar;  
Go, bid the bolts of carnage roar  
Tremendous on Columbia's shore.

Lo! Erin's sons reply,  
Ierne's sons thy menace scorn,  
Ierne's dauntless sons are born  
To conquer or to die.

Hark! hark! the murdering cannons roar,  
The trumpet rouses all to arms—  
Arise, ye brave of Erin's shore,  
Arise and meet fell war's alarms:  
Let every breast with valour glow,  
And bravely meet the common foe:  
See, see the Britons nigh;  
Columbia calls—the foe despise—  
My darling sons, arise, arise,  
To conquer or to die.

Mark, how the ensanguined plains along,  
With fury beaming from their eyes,  
Thy sons, O Erin, gladly throng,  
While shouts of glory rend the skies.  
Their trusty rifles poised in air,  
Well polish'd on their shoulders glare,  
And august banners fly :  
Now smoke deprives the day of light,  
Thy heroes nobly close the fight,  
To conquer or to die.

See! how they glare with martial pride,  
While jarring peals assail their ear ;  
No more the haughty foes deride,  
Ierne's heroes, void of fear  
But gasping midst huge heaps of slain,  
Inglorious fall upon the plain,  
Or for protection fly :  
See! how they rush with shrieks of woe ;  
See! how the brave pursue their foe,  
To conquer or to die.

Thy heroes now with victory bound,  
And shouts of glory meet the sky,  
O! let thy hills and vales resound  
The patriots' dirge who nobly die.  
Columbia soothe their noble breast,  
And fondly sink them into rest ;  
For you they bleeding lie ;  
They fought, big with pure freedom's love,  
And for thy glory fighting, strove  
To conquer or to die.

## 35

## MAJOR ANDRÉ.

COME, all you brave Americans, and unto me give ear,  
And I'll sing you a ditty that will make your hearts  
cheer,

Concerning a young gentleman whose age was twenty-  
two;

He fought for North America; his heart was just and  
true.

They took him from his dwelling-place, and they did  
him confine,

They cast him into prison, and kept him for a time;  
But he with resolution resolved not long to stay;  
He set himself at liberty, and soon he ran away.

He with a scouting-party ran down to Tarrytown,  
Where he met a British officer, a man of high re-  
nown;

He says to those young gentlemen, "You're of the  
British cheer,

I trust that you can tell me now if there's any danger  
here."

Then up stepp'd this young gentleman, John Paulding  
was his name;

"Come, tell me where you're going to, also from  
whence you came."

"I bear the British flag, sir; I've a pass to go this way;  
I'm on an expedition, and have no time to stay."

Then up stepp'd those young gentlemen, and bid him  
to dismount;

"Come tell us where you're going to, give us a strict  
account;

---

For we are now resolved that you shall ne'er pass by."  
On strict examination, they found out he was a spy.

He begged for his liberty, he plead for his discharge,  
And oftentimes he told them, if they'd set him at large,  
"Here's all the gold and silver I have laid up in store,  
But when I get down to New York I'll give you ten  
times more."

"I scorn your gold and silver, I've enough laid up in  
store,  
And when that is all spent and gone, I'll freely fight  
for more;

So you may take your sword in hand and gain your  
liberty, [free."

And if that you do conquer me, O, then you shall go

"The time it is improper our valour for to try,  
For if we take our swords in hand, then one of us  
must die;

I am a man of honour, with courage brave and bold,  
I fear not the face of clay, although it's clothed in  
gold."

He saw that his conspiracy would soon be brought to  
light;

He begg'd for pen and paper, and asked leave to write  
A line to General Arnold, to let him know his fate,  
And beg for his assistance; but alas, it was too late.

When the news it came to Arnold, it put him in a fret;  
He walk'd the room in trouble, till tears his cheeks  
did wet;

The news it went throughout the camp, likewise  
throughout the fort;

He called for the Vulture, and sailed for New York.

Now Arnold to New York has gone, a fighting for  
his king,  
And left poor Major André, on the gallows for to swing ;  
When he was executed, he look'd both meek and mild,  
He look'd on his spectators, and pleasantly did smile.  
It moved each eye with pity, caused every heart to  
bleed ;  
And every one wish'd him released, and had Arnold  
in his stead.  
He was a man of honour, in Britain he was born ;  
To die upon the gallows most highly he did scorn.  
Here's a health unto John Paulding ! so let your voices  
sound,  
Fill up your flowing glasses, and drink his health  
around ;  
Also to those young gentlemen, who bore him company ;  
Success to North America, ye sons of liberty !

---

### 36 THE PATRIOT'S ADIEU.

ADIEU ! adieu ! my only life,  
My country calls me from thee ;  
Remember thou'rt a patriot's wife—  
Those tears but ill become thee ;  
What though by duty I am call'd,  
Where tyrants' cannons rattle,  
Where valour's self might stand appall'd,  
Still, on the wings of thy dear love,  
To heaven above  
Thy tender orisons are flown :  
The fervent prayer  
Thou puttest up there,

Shall call a guardian angel down,  
To watch me in the battle!

My safety thy fair truth shall be,  
As sword and buckler serving ;  
My life shall be more dear to me,  
Because of thy preserving ;  
Let perils come, let horrors threat,  
Let tyrants' cannons rattle,  
I'll dauntless brave the conflict's heat,  
Assured that on the wings of love, &c.

Enough—with that benignant smile  
Some kindred god inspired thee ;  
Who saw thy bosom void of guile,  
Who wonder'd and admired thee !  
I go in Freedom's righteous cause,  
Where despots' cannons rattle ;  
For equal rights, and equal laws !  
Assured that on the wings of love, &c.

O, Liberty ! sweet maid, descend !  
A patriot seeks thy glory ;  
Do thou the rights of man defend  
'Gainst party—whig or tory ;  
In thy just cause the hero fights,  
Though tyrants league in battle,  
For equal laws and equal rights ;  
And should fair Freedom bless this land,  
We'll firmly stand :  
No tyranny shall then be known !  
But gentle Peace  
Our joys increase :  
The goddess shall herself come down,  
And stop the cannons' rattle !

**37            INCENTIVES TO VALOUR.**

Sons of valour ! fathers hoary !  
Ye who boast Columbia's name,  
Rise to deeds of war and glory,  
Rise, avenge our injured fame !

Happy land ! by Heaven protected  
Sweet asylum of the oppress'd ;  
Here Liberty her throne erected,  
Here Science, Virtue, Freedom rest.

But see ! the fiends of hostile nations  
Raise the bloody flag on high ;  
Haste—repel their bold invasions,  
And their menaces defy.

See the angel, Mercy, bending  
O'er your wives and children dear,  
In a cloud of love descending,  
Smiling, wipes the falling tear.

Hear unborn millions shout your praises  
While Echo catches at the sound,  
And Fame her silver clarion raises,  
Till distant kingdoms loud resound.

Daughters of immortal story,  
Ye who boast Columbia's name,  
O ! inspire the love of glory,  
And record your hero's fame !



## 38 THE HUMOURS OF MEN.

*Tune.—Humours of Glen.*

Be firm, O, Columbians; along the Atlantic  
Is heard the war trump with the cannon's loud roar;  
The tyrant of Britain, again become frantic,  
Insidious approaches your peaceable shore:  
Let him boast his proud navy and brag of its number,  
His Nelsons, his Vincents, his Duncans—what  
then?  
Let them come—they will find us, but not in our  
slumber—  
We'll teach them our humours—the humours of  
men.

They may steal on the Dane, unsuspecting, to  
plunder,  
And take, just in friendship, his ships and his store,  
Kill some women and children, to make the world  
wonder:  
Perhaps they'll come here the same thing to en-  
core;  
They may send us a posie of sweet-scented roses,  
To lull our keen smelling, again and again;  
Their sweets will not take with our true Yankee  
noses,  
They may think us old women, they'll find we are  
men.

Then raise Freedom's banners and hurl them defiance!  
Who'd shrink from the contest, in Liberty's cause?  
We dread not their threats, and despise their alliance,  
Great Madison's wisdom dispenses our laws.

Then rouse to the combat, each man seize his rifle,  
The sword be our weapon instead of the pen ;  
Let them dread how with freemen hereafter they trifle,  
We'll give them a touch of the humours of men.

---

### 39 TO THE VOLUNTEER.

Go, friend of my bosom, the trumpet's shrill cry,  
Has summon'd the soldier to arms ;  
With patriot valour each bosom beats high,  
And Freedom her votaries warms.

Shall I, while my country is bleeding, recline  
On the bosom of indolent ease !  
No, no ! in her cause even thee I resign,  
Though naught but thy presence can please.

Go, dearer than life to thy Caroline's heart,  
The din of the battle's begun ;  
Go, share in each danger a valorous part,  
And fight till the victory is won.

The cherub of safety before thee shall fly,  
And shelter the brave with her wing ;  
And Mercy shall guard thee when danger is nigh,  
And thee to my bosom shall bring.

And think not, dear youth, for thy absence I'll moan,  
Or weep when I bid thee adieu ;  
I'll twine the bright chaplet to greet thy return,  
And live, dearest soldier, for you.

Thy country has call'd thee, the mandate obey,  
O ! snatch not another adieu ;  
The tear I'll suppress—gallant soldier, away !  
I'll live for my country and you.

---

#### 40 SINCLAIR'S DEFEAT.

NOVEMBER the fourth, in the year of ninety-one,  
We had a sore engagement near to Fort Jefferson :  
Sinclair was our commander, which may remem-  
ber'd be,  
For there we left nine hundred men, in the Western  
Territory.

At Bunker's hill and Quebec, where many a hero fell,  
Likewise at Long Island, 'tis I the truth can tell :  
But such a dreadful carnage never did I see,  
As happen'd on the plains near the river St. Marie.

Our militia were attack'd just as the day did break,  
And soon were overpower'd, and forced to retreat.  
They killed Major Ouldham, Levin and Briggs like-  
wise,  
While horrid yells of savages resounded through the  
skies.

Major Butler was wounded the very second fire ;  
His manly bosom swell'd with rage when forced to  
retire.  
Like one distracted he appear'd, when thus exclaimed  
he,  
" Ye hounds of hell shall all be slain, but what re-  
venged I'll be."

We had not long been broke when General Butler  
fell;  
He cries, "My boys, I'm wounded; pray take me off  
the field—  
My God!" says he, "What shall we do!—We're  
wounded every man!  
Go, charge! you valiant heroes, and beat them if you  
can."

He lean'd his back against a tree, and there resign'd  
his breath,  
And, like a valiant soldier, sank in the arms of  
death;  
When blessed angels did await his spirit to convey,  
And unto the celestial fields he quickly bent his  
way.

We charged again, we took our ground, which did our  
hearts elate:  
There we did not tarry long; they soon made us re-  
treat;  
They killed Major Ferguson, which caused his men to  
cry—  
"Stand to your guns," says valiant Ford: "we'll  
fight until we die."

Our cannon-balls exhausted, our artillery-men all  
slain,  
Our musketry-men and riflemen their fire did sustain;  
Three hours more we fought like men, and then were  
forced to yield,  
While three hundred bloody warriors lay stretch'd  
upon the field.

Says Colonel Gibson to his men, "My boys, be not  
dismay'd;

I'm sure that true Virginians were never yet afraid ;  
Ten thousand deaths I'd rather die than they should  
gain the field—"

With that he got a fatal shot, which caused him to  
yield.

Says Major Clark, "My heroes, I can no longer  
stand :

We will strive to form in order, and retreat the best  
we can."

The word retreat, being pass'd all round, they raised  
a hue and cry,

And helter-skelter, through the woods, we like lost  
sheep did fly.

We left the wounded on the field, O, heavens, what a  
shock!

Some of their thighs were shatter'd, some of their  
limbs were broke;

But scalping-knives and tomahawks soon eased them  
of their breath,

And fiery flames of torment soon tortured them to  
death.

Now to mention our brave officer, 'tis what I wish to  
do;

No son of Mars e'er fought more brave, or show'd  
more courage true;

To Captain Bradford I belong'd, in his artillery,  
Who fell that day, amongst the slain : what a gallant  
man was he !

**41 HARK! HARK!—1812.**

HARK! hark! sweet lass, the trumpet sounds,  
'Tis honour calls to war.

Now, love, I leave, perhaps for wounds,  
And beauty for a scar.

But, ah! suppress those rising sighs;  
Ah! check that falling tear:  
Lest soft distress, from lovely eyes,  
Create a new-born fear.

My life to Fame devoted was,  
Before my fair I knew,  
And if I now desert her cause,  
Shall I be worthy you?

It is not Fame alone invites,  
Though Fame this bosom warms;  
My country's violated rights  
Impel my soul to arms.

---

**42 TO THE MEMORY OF CAPTAIN JACOB  
CHEESEMAM,**

Of the New York forces.

IN yon deep gloom, yon dreary, cavern'd cell,  
Where darkening clouds the solar ray repel;  
Whose craggy roofs the notes of wo rebound,  
And mournful echo lengthens out the sound:  
Where Melancholy makes her ceaseless moan,  
And Sorrow's queen erects her ebon throne,

There, on the breast of wounded Peace reclined,  
See sacred Liberty to grief resign'd ;  
The robes which Commerce gave, with every fold  
Inwrought with gems and shining streaks of gold ;  
The melting viol, high-strung harp, and lute,  
Inverted copia, and harmonious flute,  
Now, all neglected, strew the dusty floor,  
While hollow winds throughout the caverns roar ;  
Midst all these horrors, see the friendly pair  
With fond endearments soothe each other's care :  
Kindly by turns relate their own distress,  
And, by imparting, make the burden less ;  
As summer breezes soft, spake dove-eyed Peace ;  
" Forbear those sighs, and let those plainings cease,  
When I am driven by proud Ambition's train -  
To seek a refuge on some distant plain,  
Where humble shepherds no distinction know,  
And Love and Freedom undivided grow,  
Thy cause Americans will still maintain,  
And rather die than damp thy glowing flame."  
This roused the fair, and, starting from the ground,  
Her bursting sorrows knew no check nor bound ;  
" Heart-rending thought," the weeping seraph cried,  
" For me, already, have they bled and died ;  
Ere yon bright sun his last sad circuit roll'd,  
Within those walls the doleful tale was told.  
Here did the swift-wing'd messenger proclaim,  
That on Quebec's ill-fated, hapless plain,  
The pride of Mars, Montgomery, was slain ;  
And by his side the young M'Pherson fell,  
Whose praises weeping graces fondly tell ;  
For on his mind the beams of Science shone,  
And smiling Beauty claim'd him for her own.

Not distant far, young Cheeseman met his fate,  
And o'er his corse Death's train in triumph sat ;  
Ah ! cruel Death ! could aught thy power control,  
The graceful form, the true, heroic soul,  
Where strength with courage, truth with sweetness  
blend,

To form the soldier, brother, son, and friend :  
Couldst thou, insatiate, by less worth been fed,  
Cheeseman had not been number'd with the dead."  
She ceased ; the vaulted roof with lengthen'd sighs  
resound,

And deep-felt darkness spread its horrors round ;  
Not long it reign'd, for o'er the snow-capp'd hills  
A form appears, that every vacuum fills  
With streaming light.—'Tis Fame, whose vivid  
breath

Bids heroes triumph o'er the power of Death ;  
Swift as she moves, the rising mists retire,  
Darkness draws back to wonder and admire.  
To Sorrow's cave, as air she speeds her way,  
And sounds her trump and darts a sudden day ;  
The cheering peal calls forth the mourning bands,  
And sabled Liberty attentive stands.  
Peace for a moment dropp'd her spreading wings,  
While thus the tuneful messenger begins ;  
"Majestic mother of the brave ! from far,  
Where Mars now reigns, in all the pomp of war,  
In pity to thy anguish'd breast I came,  
To render justice to thy Cheeseman's name  
Not swell'd with rage he fought the dreadful fight,  
But rush'd on danger to secure his right ;  
To spread thy rays throughout his native land,  
Or Death prefer to dire Oppression's band.



~~~~~  
But, lest too long he should the contest see,  
Fate gave the word to set the spirit free :  
The powerful word his eager hopes repel,  
And on the ground the graceful champion fell.  
Yet strove to rise while life's swift current pass'd,  
Nor groan'd, till in Death's arms he groan'd his last :  
His spirit floated on the crimson tide,  
And as he lived, the much-loved hero died."  
With matchless grace the goddess raised her head,  
And Grief, discarded, to her cavern fled ;  
The crystal sluice in either eye was dried :  
" Enough," the balmy-breathing seraph cried,  
" Resume thy song, and let thy trump, O Fame,  
Spread wide the honours of each hero's name.  
O, Peace, once more thy heavenly pleasures bring,  
And save the world from discord's poison'd sting ;  
Bid parent states their rage for power control,  
Nor form a wish to bind the freeborn soul ;  
Then shall thy sons in due obedience move,  
And acts of duty flow from heart-felt love."  
Fame clapp'd her wings, and to her lips applied  
The silver trump which lately graced her side ;  
And, as she soars, the warrior's praises sounds ;  
The herds all listen, and the wild deer bounds ;  
To each shrill note the vocal hills reply,  
And floating ether bears it through the sky.  
The Congress, too, demands thy high applause,  
Those grand supporters of the best of laws ;  
For these the palm and laurel-wreath prepare,  
And Peace or Freedom shall reward their care.

From the Pennsylvania Gazette, February 2, 1774.

#### **43 A LADY'S ADIEU TO HER TEA-TABLE.**

FAREWELL the tea-board, with its gaudy equipage  
Of cups and saucers, cream-bucket, sugar-tongs,  
The pretty tea-chest also, lately stored  
With Hyson, Congo, and best double-fine.  
Full many a joyous moment have I sat by ye,  
Hearing the girls tattle, the old maids talk scandal,  
And the spruce coxcomb laugh at—maybe—nothing.  
No more shall I dish out the once-loved liquor,  
Though now detestable,  
Because I'm taught (and I believe it true)  
Its use will fasten slavish chains upon my country,  
And Liberty's the goddess I would choose  
To reign triumphant in America.

---

#### **44 LINES OCCASIONED BY THE WAR.—**

1777.

No more I'll sing, in soft, descriptive strains,  
The lofty mountain, or the sunny plains,  
Nor vernal meadow, nor embowering grove,  
Once the known seats of innocence and love;  
For now pale Terror haunts the sylvan shade,  
And hostile bands each loved retreat invade:  
Fair Liberty reclines her threaten'd head,  
And Peace, that blest inhabitant, has fled.  
Muse! strike the lyre! direct the pensive lay,  
War's guilty rage and dreadful pomp display:

In tragic numbers, big with wo, relate  
The dire effects of Britain's restless hate.  
Mark yon embattled plain, the swelling flood,  
And banks yet reeking with heroic blood ;  
That spot no more may spring's gay verdure grace,  
But future cypress sadden all the place ;  
In those lone fields no grateful herbage bloom,  
And the brown forest shed a deeper gloom !

While scenes of varied wo thus meet our eyes,  
Fresh sighs for thee, lamented Warren, rise.  
Nor long shall Britain this her triumph boast,  
A happier warrior arms a happier host ;  
Before great Washington her sons shall fly ;  
He leads our troops to conquer or to die ;  
While Warren's hovering ghost, each wrong repaid,  
In equal dust shall see his conqueror laid.

## 45

## BUNKER'S HILL.

BY JOHN BURK.

WHEN o'er Columbia's fields, in fearful hour,  
Glared the red comet of Britannia's power,  
From horrid hair shook flakes of burning wrath,  
And war and desolation mark'd its path :  
Roused by the fury of her ruthless foes,  
The angry genius of Columbia rose :  
Then, with a voice more loud, more deep than fate,  
Was rent the fabric of monarchic state,  
And instantaneous, soothing as the lyre,  
Which wakes the soul and kindles soft desire,

~~~~~  
She call'd the great republic into day,  
And to a world restored its legal sway :  
Behold ! her patriot band the lowlands fills  
Like to the torrents of a thousand hills,  
Which, thundering, to the plain their waters roll,  
Unite, condense, and form a mighty whole ;  
Columbia's sons down Alleghany's sides  
Their fiery cohorts pour in rapid tides :  
Whilst o'er the glassy surface of the flood,  
Lighted by the sun, a gallant vessel rode ;  
The ark which bears the charter of the land,  
It sails directed by the Almighty hand ;  
Till safe at length from tempest and from flood,  
Secure on Freedom's Ararat it stood.  
Thus did this great, this glorious empire rise,  
Which lifts its patriot honours to the skies,  
Spite of the bloody lash, the tyrant's frown,  
The shock of armies and a fleet's renown.  
A nobler theme than this, to grace the stage,  
Where can we find in all the historic page ?  
Of Rome's and Cato's fall the world has rung :  
Why not Columbia's rising fame be sung ?  
If Rome her Brutus and her Cato boast ;  
Her Washington and Warren, each a host,  
Columbia owns ; with thousand names beside,  
The least of which would swell the Roman pride ;  
And midst these themes sublime, these subjects  
grand,

Which tempt the poet's fancy in this land,  
Where is there one more potent to inspire  
Conceptions vast, and wake Parnassian fire,  
Than when on Bunker's top a glorious band  
Pour'd out their sacred blood to save the land ?

And, ere they fell, such fierce destruction hurl'd,  
As when volcanoes burn and tear the world.  
Such is our bard's excuse that he this night  
Renews the horrors of famed Bunker's fight,  
And, bending suppliant at your awful shrine,  
His child to your protection doth consign ;  
Assured of justice, he has dared to trace  
Columbia's glories to Columbia's race.

---

#### 46 COME OUT, YE CONTINENTALERS.

Come out, ye continentalers !  
We're going for to go  
To fight the red-coat enemy,  
Who're plaguy "cute," you know.

Now, shoulder whoop !—eyes right and dress—  
Front !—Davis, wipe your nose—  
Port whoop !—that's slick—now, carry whoop !  
Mike Jones, turn out your toes.

Charge bagnet !—that's your sort, my boys :  
Now, quick time !—march !—that's right ;  
Just so we'd poke the enemy,  
If they were but in sight.

Halt !—shoulder whoop !—stop laughing, Nick—  
By platoons, wheel !—halt—dress !  
Hold up your muzzles on the left ;  
No talking, more or less.

Bill Sneezer, keep your canteen down,  
We're going for to travel ;  
" Captain, I wants to halt a bit,  
My shoe is full of gravel."

Ho—strike up music—for'ard march !  
 Now point your toes, Bob Rogers ;  
 See! yonder are the red-coat men—  
 Let fly upon 'em, sogers.

---

#### 47 TRENTON AND PRINCETON.

The following ballad has been written from the dictation of a lady who remembers hearing it sung by a child to the British troops, who accidentally overheard her and urged her to repeat it to them, with which she complied, much to their amusement.

ON December the sixth,  
 And the twentieth day,  
 Our troops attack'd the Hessians,  
 And show'd them gallant play.

Our roaring cannon taught them  
 Our valour for to know ;  
 We fought like brave Americans  
 Against a haughty foe.

The chief were kill'd and taken,  
 The rest were put to flight,  
 And some arrived at Princeton,  
 Half-fainting with affright.

\* \* \* \* \*

The third of January,  
 The morning being clear,  
 Our troops attack'd the regulars,  
 At Princeton, we do hear.

About a mile from Princeton  
The battle it begun,  
And many a haughty Briton fell  
Before the fight was done.

And what our gallant troops have done  
We'll let the British know ;  
We fought like brave Americans  
Against a haughty foe.

The British, struck with terror,  
And frightened, ran away :  
They ran across the country  
Like men in deep dismay,

Crying to every one they met,  
"O! hide us! hide us! do!  
The rebels will devour us,  
So hotly they pursue."

O, base, ungenerous Britons !  
To call us by that name ;  
We're fighting for our liberty,  
Our just and lawful claim.

We trust in Heaven's protection,  
Nor fear to win the day ;  
When time shall come we'll crown our deeds  
With many a loud huzza !

Our foes are fled to Brunswick,  
Where they are close confined ;  
Our men they are unanimous,  
In Freedom's cause combined.

Success to General Washington,  
And Gates and Putnam, too,  
Both officers and privates,  
Who liberty pursue.

---

#### 48 GENERAL BURGoyNE AND THE BOSTON BLOCKADE.

It is well known that General Burgoyne aspired to the double laurels of the dramatist and soldier. He was the author of several comedies and farces, some of which yet keep possession of the stage, and have frequently been published ; but one piece called the " Boston Blockade " has, I believe, never passed through the hands of the printer. During the time of the occupation of the trimountainous city, the royalists used to make themselves merry with amateur theatricals. Old Faneuil Hall was converted from a temple of Liberty into a temple of Thespis ; and Burgoyne, being unable to subdue the Yankees by the sword, resorted to the pen and buskin to overpower them with ridicule. I am indebted to the tenacious memory of an old lady, who remembers being present at the representation of the " Boston Blockade," for the following specimen, which formed the finale to the piece, the stanzas being separately sung by four of the principal characters ; a lady, an old gentleman, a negress, and a young royalist, who was the hero of the affair.

*The principal lady of the piece.*

YE ladies who find the time hang on your hands—  
Thus kept in a cage by the enemy's bands,  
Like me, choose a mate from the numerous crew,  
As brave as my soldier, as tender and true.

With such a companion, confinement has charms ;  
Each place is a paradise, clasp'd in his arms ;  
And, only of absence and distance afraid,  
You'll bless the small circle of " Boston Blockade."



---

*Old man.*

Ye tar-barrel law-givers, Yankeeified pigs,  
Who are tyrants in custom, in theory whigs,  
In return for the favours you've lavish'd on me,  
May I see you all hang'd upon liberty tree.

Meantime, take example and cease from attack,  
You're weak in your arms as I am in my back ;  
In law and in love we alike are betray'd,  
And alike are the laughter of " Boston Blockade."

*Fan-fan—a negress.*

Your pardon, my massa, one word to intrude,  
I'm sure in my heart you will not tink me rude ;  
Though in public you scoff, I see many a spark  
Would tink me a sweet, pretty girl in the dark.

Thus runs the world merrily on with Fan-fan,  
She eat good salt pork, and get kiss'd by white man ;  
Me do missy business, she pleased, and I paid,  
Egad ! me no tired of de " Boston Blockade."

*The hero—a young officer.*

Huzza, then, ye comrades of honour and truth,  
Experienced age and high-spirited youth,  
With drum and with fife make our chorus more shrill,  
And echo shall waft it to Washington's hill.

All brave British hearts shall beat time as we sing,  
Due force to our arms, and long life to our king !  
For the honour of both be our banner display'd,  
And a glorious end to the " Boston Blockade !"

## 49

## TWO STANZAS

Of a ballad much sung during the Revolution.

CORNWALLIS led a country-dance ;

The like was never seen, sir ;

Much retrograde and much advance,

And all with General Greene, sir.

They rambled up and rambled down,

Join'd hands, and off they ran, sir ;

Our General Greene to Charleston,

And the earl to Wilmington, sir.

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From the National Gazette.

## 50

## SONG.—1776.

Messrs. Editors,—While on a visit to a highly respectable patriot and soldier of the Revolution, Mr. Jesse Moore, of Hopewell, N. J., who is now in his eighty-ninth year, I spoke of some songs of the Revolutionary period that appeared not long since in your gazette, and asked Mr. Moore if he recollected any thing of the kind being sung during his campaigns ; he said he often sung an old song to his little niece, of which he then recited a verse or two, with the chorus. He searched for and found the manuscript, dated December 26th, 1776, the time of the surrender of the Hessians to General Washington, at Trenton ; which circumstance probably gave rise to the song. Threescore and two years had faded the ink, and the copy was otherwise mutilated ; but by the help of his memory I made out the lines below, which, as they seem to breathe something of the spirit of that time of trial, you may, agreeably to the request of one of your correspondents, deem worthy of insertion.

This worthy old soldier, although fully entitled to receive a pension, would only consent to receive a few dollars, and this only for the gratification of having his name enrolled among the long list of worthies on the pension-list. When his services were no longer needed, he resumed his imple-

ments of carpentry, "his musket carefully laid by," and, with the blessing of Providence on his diligence, is enabled to spend the evening of his days in affluence and comfort. He says his country is welcome to his services; he has enjoyed, through a long life, the boon for which he fought, and lived to see her unprecedented prosperity.

THE day is broke; my boys, push on,  
And follow, follow Washington,  
    'Tis he that leads the way,  
    'Tis he that leads the way;

When he commands, we will obey,  
Through rain or snow, by night or day,  
    Determined to be free,  
    Determined to be free.

Kind Providence our troops inspires  
With more than Greek or Roman fires,  
    Until our cause prevails,  
    Until our cause prevails.

Heaven has favour'd a virtuous few,  
The tyrant's legions to subdue;  
    For justice never fails,  
    For justice never fails.

With heart and hand, and God our trust,  
We'll freely fight—our cause is just.  
    Push on, my boys, push on,  
    Push on, my boys, push on!

Till Freedom reigns, our hearty bands  
Will fight like true Americans,  
    And follow, follow Washington,  
    And follow, follow Washington.

## 51

## SONG.

BY WILLIAM DUNLAP.

SEE they come—the heroes come!  
Hark! the hollow sounding drum!  
    Gives distant notes of coming war,  
    And bids the invaders keep afar,  
    Or for the battle's brunt prepare,  
See the stately horse come prancing,  
There the musketeers advancing,  
While the cannoneers prepare their thundering war.  
    See the standards float  
    Hark! the trumpets note,  
While every breath with conscious might,  
Swells ardent for the coming fight.

Seize the trump, the trump of fame!  
Sound aloud each leader's name!  
    Putnam see with honour gray,  
    Points and leads the glorious way,  
    Rememb'ring many a well fought day!  
                                See the stately, &c.

Behold, Montgomery, in the north,  
Rush like the tempest furious forth!  
    His virtue, truth, and courage vain,  
    Like Wolfe, he sinks on Quebec's plain,  
    A glorious death his only gain;  
                                See the stately, &c.

On gallant Gates, see victory smiles  
And leads an army to his toils.

Montgomery, Warren, Mercer, rise !  
And ere they reach their native skies,  
Their country's triumph meets their eyes.  
See the stately, &c.

But now to crown the glorious whole,  
See Washington ! the battle's soul !  
His worth binds envy in her cave,  
In council sage, in battle brave !  
Great Washington, a world can save !  
See the stately, &c.

See where amid the rustic bands  
On Bunker's heights great Warren stands  
And strews with foes the plain beneath :  
Then sinking on the field of death,  
Obtains of fame the immortal wreath.  
See the stately, &c.

## 52

## BUNKER'S HILL.

BY JOHN NEAL.

No shout disturb'd the night,  
Before that fearful fight,  
There was no boasting high,  
No marshalling of men,  
Who ne'er might meet again—  
No cup was fill'd and quaff'd to victory !  
No plumes were there,  
No banners fair,  
No trumpet breath'd around ;  
Nor the drum's startling sound  
Broke on the midnight air.

There was a "still small voice,"  
As of one from out the grave  
Who call'd upon the brave  
To perish and rejoice!  
There was a sound of wo,  
Of heartfelt agony—

For those who were to go  
That day to do and die;  
Then fell the widow's tear,  
Upon her only son—  
Her sole surviving one,  
Who ere the day was done,  
Might be upon the bier;  
Then was the thick-drawn breath,  
And the parent's parting sigh,  
And the husband's startling cry,  
And the lover's moan swept by,  
And all was still as death.

There was no proud array!  
No gorgeous show of military power,  
That lasteth for an hour  
And then hath passed away  
On that eventful day  
No monarch gave the word,  
No hirelings obey;  
No trumpet's sound was heard,  
Nor the steed's startling neigh!  
But commanders gather'd there,  
Stout of heart and strong of limb,  
Then heard the chanted hymn,  
And the lowly mutter'd prayer,  
And the foeman's sullen gun;

As slowly he came on,  
And the loud peal'd "hurrah!"  
Then the strongest knees did fall,  
And the ruddy cheeks grew pale,  
And the balmy summer gale,  
A chill o'er many cast,  
Who had braved the winter's blast;  
There was a distant roar,  
There was a nearer crash,  
There was a shout along the shore,  
Along the hill a flash,  
Then came the foeman's cry,  
And then the foeman's gun;  
A single yell of agony,  
A groan and all was done;  
A battle fought, a victory won!

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From the New York Mirror.

**53 THE RIFLEMAN'S SONG AT BENNING-  
TON.—1777.**

WHY come ye hither, stranger?  
Your mind what madness fills?  
In our valleys there is danger,  
And danger on our hills!  
Hear ye not the singing  
Of the bugle, wild and free?  
Full soon ye'll know the ringing  
Of the rifle from the tree!  
The rifle, the sharp rifle!  
In our hands it is no trifle!

Ye ride a goodly steed ;  
He may know another master ;  
Ye forward come with speed,  
But ye'll learn to back much faster,  
When ye meet our mountain boys  
And their leader, Johnny Starke !  
Lads who make but little noise,  
But who always hit the mark  
With the rifle, the true rifle !  
In their hands will prove no trifle !

Had ye no graves at home  
Across the briny water,  
That hither ye must come,  
Like bullocks to the slaughter ?  
If we the work must do,  
Why, the sooner 'tis begun,  
If flint and trigger hold but true,  
The quicker 'twill be done  
By the rifle, the good rifle !  
In our hands it is no trifle !



## 54 WASHINGTON TO HIS TROOPS.

BY EDWARD C. JONES.

HARK ! the signal gun, its thunder  
Floating on the tranquil air ;  
Soldiers, rise ! nor fear, nor wonder,  
That the enemy are near.

On the might of God relying,  
To the foe we'll never yield ;



---

All their legions still defying,  
We can face them on the field.

Think of home, and all its treasures,  
Wives and children, parents dear ;  
Think of all their plunder'd treasures—  
Can ye then stand idly here ?

They have ground us by oppression—  
We awake to feel it now ;  
Never be it our confession,  
That to England's king we bow.

Can a monarch's soft persuasion  
Close the breach, or heal the smart ?  
Not while in a freeman's bosom  
Throbs there still a freeman's heart.

Can the threat of venom'd fury,  
Back'd by regal power, amaze ?  
Yes, 'twill do for servile minions ;  
Freemen have an arm to raise.

Perish every bland entreaty—  
Tyrants, they assuage in vain ;  
Here we bid you wreak your vengeance,  
Never shall it forge the chain.

Onward ! 'neath that banner rally,  
Britons let your courage see ;  
Onward ! to the glorious sally,  
Strike the blow for liberty !

## 55

## BRITISH LAMENTATION.

COME, all ye heroes, wherever you be,  
That walk by land or sail by sea,  
Come, hear the words of a dying man ;  
I'm sure you will remember them.

In seventy-five, that fatal year,  
As by record doth appear ;  
'Twas on the fourteenth day of May,  
Our fleet set sail for America.

'Twas on that dark and dismal time,  
When we set sail for the northern clime ;  
Our drums did beat, and trumpets sound,  
And unto Boston we were bound.

And when to Boston we had come,  
We thought by our British drums  
To drive those rebels from the place,  
Which fill'd our hearts with sore disgrace.

But, to our sad and sore surprise,  
We saw them like grasshoppers rise ;  
They fight like heroes much enraged,  
Which surely frighten'd General Gage.

We saw those brave American sons  
Spread death and slaughter from their guns.  
Freedom or death ! those heroes cry,  
I'm sure they're not afraid to die.

Like lions watching for their prey,  
They fear no danger nor dismay ;

True British blood runs through their veins,  
And them with courage yet sustains.

We sailed to York, as you've been told,  
By the loss of many a Briton bold,  
To make those rebels own their king,  
And daily tribute to him bring.

In York were many traitors found,  
False to the state where they belong'd,  
They told us we might gain the day,  
There was no danger, they did say.

They said it was a garden place,  
And that our armies might be safe,  
Burn down your towns, lay waste your land,  
In spite of all your boasting bands.

A garden place it was indeed,  
And in it grows a bitter weed,  
Which will put down our brightest hopes,  
And sorely wound our British troops.

It is a year the nineteenth day,  
Since first we came to America:  
Full fifteen hundred have been slain,  
Bold British heroes every one.

Now I've received my mortal wound,  
I bid adieu to Old England's ground:  
My wife and children mourn for me,  
When I lay cold in America.

Fight on, fight on, American boys,  
Fear not Old England's thundering noise;  
Maintain your rights from year to year,  
God's on your side—you need not fear.

The glory of Great Britain's isle  
Is now eclipsed for a while,  
It shining bright in meridian year,  
Because our king was quite severe.

His crown will fade most certainly,  
A reward for all his cruelty :  
Americans will their rights maintain,  
While proud Old England sinks in shame.

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## 56 GENERAL BURGOYNE'S LAMENTATION.

*Tune—"Irish Lamentation."*

YE powers, look down and pity my case,  
For the once great Burgoyne is now in distress ;  
For I am surrounded by a numerous foe,  
That I fear my whole army will soon overthrow.

O ! cursed be the man that did us deceive,  
And cursed be old Schuyler, that made us believe  
He would retreat before us, and make no alarm,  
Till we had landed in Albany, free from all harm.

Now I am surrounded with sorrow and grief,  
Fair Goddess Diana, O send me relief !  
O send me some comfort, my mind for to feed,  
Or bring me a cordial, for I ne'er had more need.

And now, fellow-soldiers, what to advise you to,  
To go forward we cannot, nor back we can't go,  
For to tarry here we must certainly die—  
My heart's overwhelmed, O where shall I fly ?

~~~~~  
What say you, my lads ? must we yield unto men  
That we have so long held in such great disdain ?  
And called them rebels and despised Yankees, too,  
We have look'd upon them as a cowardly crew ;

Now safety says Yes, but honour says No :  
Our case is deplorable, O what shall we do ?  
Our honour is sweet, but our lives are more dear :  
Mine eyes do break forth in a fountain of tears.

O ! cursed be the day that e'er I came here,  
And crossed the Atlantic to buy wit so dear :  
Yea, cursed be the villain that did us much hurt,  
That carried to England so false a report :

For 'tis commonly reported in fair England,  
That the sight of a Briton would make Yankees run ;  
The report of a cannon would make Yankees fly,  
O ! were they as numerous as stars in the sky.

To my woful experience, I find it was false,  
For I find that the Yankees are equal to us ;  
They will fight with great valour in the open field,  
Take them in the forest, then Britons must yield :

For they'll shut up one eye, and squint at their gun,  
And we surely are dead, as soon as that's done ;  
We stand no more chance in the Yankees' paws,  
Than to fling an old cat into hell without claws.

O ! what shall we do ?—Diana don't hear,  
To my supplication she turns a deaf ear :  
We'll complain to the gods of our sorrow and wo ;  
Our good old friend Jupiter will help us, I know.

We will call unto Mercury, Saturn also,  
And likewise mild Venus shall hear of our wo ;

If they don't regard us, we'll make our complaints  
To the Lady Mary and the good old saints.

You gentlemen all, think on't what you will,  
We Britons have used the Americans ill ;  
And for the same reason we're brought into thrall ;  
We never shall prosper in this war at all.

The gods will not hear us, though we cry and weep ;  
They're gone a long journey, or else they're asleep ;  
They are as regardless of our request,  
As the British Court is of the American Congress.

I think it's in vain on the gods for to call,  
For they are not able to help us at all ;  
We will go to brave Gates, and bow at his feet,  
He will give us an answer, give hopes that are sweet :

He will grant us the privilege for to march out  
With the honours of war, though in the quickest rout :  
If he will do so, we will all bless his name,  
And let him be crowned with honour and fame.

We are all agreed to do as you've said,  
We will go very humble, with hopes on our head,  
Acknowledge before him we all deserve death ;  
If he saves us, we'll praise him whilst we have breath.

We went to his honour, our request he did grant,  
His bountiful hand did supply all our wants :  
He open'd his stores, all our wants to supply—  
Let brave Gates's enemies before him fly.

Ye heavens, send down your blessings amain  
On the head of brave Gates ; let his foes be all slain,  
Or otherwise bow to that brave general,  
And let all his enemies before him fall :

~~~~~  
For his honour is great and his virtue renown'd,  
He scorns in his heart the very thoughts of a clown;  
He is gallant and brave, and generous too—  
Right honourable general, I bid you adieu.

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### 57 ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF MAJOR WYLLYS,

Of the Federal troops, who fell in an engagement with the  
savages at the river St. Joseph, in the Western Territory  
of the United States.

BY ST. JOHN HONEYWOOD.

WHERE the sack'd hamlet darts expiring gleams  
Through smouldering clouds, and thy encrimson'd  
streams,

Wabash! slow rolling to the western bourne,  
Thy slaughter'd sons in sullen murmurs mourn;  
There, if e'er chance the traveller shall lead,  
The blood-drench'd shore with reverence let him tread  
And mark the spot where oft at eve, unseen,  
The weeping Genii plant the laurel green,  
And Fancy bids her choicest flowerets rise  
To deck the lonely grave where Wyllys lies.

If polish'd manners, undisguised by art,  
The tenderest feelings, and the firmest heart,  
Where lavish Heaven united every grace  
To the mild virtues of the Wyllys race:  
If worth, long tried, distinguish'd, and approved,  
Could move the tyrant Death, or e'er had moved,  
Thy valued life had known a longer date,  
Nor savage yells announced thy hapless fate.

A bard, the meanest of the tuneful throng,  
Whose idle lyre has long remain'd unstrung,  
Who loved thee living, and regrets thee dead,  
Pays this last tribute to thy gentle shade.  
The historic muse, in more exalted verse,  
May thus to future times thy fate rehearse :  
From England's gentlest blood, an honour'd name  
In virtues, arts, and arms long known to fame,  
He sprung : where Hartford crowns, with spiry pride,  
Her gay, romantic banks and crystal tide,  
His infant sports and happier hours were led,  
Till Yale's fair laurels graced his youthful head :  
What time the Briton to our guiltless shore,  
In proud array, his thundering legions bore ;  
When first Columbia's starry flag, unfurl'd,  
Show'd a new eagle to the wondering world,  
The gallant youth appear'd at Freedom's shrine,  
Drew his yet unstain'd sword, and join'd the embattled line :

There, in long toils and dangers tried, he won  
The approving smiles of godlike Washington !  
With tarnish'd arms the Britons sought the main,  
And heaven-born Peace resumed her golden reign.  
The patriot bands, relieved from martial toil,  
Return and court the long-neglected soil :  
Severer cares his warrior arms engage,  
To guard the western realm, and quell barbarian rage ;  
And, lo ! on wild Miami's dusky plain,  
O'er slaughter'd heaps he leads his victor train ;  
There, as the foe in trembling haste retires,  
In Glory's arms the gallant chief expires.

Columbians, rise ! no more inactive lie,  
Your slaughter'd friends for speedy vengeance cry :



~~~~~

Their mangled corpses, and yet teeming blood,  
Their groans, yet echoing in the western wood ;  
The matron's piercing shriek, the infant's cries,  
And yon brown cloud slow rising to the skies,  
Call to revenge—to arms ! to arms repair !  
Urge home the ruthless brood, and wage eternal war  
On those cursed miscreants, whom no faith can bind,  
The scourge of God ! the terror of mankind !  
Then let the vengeful bolts of war be hurl'd,  
And with black myriads crowd the infernal world !

—◆—

## 58      WAR SONG OF SEVENTY-SIX.

BY FREDERIC W. THOMAS.

FREEMEN ! arise, and keep your vow !

    The foe are on our shore,  
And we must win our freedom now,  
    Or yield forevermore.

The share will make a goodly glaive—

    Then tear it from the plough !  
Lingers there here a crouching slave ?  
    Depart, a recreant thou !

Depart, and leave the field to those

    Determined to be free,  
Who burn to meet their vaunting foes  
    And strike for liberty.

Why did the pilgrim cross the wave ?

    Say, was he not your sire ?  
And shall the liberty he gave  
    Upon his grave expire ?

The stormy wave could not appal ;  
Nor where the savage trod ;  
He braved them all, and conquer'd all,  
For freedom and for God.

We fight for fireside and for home,  
For heritage, for altar ;  
And, by the God of yon blue dome,  
Not one of us shall falter ?

We'll guard them, though the foeman stood  
Like sand-grains on our shore,  
And raise our angry battle-flood,  
And whelm the despots o'er.

We've drawn the sword, and shrined the sheath  
Upon our fathers' tomb ;  
And when the foe shall sleep in death,  
We'll sheath it o'er their doom.

Firm be your step, steady your file,  
Unbroken your array :  
The spirits of the blest shall smile  
Upon our deeds to-day.

Unfurl the banner of the free  
Amidst the battle's cloud ;  
Its folds shall wave to Liberty,  
Or be to us a shroud.

O'er those who fall, the soldier's tear  
Exulting shall be shed ;  
We'll bear them upon honour's bier,  
To sleep in honour's bed.

The maiden, with her hurried breath  
And rapture-beaming eye,  
Shall all forget the field of death  
To bless the victory.

The child, O ! he will bless his sire,  
The mother bless her son,  
And God, He will not frown in ire,  
When such a field is won.

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From the *Pennsylvanian Evening Post*, March 30, 1776.

## 59 A NEW SONG.

### THE KING'S OWN REGULARS, AND THEIR TRIUMPH OVER THE IRREGULARS.

*To the tune of "An old Courtier of the Queen's, and the Queen's old Courtier." Which is a kind of recitativo, like the chanting of the prose psalms in cathedrals.*

SINCE you all will have singing, and won't be said nay,  
I cannot refuse, when you so beg and pray ;  
So, I'll sing you a song,—as a body may say,  
'Tis of the king's regulars, who ne'er ran away.  
O the old soldiers of the king, and the king's own  
regulars.

At Prestonpans we met with some rebels one day,  
We marshall'd ourselves all in comely array ;  
Our hearts were all stout, and bid our legs stay,  
But our feet were wrong-headed, and took us away.  
O the old soldiers, &c.

At Falkirk we resolved to be braver,  
And recover some credit by better behaviour;  
We would not acknowledge feet had done us any  
favour,  
So feet swore they would stand, but—legs ran, how-  
ever.

O the old soldiers, &c.

No troops perform better than we at reviews,  
We march and we wheel, and whatever you choose;  
George would see how we fight, and we never refuse,  
There we all fight with courage—you may see't in the  
news.

O the old soldiers, &c.

To Monongahela, with fifes and with drums,  
We march'd in fine order, with cannon and bombs;  
That great expedition cost infinite sums,  
But a few irregulars cut us all into crumbs.

O the old soldiers, &c.

It was not fair to shoot at us from behind trees:  
If they had stood open, as they ought, before our great  
guns, we should have beat 'em with ease;  
They may fight with one another that way, if they  
please,  
But it is not regular to stand, and fight with such  
rascals as these.

O the old soldiers, &c.

At Fort George and Oswego, to our great reputation,  
We show'd our vast skill in fortification;

The French fired three guns ; of the fourth they had  
no occasion ;

For we gave up those forts,—not through fear, but—  
mere persuasion.

O the old soldiers, &c.

To Ticonderoga we went in a passion,  
Swearing to be revenged on the whole French nation ;  
But we soon turn'd tail without hesitation,  
Because they fought behind trees,—which is not the  
regular fashion.

O the old soldiers, &c.

Lord Loudon, he was a regular general, they say ;  
With a great regular army he went his way,  
Against Louisburgh, to make it his prey,  
But return'd—without seeing it,—for he did not feel  
bold that day.

O the old soldiers, &c.

Grown proud at reviews, great George had no rest ;  
Each grandsire, he had heard, a rebellion suppress'd :  
He wish'd a rebellion, look'd round and saw none,  
So resolved a rebellion to make—of his own.

O the old soldiers, &c.

The Yankees he bravely pitch'd on, because he thought  
they wouldn't fight,  
And so he sent us over to take away their right ;  
But lest they should spoil our review-clothes, he cried  
braver and louder ;  
For God's sake, brother kings, don't sell the cowards  
—any powder !

O the old soldiers, &c.

Our general with his council of war did advise  
How at Lexington we might the Yankees surprise;  
We march'd and remarch'd, all surprised at being beat;  
And so our wise general's plan of surprise was complete.  
O the old soldiers, &c.

For fifteen miles they follow'd and pelted us: we scarce  
had time to pull a trigger;  
But did you ever know a retreat perform'd with more  
vigour?  
For we did it in two hours, which saved us from per-  
dition;  
'Twas not in going out, but in returning, consisted our  
expedition.  
O the old soldiers, &c.

Says our general, "We were forced to take to our  
arms in our own defence:"  
(For arms read legs, and it will be both truth and  
sense:)  
"Lord Percy, (says he,) I must say something of him  
in civility,  
And that is—I can never enough praise him for his  
great agility."  
O the old soldiers, &c.

Of their firing from behind fences he makes a great  
pothor:  
Every fence has two sides; they made use of one, and  
we only forgot to use the other.  
That we turn'd our backs and ran away so fast, don't  
let that disgrace us;  
'Twas only to make good what Sandwich said, that  
the Yankees could not face us.  
O the old soldiers, &c.

As they could not get before us, how could they look  
us in the face?

We took care they shouldn't, by scampering away  
apace.

That they had not much to brag of, is a very plain case;  
For if they beat us in the fight, we beat them in the  
race.

O the old soldiers, &c.

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**60**      **GENERAL WAYNE.—1799.**

**HARK!** hear the trumpet's pleasant sound!

Behold yon brave young men!

With British ensigns half-display'd,

The trophies of our Wayne.

Welcome, young heroes, from the field,

Where ye did laurels gain;

Let every heart exult with joy,

And praise our gallant Wayne.

See Gibbon on the barriers mount!

Each soldier darts amain—

And every youth with ardour burns

To emulate our Wayne.

The British butchers hang their heads,

Their shame for to sustain;

Whilst every heart, with freedom fraught,

Praises the humane Wayne.

No more let factions, fraud, intrigue,  
Our cause and councils stain;  
Since envy's shafts no hold can take  
Of Washington and Wayne.

See Freedom's banners high unfurl'd,  
They spread from shore to shore;  
And Malice from her seat is hurl'd;  
She falls—to rise no more.



## 61

## MONMOUTH.—1778.

BY WILLIAM DUNLAP.

THE sun his fiercest ray,  
On Monmouth's bloody day,  
Shot ardent on the burning sands,  
Where Britain's veteran bands  
Reluctant toil'd their slow, inglorious way.  
Lee, close upon their rear, their track pursued;  
Though oft attack'd, as oft they firmly stood,  
And gorged the thirsty plains with valiant blood!  
Behind, bright Freedom's banner flies unfurl'd,  
And every patriot bosom cheers,  
Where Washington himself appears,  
The glory of the world!  
Indignant thus to be pursued,  
The gallant Briton turns upon his foe;  
"Sound, sound the charge," he cries,  
And to the combat flies:  
Like lightning rush the rapid horse,  
Resistless in their thundering course!  
O'erpowered—recoiling slow—  
Oft turning and returning on the foe,



Our fainting troops retreat for shelter to the wood.  
To stop the inglorious flight,  
See where the first of men bursts glorious on the  
sight!  
“Advance! advance!” the hero cries!  
“Advance!” each echoing rank replies!  
Admiring Victory hears the word,  
Descending, lights upon his sword,  
And flashes round his head insufferable light.  
The foe, appall’d, stops—falters—flies—  
And shouts of triumph rend the skies.  
The war-worn Briton sullenly retires,  
Or sinks, without a wound,  
Exhausted on the ground,  
And, scorch’d with thirst and heat, in agony ex-  
pires!—  
Thus veteran valour  
Equal valour found;  
But Washington alone  
With Victory’s wreath is crown’d.

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## 62 AN ELEGY ON LIEUT. DE HART,

Volunteer aid-de-camp to General Wayne. 'This young warrior was killed in the attack on the Block-House near Fort Lee, 1780.

BY COLONEL HUMPHREYS.

WHEN autumn, all humid and drear,  
With darkness and storms in his train,  
Announcing the death of the year,  
Despoil’d of its verdure the plain;

When horror congenial prevail'd,  
Where graves are with fearfulness trod,  
De Hart by his sister was wail'd,  
His sister thus sigh'd o'er his sod :

“ Near Hudson, a fort, on these banks,  
Its flag of defiance unfurl'd :  
He led to the storm the first ranks ;  
On them, iron tempests were hurl'd.  
Transpierced was his breast with a ball—  
His breast a red fountain supplied,  
Which, gushing in waves still and small,  
Distain'd his white bosom and side.

“ His visage was ghastly in death,  
His hair, that so lavishly curl'd,  
I saw, as he lay on the heath,  
In blood, and with dew-drops impearl'd.  
How dumb is the tongue, that could speak  
Whate'er could engage and delight !  
How faded the rose on his cheek !  
Those eyes, how envelop'd in night !

“ Those eyes, that illumined each soul,  
All darken'd to us are now grown :  
In far other orbits they roll,  
Like stars to new systems when gone :  
My brother, the pride of the plain,  
In vain did the graces adorn ;  
His blossom unfolded in vain,  
To die like the blossom of morn.

“ O, war, thou hast wasted our clime,  
And tortured my bosom with sighs :  
My brother, who fell ere his prime,  
Forever is torn from my eyes.

To me, how distracting the storm  
That blasted the youth in his bloom !  
Alas, was so finish'd a form  
Design'd for so early a tomb ?  
“ How bright were the prospects that shone !  
Their ruin 'tis mine to deplore—  
Health, beauty, and youth were his own,  
Health, beauty, and youth are no more.  
No blessings of nature and art,  
Nor music that charm'd in the song,  
Nor virtues that glow'd in the heart,  
Dear youth, could thy moments prolong !  
“ Thrice six times the spring had renew'd  
Its youth and its charms for the boy ;  
With rapture all nature he view'd,  
For nature he knew to enjoy.  
But chiefly his country could charm :  
He felt—'twas a generous heat—  
With drums and the trumpet's alarm,  
His pulses in consonance beat.  
“ Ye heroes, to whom he was dear,  
Come weep o'er this sorrowful urn,  
Come ease the full heart with a tear—  
My hero will never return :  
He died in the dawn of applause,  
His country demanded his breath ;  
Go, heroes, defend the same cause,  
Avenge with your country his death.”  
So sung, on the top of the rocks,  
The virgin in sorrow more fair ;  
In tears her blue eyes ; and her locks  
Of auburn flew loose on the air.

I heard, as I pass'd down the stream ;  
The guards of the foe were in view :—  
To enterprise fired by the theme,  
I bade the sweet mourner adieu.

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## 63

## ELEGY,

Sacred to the manes of Major Benjamin Huger, of South  
Carolina.

BY DR. LADD.

ENROLL'D among the mighty dead,  
Where Honour points the trophied grave,  
And Virtue bends the pensive head,  
Sweet is the memory of the brave.

There Friendship breathes the sigh sincere,  
And Freedom, with dishevell'd hair,  
Bedews the turf with many a tear,  
While Sorrow's dew-drops mingle there.

"But, pensive bard—O poet, say,"  
(Columbia's weeping genius cries,)  
"Does not yon sod, which skirts the way,  
Mark the lone spot where Huger lies ?

"There Melancholy loves to dwell,  
And pale-eyed Grief forever weeps :  
She roams but where my Huger fell,  
And lives but where the warrior sleeps.

"While bards, his virtues to relate,  
Awake the symphony of songs,  
Each sad remembrance of his fate  
The melancholy verse prolongs.

“ 'Tis done—and, ah ! resign we must.  
In peace, dear shade, forever rest :  
Nor ever may thy sacred dust  
Be by unhallow'd feet impress'd.”

\* \* \* \* \*

The friends, who loved him here below,  
And still, enraptured, spread his fame,  
Have bid these lines of sorrow flow,  
In sweet remembrance of the name.

On what great springs his spirit moved,  
Let those, with tears, who know him, tell ;  
He lived, and he was all beloved ;  
He died, and all-lamented fell.



## 64 MONODY TO THE MEMORY OF THE YOUNG HEROES

Who fell at the Miami, under General St. Clair.

DESCEND, bland Pity, from thy native sky,  
Come with thy moving plaint and melting eye :  
The muses court thee from thy bless'd abode,  
Thy throne of light embosom'd in thy God ;  
With balmy voice the lurid tidings tell,  
How the brave bled—and how lamented fell :  
How, in the earliest pride of opening bloom,  
On houseless wilds demand a sheltering tomb,  
Far from the social tie, the kindred tear,  
Denied the relic'd urn, and trophied bier,  
In the deep horrors of the midnight shade,  
In the first onset dauntless valour made,

Each youthful warrior wastes his rosy breath,  
And woo's stern honour, in the grasp of death ;  
Scarce seen to charm, just rising to applause,  
The blameless victim of a lubric cause,  
Torn like a plant beneath the early spring,  
When shivering Eurys flaps his fateful wing.

Ah ! say, what pure libations can be paid,  
What fond atonement soothe the suffering shade ?  
In vain from frozen age the warm tears flow,  
In vain bright beauty droops in clouds of wo,  
In vain the hero's laurell'd wreaths decline,  
In vain the minstrel swells the notes divine :  
They, who afar these bootless griefs deride,  
And stain the fair Ohio's flowery side,  
Who the wrong'd Indian's scanty treasures spoil,  
Waste his weak hope, and strip his subject soil,  
And, like the rattling serpent of the heath,  
On the lone sleepers pour the darts of death,  
They must atone ; from them the mourners claim  
Each loved associate and each treasured name ;  
Their cruel hands these desolations spread,  
Lost in their cause, each martyr'd hero bled ;  
Driven by their rage, the forest's children roam,  
And the lorn female wants a pitying home ;  
As if that wild which bounteous Heaven displays  
From orient Phœbus to his western rays,  
Spread its broad breast in vain ; to them denies  
The gifts which Nature's equal care supplies.

Since thine own hills and widening vales demand  
The forming ploughshare and the labouring hand,  
Why must that hand pollute the ravaged heath,  
That culturing ploughshare wage the deeds of death ?

Though wakening Reason join her forceful strain,  
Still shall dejected Mercy plead in vain ?  
Or shall Columbia hear the rude behest,  
And clasp her murderers to her bleeding breast ?  
Shall she, with impious hand and ruffian knife,  
From her first offspring rend the cords of life ?  
To Nature's sons with tyrant rage deny  
The woody mountain and the covering sky ?  
Ah, no ! each sainted shade indignant bends,  
Bares his wide wounds, his reddening arm extends :  
Return, he cries, ere every hope is lost ;  
Ohio claims you on his osier coast :  
Return, though late ; the treacherous wish disclaim,  
Awake to justice, and arise to fame ;  
No more with blood the weeping soil deface,  
But spare the patient, suffering, warlike race.  
To you our lacerated spirits turn,  
From you demand a monumental urn ;  
For you our blushing wounds uncover'd lie,  
Press the hard earth, and meet the bathing sky,  
Where the sick moon o'er veils her pallid brow,  
And the lone night-bird swells the peals of wo.

Not crimson War, nor Valour's glittering wreath  
To the pale corse restores the quivering breath ;  
'Tis the mild power of seraph Peace alone  
Can charm each grief, and every wrong atone ;  
Her healing hand shall waft oblivion round,  
And pour her opiates through each gushing wound,  
O'er the cold ghost the mantling olive spread,  
And shade the sod which laps the glorious dead.

From the Pennsylvania Evening Post, January 21, 1777.

## 65

## ELEGY

On the death of John Haselet, Esq., Colonel of the Delaware battalion, who fell in the defence of American freedom in the action at Princeton, January 3d, 1777.

Addressed to the Honourable Cesar Rodney, and Thomas McKean, Esquires.

*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*

Ye sires of freedom, patrons of the brave!

Accept the tribute of my artless lays :

A votive offering to the patriot's grave

Will move your sorrow, whilst it asks your praise.

Forgive the unletter'd muse, though bold the flight :

'Tis Haselet's merit claims the poet's boon ;

From Lethe's shades, to fame's meridian height,

To raise his virtues from the silent tomb.

Unawed by minions, resolute as fate,

Wise in the senate, firm to Freedom's cause ;

He raised his arm to prop the wavering state,

Tortured with faction, destitute of laws.

The sweets pure flowing from domestic life,

With all the joys that wealth and affluence yield,

Cheerful he left, to join the glorious strife,

And face oppression in the doubtful field.

To curb the pride of Britain's pamper'd lord,

To free his country from a despot's chain,

Haselet for this unsheath'd his vengeful sword,

Nor has he drawn his vengeful blade in vain.



Though o'er his head the inclement Sirius reigns,  
And midday Phœbus darts his scorching rays;  
Though wintry blasts congeal the snow-clad plains,  
He braves the tempests, emulous of praise.

When iron thunders spread destruction round,  
He smiled at danger, for he knew not fear;  
Bold in the war, in every conflict found  
The hardy soldier, and the prudent seer.

Before his eyes a bright example shone,  
The immortal Washington, in fight renown'd;  
His manly virtues wish'd to make his own,  
To rise a hero, and to tower a god.

Swift o'er the dusky heath, in columns vast,  
Shining refulgent on the ruddy morn,  
Britannia's veterans move in warlike haste,  
Viewing our cohorts with an eye of scorn.

Quick, through the circling air, destruction sped,  
While tortured ether echoed to the roar;  
Hessians on Hessians o'er the landscape spread,  
And British blood enrich'd the mingled gore.

Thy plains, O Princeton, wet with carnage, tell  
The crimson'd laurels of the well-fought day;  
How Haselet conquer'd, and how Haselet fell,  
And, crown'd with victory, breathed his soul away.

'Twas Freedom called the willing patriot forth:  
He came, he fought, and for his country bled;  
His active sword proclaim'd his manly worth,  
And Fame now ranks him with the mighty dead.

The savage hand of War hath closed those eyes,  
Whence honest nature shone in friendly smiles,  
Such looks as spoke him generous, brave, and wise,  
Stranger to fraud and affectation's wiles.

Some future day shall sheath our blood-stain'd swords  
Glutted with vengeance on the British hosts :  
Far driven from our shores, those murdering hordes  
Shall seek asylum on their native coasts.

Tremble, ye traitors to your country's good,  
For vengeance unappeased, with reeking blade,  
Still threats for Mercer and for Haselet's blood,  
And Jersey—desert by your treasons made.

Receive, then, honour'd shade, a long farewell :  
Thy fate America shall still deplore ;  
Some future bard, more skill'd, thy deeds shall tell,  
And weep the soldier, who is now no more.



## 66

## SONG.

HAIL, Freedom, all hail ! on the top of Mount Breed,  
Where Grand-master Warren was destined to bleed,  
We saw thee in spirit with favour of Heaven,  
The hero and patriot to whom it was given,  
Mid clouds and thick darkness to lead forth the day  
Which Europe new-lightens with liberty's ray.

Hail, Freedom, all hail ! thy life-kindling beams,  
Which broke on Mount Breed, sheds of reason the  
gleams  
O'er kingdoms and nations long hid from its light :  
Lo, darkness recedeth, and past is the night :

To nature's wide limits thy splendour shall blaze,  
And myriads on millions salute thee with praise.

Hail, Freedom, all hail ! rise on pinions outspread :  
From France be thy course through the universe sped ;  
Teach monarchs and priests, with the nobles of earth,  
To own that from heaven springs Liberty's birth ;  
Whilst the south and the north, the east and the west,  
With Liberty, Life, Peace, and Freedom are blest.

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## 67 SIR HENRY CLINTON'S INVITATION.

BY PHILIP FRENEAU.

COME, gentlemen tories, firm, loyal, and true,  
Here are axes and shovels, and something to do ;

For the sake of our king,

Come, labour and sing :

You left all you had for his honour and glory,  
And he will remember the suffering tory.

We have, it is true,

Some small work to do ;

But here's for your pay

Twelve coppers a day ;

And never regard what the rebels may say,  
But throw off your jerkins and labour away.

To raise up the rampart, and pile up the wall,  
To pull down old houses, and dig the canal,

To build and destroy,

Be this your employ ;

In the daytime to work at our fortifications,  
And steal in the night from the rebels your rations :

The king wants your aid,  
Not empty parade;  
Advance to your places,  
Ye men of long faces,  
Nor ponder too much on your former disgraces;  
This year, I presume, will quite alter your cases.

Attend at the call of the fifer and drummer;  
The French and the rebels are coming next summer,  
And forts we must build,  
Though tories are kill'd;  
Then courage, my jockies, and work for your king,  
For if you are taken, no doubt you will swing;  
If York we can hold,  
I'll have you enroll'd;  
And after you're dead,  
Your names may be read  
As who for their monarch both labour'd and bled,  
And ventured their necks for their beef and their bread.

'Tis an honour to serve the bravest of nations,  
And be left to be hang'd in their capitulations;  
Then scour up your mortars,  
And stand to your quarters:  
'Tis nonsense for tories in battle to run,  
They need never fear sword, halbert, or gun;  
Their hearts should not fail 'em,  
No balls will assail 'em;  
Forget your disgraces  
And shorten your faces,  
For 'tis true as the gospel, believe it or not,  
Who are born to be hang'd will never be shot.

68

## AN EPITAPH,

Written the day after the capitulation of Lord Cornwallis, at  
Yorktown, in Virginia.

BY COLONEL HUMPHREYS.

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## ALEXANDER SCAMMEL,

Adjutant-general of the American armies,  
and  
Colonel of the first regiment of New-Hampshire,  
while  
he commanded  
a chosen corps of light infantry  
at the  
successful siege of Yorktown, in Virginia,  
was,  
in the gallant performance of his duty as field-officer  
of the day,  
unfortunately captured,  
and,  
afterwards, insidiously wounded—  
of which wound he expired at Williamsburg, Oct. 1781,  
Anno ætatis. . . . .

WHAT though no angel glanced aside the ball,  
Nor allied arms pour'd vengeance for his fall;  
Brave Scammel's fame, to distant regions known,  
Shall last beyond this monumental stone,  
Which conquering armies (from their toils return'd)  
Rear'd to his glory, while his fate they mourn'd.

From the Freeman's Journal, or North American Intelligencer,  
April 24, 1782.

## 69 A DIALOGUE AT HYDE-PARK CORNER.

*Burgoyne.*

LET those who will, be proud and sneer,  
And call you an unwelcome peer,  
But I am glad to see you here :  
The prince that fills the British throne,  
Unless successful, honours none ;  
Poor Jack Burgoyne !—you're not alone.

*Cornwallis.*

Thy ships, De Grasse, have caused my grief—  
To rebel shores and their relief  
There never came a happier chief :  
In Fame's black page it shall be read,  
By Gallic arms my soldiers bled—  
The rebels thine in triumph led.

*Burgoyne.*

Our fortunes various forms assume ;  
Had I been blest with elbow-room,  
I might have found a different doom ;  
But you, that conquer'd far and wide,  
In little York thought fit to hide,  
The subject ocean at your side.

*Cornwallis.*

And yet no force had gain'd the post—  
Not Washington, his country's boast,  
Nor Rochambeau, with all his host,

Nor all the Gallic fleet's parade—  
Had Clinton ventured to my aid,  
And Sammy Graves been not afraid.

*Burgoyne.*

For head knock'd off, or broken bones,  
Or mangled corpse, no price atones  
Nor all that prattling rumour says,  
Nor all the piles that art can raise,  
The poet's or the parson's praise.

*Cornwallis.*

Though I am brave as well as you,  
Yet still I think your notion true.  
Dear brother Jack, our toils are o'er ;—  
With foreign conquests plagued no more,  
We'll stay and watch our native shore.

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From the Freeman's Journal, or North American Intelligencer,  
April 17, 1782.

**70 ADDRESS TO CORNWALLIS ON LEAVING  
VIRGINIA.**

FAREWELL, my lord ; may zephyrs waft thee o'er  
In health and safety to thy native shore :  
There seek Burgoyne, and tell him, though too late,  
You blamed unwisely his unhappy fate :  
Tell your deluded monarch that you see  
The hand of Heaven upraised for liberty :  
Tell your exhausted nation, tell them true,  
They cannot conquer those who conquer'd you.

From the Pennsylvania Evening Post, March 26, 1779.

## 71 THE SOLDIER'S HEALTH.

COME, ye valiant sons of thunder,  
Crush to death your haughty foes;  
Burst their slavish bands asunder,  
Till no mortal dare oppose.

Haughty tyrants fain would rule us  
With an absolute control;  
But they never thus shall fool us,  
Cries the brave, the martial soul.

'Tis for right we are contending,  
Children, sweethearts, wives, and friends,  
And our holy faith defending  
From delusion which impends.

All that's charming to excite us  
To obey our general's call;  
While the slaves who dare to fight us,  
Meanly fly or basely fall.

O the happy scene before us,  
Happy who in battle dies!  
See his spirit rise victorious,  
Angels guard it through the skies.

Happy living, happy dying,  
If we live, our rights we'll gain;  
If we die, our souls, when flying,  
Fly from fighting, grief, and pain.



**72      ON GENERAL WASHINGTON.**

**WHEN** Alcides, the son of Olympian Jove,  
Was call'd from the earth to the regions above,  
The fetters grim Tyranny twist from his hand,  
And with Rapine and Murder usurp'd the command;  
While Peace, lovely maiden, was scared from the  
    plains,  
And Liberty, captive, sat wailing in chains:  
Her once gallant offspring lay bleeding around,  
Nor, on earth, could a champion to save her be found.

The thunderer, moved with compassion, look'd down  
On a world so accursed from his crystalline throne;  
Then open'd the book, in whose mystical page  
Were enrolled the heroes of each future age;  
Read of Brutus and Sidney, who dared to be free,  
Of their virtues approved, and confirm'd the decree:  
Then turn'd to the annals of that happy age,  
When Washington's glories illumined the page.

“When Britannia shall strive with tyrannical hand  
To establish her empire in each distant land,  
A chief shall arise, in Columbia's defence,  
To whom the just gods shall their favours dispense,  
Triumphant as Mars in the glorious field,  
While Minerva shall lend him her wisdom and shield,  
And Liberty, freed from her shackles, shall own  
Great Washington's claim as her favourite son.”

## 73

## AN EPITAPH,

Intended for the monument of Major-general Greene.

BY WILLIAM PIERCE, ESQ., OF SAVANNAH.

LIKE other things, this marble must decay,  
The cipher'd characters shall fade away,  
And naught but ruin mark this sacred spot,  
Where Greene's interr'd—perhaps the place forgot ;  
But time, unmeasured, shall preserve his name,  
Through distant ages shall roll on his fame,  
And in the heart of every good man, raise  
A lasting monument of matchless praise.

---

## 74

## PASQUINADE,

Stuck up in the city of New York, August 12, 1781.

You know there goes a tale,  
How Jonas went on board a whale,  
Once, for a frolic ;  
And how the whale  
Set sail  
And got the cholic ;  
And, after a great splutter,  
Spew'd him up upon the coast,  
Just like a woodcock on a toast,  
With trail and butter.

There also goes a joke,  
How Clinton went on board the Duke\*

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\* The Grand-Duke transport.

Count Rochambeau to fight ;  
As he didn't fail  
To set sail  
The first fair gale,  
For once we thought him right ;  
But, after a great clutter,  
He turn'd back along the coast,  
And left the French to make their boast,  
And Englishmen to mutter.  
Just so, not long before,  
Old Knyp,\*  
And Old Clip†  
Went to the Jersey shore,  
The rebel rogues to beat ;  
But, at Yankee farms,‡  
They took alarms,  
At little harms,  
And quickly did retreat.  
Then after two days wonder,  
March'd boldly on to Springfield town,§  
And swore they'd knock the rebels down.  
But as their foes  
Gave them some blows,  
They, like the wind,  
Soon changed their mind.  
And, in a crack,  
Returned back,  
From not one third their number.

---

\* General Knyphausen.

† General Robertson.

‡ Connecticut Farms, a small settlement about four miles from Elizabethtown, in New Jersey.

§ A small village, seven miles from Elizabethtown.

## 75 GENERAL GAGE'S SOLILOQUY.

*Scene, Boston, besieged by the men of Massachusetts.*

Written, and published in New York, 1775.

Why, let the stricken deer go weep,  
The hart, unwounded, play—  
For some must *write*, while some must *speak*;  
So runs the world away! SHAKESPEARE.

“DESTRUCTION waits my call!—some demon, say,  
Why does Destruction linger on her way!  
Charleston is burnt, and Warren is deceased—  
Heavens! shall we never be from war released?  
Ten years the Greeks besieged the walls of Troy!  
But when did Grecians their own towns destroy?  
Yes! that's the point—Let those who will, say, No!  
If George and North decree—it must be so.

Doubts, black as night, disturb my loved repose;  
Men that were once my friends, have turned my foes.  
What if we conquer this rebellious town;  
Suppose we burn it, storm it, tear it down;  
This land's like Hydra—cut off but one head  
And ten shall rise, and dare you in its stead.  
If to subdue a league or two of coast  
Requires a navy, and so large a host,  
How shall a length of twice seven hundred miles  
Be brought to bend to two European isles?—  
And that, when all their utmost strength unite,  
When twelve\* dominions swear to arm and fight,  
When the same spirit darts from every eye,  
One fixed resolve to gain their point or die!

As for myself—true—I was born to fight  
As George commands, let him be wrong or right.

---

\* Georgia had not, at this time, acceded to the union of the thirteen states.

While from his hand I squeeze the golden prize,  
I'll ask no questions, and he'll tell no lies—  
But did I swear, I ask my heart again,  
In their base projects monarchs to maintain?—  
Yes, when rebellion her artillery brings,  
And aims her arrows at the best of kings,  
I stand a champion in my monarch's cause—  
The men are rebels that resist his laws.

A viceroy I—like modern monarchs—stay  
Safe in the town; let others guide the fray :  
A life, like mine, is of no common worth :  
'Twere wrong, by heaven, that I should sally forth !  
A random bullet from a rifle sent  
Might pierce my heart—and ruin North's intent :  
Let others combat in the dusty field ;  
Let petty captains scorn to live or yield ;  
I'll send my ships to neighbouring isles, where stray,  
Unnumber'd herds, and steal those herds away ;  
I'll strike the women in this town with awe,  
And make them tremble at my martial law.

Should gracious Heaven befriend our troops and fleet,  
And throw this vast dominion at my feet,  
How would Britannia echo with my fame !  
What endless honours would await my name !  
In every province should the traveller see  
Recording marble raised, to honour me.  
Hard by the lakes, my sovereign lord would grant  
A rural empire to supply my want ;  
A manor would but poorly serve my turn :  
Less than an empire, from my soul, I scorn !  
An ample kingdom round Ontario's lake,  
By heaven! should be the least reward I'd take ;

There might I reign, unrivall'd and alone,  
An ocean and an empire of my own!—

What though the scribblers and the wits might say,  
He built his pile on vanquish'd liberty ;  
Let others meanly dread the slanderous tongue :  
While I obey my king, can I do wrong ?

Then, to accomplish all my soul's desire,  
Let red-hot bullets set their towns on fire ;  
May Heaven, if so the righteous judgment pass,  
Change earth to steel, the sky to solid brass ;  
Let hosts combined, from Europe centring here,  
Strike this base offspring with alarm and fear ;  
Let heaven's broad concave to the centre ring,  
And blackest night expand her sable wing ;  
The infernal powers in dusky combat join,  
Wing the swift ball, or spring the deadly mine ;  
(Since 'tis most true, though some may think it odd,  
The foes of Britain are the foes of God :)  
Let bombs, like comets, kindle all the air ;  
Let cruel famine prompt the orphan's prayer,  
And every ill that war or want can bring  
Be shower'd on subjects that renounce their king !

What is their plea?—our sovereign only meant  
This people should be tax'd without consent.  
Ten years the court with secret cunning tried  
To gain this point—the event their hopes belied :  
How should they else than sometimes miss the mark,  
Who sleeps at helm, yet think to steer the bark ?  
North, take advice ; thy lucky genius show,  
Despatch Sir Jeffery\* to the states below.

---

\* Sir Jeffery Amherst, who about this time refused to act against the colonial cause.

~~~~~  
That gloomy prince, whom mortals Satan call,  
Must help us quickly, if he help at all.  
You strive in vain by force of bribes to tie ;  
They see through all your schemes with half an eye :  
If open force with secret bribes I join ;  
The contest sickens—and the day is mine.

But hark the trumpet's clangor—hark—ah me !  
What means this march of Washington and Lee ?  
When men, like these, such distant marches make,  
Fate whispers something—that we can't mistake ;  
When men like these defy my martial rule,  
Good heaven ! it is no time to play the fool.  
Perhaps they for their country's freedom rise ;  
North has, perhaps, deceived me with his lies.  
If George at last a tyrant should be found,  
A cruel tyrant, by no sanctions bound,  
And I, myself, in an unrighteous cause,  
Be sent to execute the worst of laws,  
How will those dead whom I conjured to fight,—  
Who sunk in arms to everlasting night,  
Whose blood the conquering foe conspired to spill  
At Lexington and Bunker's fatal hill,  
Whose mangled corpses scanty grave embrace—  
Rise from those graves, and curse me to my face !

Alas ! that e'er ambition bade me roam,  
Or thirst of power forsake my native home !  
What shall I do ?—there crowd the hostile bands ;  
Here waits a navy to receive commands.  
I speak the language of my heart—shall I  
Steal off by night, and o'er the ocean fly ;  
Like a lost man to unknown regions stray,  
And to oblivion leave this stormy day ?

Or shall I to Britannia's shores again,  
And, big with lies, conceal my thousands slain ;

Yes,—to some distant clime my course I steer ;  
To any country,—rather than be here ;  
To worlds where Reason scarce exerts her law,  
A branch-built cottage, and a bed of straw.  
E'en Scotland's coast seems charming in my sight,  
And frozen Zembla yields a strange delight.  
But such vexations in my bosom burn,  
That to these shores I never will return,  
Till fruits and flowers on Greenland's coast be known,  
And frosts are thaw'd in climates once their own.

Ye souls of fire, who burn for chief command,  
Come ! take my place in this disastrous land ;  
To wars like these I bid a long good-night ;  
Let North and George themselves such battles fight.

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## 76 LORD CORNWALLIS TO SIR HENRY CLINTON.

From York, Virginia.—1781.

BY PHILIP FRENEAU.

From clouds of smoke, and flames that round me glow,  
To you, dear Clinton, I disclose my wo.  
Here cannons flash, bombs glance, and bullets fly ;  
Nor Arnold's self endures such misery.  
Was I foredoom'd in tortures to expire,  
Hurl'd to perdition in a blaze of fire ?  
With these blue flames can mortal man contend—  
What arms can aid me, or what walls defend ?



Even to these gates last night a phantom strode,  
And haled me trembling to his dark abode :  
Aghast I stood, struck motionless and dumb,  
Seized with the horrors of the world to come.

Were but my power as mighty as my rage,  
Far different battles would Cornwallis wage,  
Beneath his sword yon threatening hosts should groan,  
The earth would quake with thunders all his own.  
O crocodile ! had I thy flinty hide,  
Swords to defy, and glance the balls aside,  
By my own prowess would I rout the foe,  
With my own javelin would I work their wo ;  
But fates averse, by Heaven's supreme decree,  
Nile's serpent form'd more excellent than me.

Has Heaven, in secret, for some crime decreed  
That I should suffer, and my soldiers bleed ?  
Or is it by the jealous powers conceal'd,  
That I must bend, and they ignobly yield ?  
Ah ! no ; the thought o'erwhelms my soul with grief ;  
Come, bold Sir Harry, come to my relief ;  
Come, thou brave man, whom rebels Tombstone call,  
But Britons, Graves ; come Digby, devil, and all ;  
Come princely William, with thy potent aid,  
Can George's blood by Frenchmen be dismay'd ?  
From a king's uncle once Scotch rebels run,  
And shall not these be routed by a son ?  
Come with your ships to this disastrous shore,  
Come—or I sink—and sink to rise no more.  
By every motive that can sway the brave,  
Haste, and my feeble fainting army save ;  
Come, and lost empire o'er the deep regain,  
Chastise these upstarts that usurp the main ;

I see their first-rates to the charge advance,  
I see lost Iris wear the flags of France ;  
There a strict rule the wakeful Frenchman keeps,  
There, on no bed of down, Lord Rawdon sleeps !

Tired with long acting on this bloody stage,  
Sick of the follies of the wrangling age,  
Come with your fleet, and help me to retire  
To Britain's coast, the land of my desire ;  
For me the foe their certain captive deem,  
And every trifier takes me for his theme ;  
Long, much too long, in this hard service tried,  
Bespatter'd still, bedevil'd and belied ;  
With the first chance that favouring fortune sends,  
I fly, converted, from this land of fiends ;  
Convinced, for me, she has no gems in store,  
Nor leaves one triumph, even to hope for more.

---

77

## TO LORD CORNWALLIS.

At York, Virginia.—1781.

BY PHILIP FRENEAU.

HAIL, great destroyer (equall'd yet by none)  
Of countries not your master's, nor your own ;  
Hatch'd by some demon on a stormy day,  
Satan's best substitute to burn and slay ;  
Confined at last ; hemm'd in by land and sea,  
Burgoyne himself was but a type of thee !

Like his, to freedom was your deadly hate,  
Like his your baseness, and be his your fate :

To you, like him, no prospect nature yields  
But ruin'd wastes and desolated fields ;  
In vain you raise the interposing wall,  
And hoist those standards that, like you, must fall :  
In you conclude the glories of your race,  
Complete your monarch's and your own disgrace.

What has your lordship's pilfering arms attain'd ?  
Vast stores of plunder, but no state regain'd :  
That may return, though you perhaps may groan ;  
Restore it, Charley, for 'tis not your own ;  
Then, lord and soldier, headlong to the brine  
Rush down at once—the devil and the swine.

Wouldst thou at last with Washington engage,  
Sad object of his pity, not his rage ?  
See, round thy posts how terribly advance  
The chiefs, the armies, and the fleets of France ;  
Fight while you can, for warlike Rochambeau  
Aims at your head his last decisive blow ;  
Unnumber'd ghosts, from earth untimely sped,  
Can take no rest till you, like them, are dead ;  
Then die, my lord ; that only chance remains  
To wipe away dishonourable stains ;  
For small advantage would your capture bring,  
The plundering servant of a bankrupt king.

---

## 78 SIR GUY CARLETON'S ADDRESS TO THE AMERICANS.—1782.

BY PHILIP FRENEAU.

FROM Britain's famed island once more I come over,  
(No island on earth is in prowess above her,)  
With powers and commissions your hearts to recover.

Our king, I must tell you, is plagued with a phantom,  
(Independence they call it,) that hourly doth haunt him,  
And relief, my dear rebels, you only can grant him.

Tom Gage and Sir Harry, Sir William, (our boast,)  
Lord Howe, and the rest that have travell'd the coast,  
All failed in their projects of laying this ghost:

So unless the damned spectre myself can expel,  
It will yet kill our monarch, I know very well,  
And gallop him off on his lion to hell.

But I heartily wish, that instead of Sir Guy,  
They had sent out a seer from the island of Skie,  
Who rebels, and devils, and ghosts could defy:

So great is our prospect of failing at last,  
When I look at the present, and think of the past,  
I wish with our heroes I had not been class'd.

For though, to a man, we are bullies and bruisers,  
And cover'd with laurels, we still are the losers,  
Till each is recall'd with his tory accusers:

But the war now is altered, and on a new plan;  
By negotiation we'll do what we can;  
And I am an honest, well-meaning old man;

Too proud to retreat, and too weak to advance,  
We must stay where we are, at the mercy of chance,  
Till Fortune shall help us to lead you a dance.

Then lay down your arms, dear rebels; O hone!  
Our king is the best man that ever was known,  
And the greatest that ever was stuck on a throne.

---

His love and affection by all ranks are sought ;  
Here take him, my honeys, and each pay a groat ;  
Was ever a monarch more easily bought ?

In pretty good case, and very well found,  
By night and by day we carry him round ;  
He must go for a groat, if we can't get a pound.

Break the treaties you made with Louis Bourbon ;  
Abandon the Congress, no matter how soon,  
And then, altogether, we'll play a new tune.

'Tis strange that they always would manage the roast,  
And force you their healths and the dauphin's to toast ;  
Repent, my dear fellows, and each get a post :

Or, if you object that one post is too few,  
We generous Britons will help you to two  
With a beam laid across ; that will certainly do.

The folks that rebell'd in the year forty-five,  
We used them so well, that we left few alive,  
But sent them to heaven in swarms from their hive.

Your noble resistance we cannot forget,  
'Tis nothing but right we should honour you yet ;  
If you are not rewarded, we die in your debt.

So, quickly submit, and our mercy implore,  
Be as loyal to George as you once were before,  
Or I'll slaughter you all, and probably more.

What puzzled Sir Harry, Sir Will, and his brother,  
Perhaps may be done by the son of my mother,  
With the sword in one hand and a branch in the other.

My bold predecessors, (as fitting their station,)  
At their first coming out, all spoke proclamation ;  
'Tis the custom with us, and the way of our nation.

Then Kil-al-la-loo ! Shelaly I say ;  
If we cannot all fight, we can all run away ;  
And further at present I choose not to say.

---

**79**      TO COLONEL LOVELACE, OF THE  
             BRITISH GUARDS.\*

HAIL, gallant chieftain ! whose renowned name  
Without a rival fills the trump of fame ;  
Whose matchless feats shall shine in glory's page :  
Thyself the wonder of the applauding age ;  
Whose praise is chanted by that heavenly choir,  
Where Phœbus with the muses joins his lyre ;  
Forgive an earthly bard the bold design,  
And deign, for once, in mortal verse to shine.

Hail, Lovelace, hail, great master of that art  
Which joins to valour, valour's better part :  
Who know'st by instinct whether danger's nigh,  
And whether prudence bids to fight or fly ;  
And when with subtle wiles to cheat the foe,  
And, by dissembling, ward the fatal blow ;

---

\* He counterfeited death, at the battle of Guildford, when Colonel Washington's regiment made the memorable attack upon the Guards, and cut through them twice : in this situation, his sword and watch were taken from him by a continental soldier, who supposed him dead. A day or two after he sent into our camp to purchase his watch, which it seems was an old family piece. Colonel Washington had previously bought it and refused to part with it.

By feigning death, arise again to life,  
When danger's over from the doubtful strife.  
What though the rebel snatch'd thy passive steel!  
Too well you counterfeit, to seem to feel;  
The marks of death, imprinted with such force,  
Had turn'd a bear with loathing from thy corse.  
Not e'en that chief, whose gallant feats, of old,  
In Shakspeare's memorable page are told,  
With happier talent could dissemble death,  
Or yielded sooner to the loss of breath,  
Than thou, when battle raged on Guildford's plains,  
Which many a luckless Briton's blood distains.  
Hear them the high reward the muse decrees—  
For high rewards attend on feats like these—  
While mimic heroes tread the buskin'd stage,  
Be thou the living Falstaff of the age.

---

## 80 THE HERO OF BRIDGEWATER.

BY CHARLES L. S. JONES.

SEIZE, O seize the sounding lyre,  
With its quivering string!  
Strike the chords, in ecstasy,  
Whilst loud the valleys ring!  
Sing the chief, who, gloriously,  
From England's veteran band,  
Pluck'd the wreaths of victory,  
To grace his native land!

Where Bridgewater's war-famed stream  
Saw the foemen reel,  
Thrice repulsed, with burnish'd gleam  
Of bayonet, knife, and steel;

And its crimson'd waters run  
Red with gurgling flow,  
As Albion's gathering hosts his arm,  
His mighty arm, laid low.

Strike the sounding string of fame,  
O lyre! Beat loud, ye drums!  
Ye clarion blasts, exalt his name!  
Behold the hero comes!

I see Columbia, joyously,  
Her palmy circlet throw  
Around his high victorious brow  
Who laid her foemen low!

Take him, Fame! for thine he is!  
On silvery columns, rear  
The name of Scott, whence envious Time  
Shall ne'er its honours tear!  
And, thou, O Albion, quake with dread!  
Ye veterans shrink, the while,  
Whene'er his glorious name shall sound  
To shake your sea-girt isle!



## 81

## ODE,

Sung in Boston, June 1, 1789, at the artillery election.

FROM Britain's sea-girt isle,  
Where Flora's richest smile  
Luxuriant glows,  
To this, then, desert waste,  
By savages possess'd,  
To be with freedom blest,  
In calm repose,



Our enterprising sires,  
Warm'd with fair Freedom's fires,  
    Adventurous came.  
Here they their dwelling made,  
Their standard here display'd ;  
Beneath the wide woods' shade,  
    Set up their claim.

By faithless foes compell'd  
To tread the sanguine field,  
    Unskill'd in war,  
This institution made  
To teach its martial trade,  
To wield the shining blade,  
    The foe to dare.

While the same martial fire  
That did their breasts inspire,  
    Our bosoms warms,  
May we, with equal zeal  
Pursue the public weal,  
Nor fear the bloody steel,  
    If call'd to arms !

Illustrious founders, hail !  
This day your patriot zeal  
    Your sons proclaim.  
Your names we venerate ;  
Your glory emulate ;  
And tell our sons how great  
    Their grandsires' fame.

Hark ! the loud trumps proclaim  
Washington's glorious name,

Charge! fill again,  
Fill the bowl—fill it high,  
First-born son of the sky,  
May his glory never die!  
Heaven shout, amen.

---

## 82

## THE SOLDIER LAD.

*Tune.—The Flaxen-headed Ploughboy.*

BY CHARLES L. S. JONES.

WHEN the clarion war-blast blowing,  
Broke loud o'er Freedom's plain;  
And old England's red flag, flowing,  
Swept proudly o'er the main;  
I heard Columbia's war-note  
Inspiring, loud and high,  
On answering echoes borne, float  
Through Freedom's natal sky:  
And, while my heart beat proud in joy,  
Though Love behind sigh'd sad,  
My father's sword I girded on,  
A young and soldier lad.

By the battle's rage surrounded,  
(Where fell Destruction smiled  
O'er the dying and the wounded,  
Of life and hope despoil'd;)  
Nor fear nor doubt betray'd me  
Where veteran legions bled,  
Nor coward lingering stay'd me,  
Nor droop'd my towering head:

And though I wept war's ruthless pangs,  
In pensive silence sad,  
Yet for Liberty my broadsword flash'd—  
A young and soldier lad.

And now war's shock is over,  
And peace resumes her reign;  
Still a young and ardent lover,  
I seek my fair again.  
If she, as when we parted,  
With kindly feeling glow,  
She shall find me still true-hearted  
To friend as well as foe;  
Nor longer shall her bosom throb,  
In anxious sorrow sad,  
But clasp me to her arms in joy,  
Her own young soldier lad.

---

## 83

## THE NATION'S GUEST.

BY CHARLES L. S. JONES.

HE comes! he comes, the nation's guest,  
To view the land his valour bless'd;  
And crowding millions round him throng  
With joyous shout and sounding song!

Around he bends his glistening eyes,  
Where Freedom's countless bands arise,  
And with spontaneous offerings greet,  
And cast their homage at his feet.

He hears Columbia, great and free,  
Whose sons to man ne'er bent the knee,  
With one united voice proclaim  
A welcome dearer far than fame.

He sees her wide, her fair domains,  
Her fattening herds, her flowery plains,  
Her cities fair, her land that teems  
With ripening crops and freighted streams.

He hears around in buoyance float  
The blissful yeoman's jocund note;  
Whilst every thing bespeaks a land  
Great, happy, fertile, rich, and grand.

With retrospective eye, he turns  
To scenes that memory's grief inurns,  
Where oft his sword had flamed afar,  
Wide gleaming o'er the hosts of war.

He views that blood-stain'd, weeping stream,  
He hears the war-cry's threatening scream,  
And shouts of victory, that enshrine  
In fame's bright scroll the Brandywine.

Those scenes of carnage, blood, and strife,  
With rage, and death, and havoc rife,  
When Britain sought the free to bind,  
Came thronging on his labouring mind.

But soon he turns from thoughts like these  
To present joys of love and peace,  
And views once more the happy throng  
That round him raise the festive song.

Welcome! they sing, thou valiant son  
Of beauteous France, whose valour won  
These blessings we with joy prepare,  
Far happier that thou deign'st to share!

The hills, the dales, in concert, blend  
To greet the nation's guest and friend  
With honours for which conquerors pine!  
Thine, hero of the Brandywine!

---

## 84

## BUNKER'S HILL.

BY CHARLES L. S. JONES.

O, BUNKER! on thy lofty mount high standing,  
Warm'd with the prospect of my country's greatness,  
Bright on my eye descending, break, in splendour,  
Visions of glory.

Still is the hour: behind the hills retiring,  
Cloudless, the sun displays his ample fulness  
O'er the rich vale's variegated bosom,  
Tinting with beauty.

Lovely he sets, majestically lovely;  
Fair o'er thy mound a haloed radiance flinging,  
Lingering he sets; reluctant leaves the scene where  
Freedom descended.

Darkness prevails: on ebon car careering,  
Dim and opaque, flit on my eyes, obscurely,  
Night's moody forms, in murky veil enshrouded,  
Silent and sable.

Darkness prevails: not long: from forth its shadowy  
Clouds, in effulgence bursting, with enrapturing  
Beams of supernal brightness, on my dazzled  
Eye, heaven opens.

Visions of light, forms of celestial beauty,  
Fair, to the sound of soft angelic breathings,  
Glorious, descend; and, round thy sacred summit,  
Hover, enraptured!

Heroes immortal, with unfading wreaths crown'd  
By the assent of age on age united,  
In your loved country's ever grateful memory  
Shrined and embalmed;

Hither, from off your golden seats celestial,  
Hither, each eve, in fond remembrance bending,  
Hither ye come, and round, in hallow'd triumph,  
Bow in devotion!

Lo! on fair Freedom's laurel-cover'd altars  
Emulous ye pile your gifts of odorous fragrance,  
Whilst your high-priest the rising flame enkindles,  
Immortal Warren!

See, on that pyre what hopes and ardent throbbings  
Wreathed with its lofty flashings and ascensions,  
Rise; whilst their heavenly bosoms, O Columbia,  
Yearn o'er, and for thee!

O, with what joyous thrillings, high, ecstatic,  
From this, their haunt, by high emprise ennobled,  
View they thy happy, wide domain extended,  
Flourishing fearless!

~~~~~  
Ever, O ever be thy precincts hallow'd,  
Immortal mount, where first the brave, opposing,  
Breasted the shock of battle's pealing thunders,  
Proud and undaunted !

Hither, ye free-born sons of free-born fathers,  
Hither resort, with vows and festal offerings !  
Here her rich altar Freedom first erected,  
Here shall it still stand !

Hither, ye bards, as to perennial fountain,  
Here raise the song ! and from your thrilling lyres,  
On the soft air that fans this sacred summit,  
Breathe heaven-taught numbers !

Sound ! sound the lyre, the noblest theme inspiring !  
Loud strike the string ! our fathers beatific,  
Pleased, shall accept the tribute, whilst we loud sing  
Warren and glory !



## 85

## ODE,

Sung at Bennington, on the 16th of August, 1790 ; being the  
anniversary of the battle of Bennington.

ONCE more the rolling spheres proclaim  
The happy morning's dawn,  
Which wakes the ancient martial flame :  
And soldiers seek the lawn :  
See ! the brisk swain, with glowing breast,  
Attends the sounding horn ;  
Resigns dull care, inglorious rest,  
To hail the jocund morn.

Each breast, with recollection fired,  
Reviews the former scene ;  
From whence, by freedom's self inspired,  
Spring laurels ever green.  
The steed, unmindful of the rein,  
At the shrill trumpet's sound,  
Like lightning darts across the plain,  
And tears the trembling ground.  
What martial footmen grace our plains,  
When urged by duty's call !  
Each breast that sacred flame retains  
Which stay'd Columbia's fall ;  
Thick clouds the ethereal concave fill,  
While thundering cannons' roar,  
Re-echoing from each lofty hill,  
Resounds from shore to shore.

---

## 86 LAMENTATION FOR GEN. WASHINGTON,

Commander-in-chief of the combined forces of America and France, during the Revolutionary War, and afterwards President of the United States. Died December 14, 1799.

WHAT solemn sounds the ear invade,  
Which wrapt the land in sorrow's shade !  
From heaven the awful mandate flies,  
The father of his country dies.  
Behold that venerable band,  
The rulers of our mourning land,  
With grief proclaim, from shore to shore,  
Our guide, our Washington's no more.

The glory of Columbia is fled ; how are the mighty fallen ! Ye sons of freedom, mourn for the great, the



mighty Washington ; he burst the chains of tyranny, and fought for the God of armies, and planted the "tree of liberty" in this your happy soil. The lovely Washington was pleasant in his life, and in his death he displayed the fortitude of a Christian warrior. Ye sons and daughters of Columbia, weep over Washington, who raised the standard of liberty, and clothed you with the ornaments of freedom. Ye mountains of Vernon, be ye hushed as death, for the mighty Washington has resigned his breath. Mourn, ye patriots of Columbia, mourn for your departed chief ; his body is now in dust. How is the beauty of Columbia fallen, and the weapons of war perished !

---

### 87 COLUMBIA'S LAMENTATION FOR GEN. WASHINGTON.

"Our fathers, where are they ?"

"And Methuselah lived nine hundred and sixty and nine years, and died ?"

How sad are the tidings that sound in my ears !  
My heart melts with anguish, dissolves into tears ;  
The man whom all nations did love and adore  
Is deceased, and I shall behold him no more ;

O, my son Washington,  
O, what shall I do for my son ?

How dark is the morning, how sable the skies !  
Grief bursts from my bosom and pours from my eyes ;  
A sackcloth of sorrow hangs over my son,  
I mourn for the loss of my great Washington.

O, my grief, O, my grief,  
O, no more shall I seek for relief.

When Britain, proud Britain, invaded our land,  
Then he was appointed the chief in command ;  
He beat her bold warriors with his matchless skill :  
O, where is the man his mansion can fill ?

O, I fear, O, I fear,  
He dwells not in my hemisphere.

Long on his firm shoulders the government lay ;  
Peace reigned triumphant while he bore the sway ;  
A hero, a statesman, a sage, all in one,  
I mourn for the loss of my great Washington ;  
O, his death drowns all mirth,  
And saddens this desolate earth.

The dread king of terrors let fly his cold dart  
Right into the centre of his valiant heart :  
Midst sickness and sorrow his mind was composed,  
And closed his own eyes, when he gave up the ghost.  
Gave his breath, mortal breath,  
Up to the grim angel of death.

The man once so active, wise, prudent, and brave,  
Lies still, cold, and speechless, and lies in his grave ;  
His friends and relations in mourning did come,  
To bear him with honours to his darksome tomb ;  
Where he must, where he must  
Lie mouldering and mingled with dust.

You worthies should visit his shrine once a year,  
Bedew his green grave with the heart-melting tear ;  
Keep sacred his memory through infinite years,  
Tell this to your children, and they unto theirs.  
He was prime and sublime,  
Grand-master of all in my clime.

A squadron of angels was sent from the sky  
To convoy his spirit to mansions on high ;  
Attended with music on the golden lyre,  
They bore him aloft in a chariot of fire.

O, the wheels, the flaming wheels,  
How swiftly they roll'd up the hills.

Supported by Gabriel, from the middle air,  
Whose cavalry shone with unspeakable glare ;  
He sounded the trumpet through heaven's high arch,  
The cavalcade led, and they quicken'd their march.

Swift they flew, blazing, through  
The glaring ethereal blue.

As quick as the pinions that transports a thought,  
To the highest heavens my hero was brought ;  
Soft was his carriage, and easy his tour,  
There he was received as an ambrosial flower,  
God to view, joys ensue,  
Forever delightful and new.

There David and Hiram, and wise Charlemagne,  
Solomon, Franklin, and great Tamerlane :  
And John the beloved, the worthies of old,  
Are crowned with laurels, in garments of gold.  
Glad to meet, glad to meet  
Their brother in glory complete.

United with seraphs, in full flowing verse,  
The transporting wonders of heaven rehearse ;  
Their God, and their Father, and grand Pattern praise,  
On high sounding organs and loud lofty lays.  
Like the Dove, join in love,  
To praise the eternal Jehovah.

## 88

## GREAT BRITAIN.

GREAT Britain in her fury  
Does America engage ;  
Hell is her judge and jury,  
That sets her in a rage,  
She fancies none can beat them ;  
When they arrive on shore,  
The Americans will meet them,  
As they have done before.

When America engages,  
We'll hold by freedom's rein,  
She'll fight to endless ages,  
Her freedom to maintain ;  
She shows with such a beauty  
An independent stand ;  
She scorns to pay her duty  
Unto a British land.

Let those who are connected  
Throughout our training band,  
Be men who are respected  
Throughout Columbia's land ;  
Let them in duty, glory,  
Teach soldiers to obey,  
And not, like some old tory,  
Desert and run away.

We'll volunteer out willingly,  
Our country's rights to save ;  
The British now are killing  
Columbia's sons so brave :

To hear of such reviling,  
We do it but disdain;  
It sets our blood a boiling  
In every raging vein.

And when they do engage us,  
We'll not regard their frowns;  
We'll fight it out courageous,  
Until death doth sweep us down;  
And this is our desire,  
The balls at them to fling,  
Like stones thrown at Goliath,  
From great King David's sling.

We'll form this resolution,  
Independent for to be,  
With a free constitution,  
And rights of liberty;  
If any foreign nation  
For duty on us call,  
We'll try the operation  
Of powder, smoke, and ball.

---

## 89 ON THE BRITISH INVASION.—1814.

BY PHILIP FRENEAU.

FROM France, desponding and betray'd,  
From liberty in ruins laid,  
Exulting Britain has display'd  
Her flag, again to invade us.

Her myrmidons, with murdering eye,  
Across the broad Atlantic fly,  
Prepared again their strength to try,  
And strike our country's standard.

Lord Wellington's ten thousand slaves,\*  
And thrice ten thousand, on the waves,  
And thousands more of brags and braves  
Are under sail, and coming,

To burn our towns, to seize our soil,  
To change our laws, our country spoil,  
And Madison to Elba's isle  
To send without redemption.

In Boston state they hope to find  
A Yankee host, of kindred mind  
To aid their arms, to rise and bind  
Their countrymen in shackles.

But no such thing—it will not do—  
At least, not while a Jersey Blue  
Is to the cause of freedom true,  
Or the bold Pennsylvanian.

A curse on England's frantic schemes !  
Both mad and blind, her monarch dreams  
Of crowns and kingdoms in these climes,  
Where kings have had their sentence.

Though Washington has left our coast,  
Yet other Washingtons we boast,  
Who rise, instructed by his ghost,  
To punish all invaders.

---

\* Lord Wellington's army embarked on the river Garonne, in France, in several divisions, for the invasion of the United States, amounting, it was said, to sixty or seventy thousand men.

Go where they will, where'er they land,  
This pilfering, plundering, pirate band,  
They liberty will find at hand  
To hurl them to perdition :

If in Virginia they appear,  
Their fate is fix'd, their doom is near,  
Death in their front and hell their rear ;  
So says the gallant buckskin.

All Carolina is prepared,  
And Charleston doubly on her guard ;  
Where, once, Sir Peter badly fared,  
So blasted by Fort Moultrie.

If farther south they turn their views,  
With veteran troops, or veteran crews,  
The curse of Heaven their march pursues,  
To send them all a-packing.

The tallest mast that sails the wave,  
The longest keel its waters lave,  
Will bring them to an early grave  
On the shores of Pensacola.

---

## 90 A SOUVENIR OF FORT MIMMS.

BY CHARLES L. S. JONES.

O, DIM waned the moon, through the flitting clouds of  
night,  
With a dubious and shadowy gleaming,  
Where the ramparts of Mimms rose stilly on the  
sight,  
And the star-spangled banner was streaming.

14\*

No whispery breeze, with a guardian care impregn'd,  
Came, fraught with its tidings of sorrow ;  
Nor foreboding vision upheld the veil that screen'd  
From their eyes the dread dawn of the morrow.

All careless, unarm'd, and with wassail rout oppress'd,  
Its tenants, their revelries keeping,  
Deem'd the red savage foemen distant far, at rest,  
In their wilds, round their watch-fires, were sleeping.

And while, on the wings of the midnight stillness  
borne,  
No sound broke the hour's riot madness ;  
Their songs, soft, return'd from the forest's sombre  
gloom,  
Which moved Echo' repeated in sadness.

And now o'er their sport-lengthen'd slumbers, fair the  
morn  
Rose, clad in its dew-tinted brightness ;  
And its silvery rays on the leafy boughs the dawn  
Threw aslant, with its quivery lightness.

Yet still, in deep silence, the moss-clad forests lay,  
And scarcely the wind's circulation  
Moves gently, as, rising, the wooing breezes play  
Through their branches, in soft undulation.

And far still that wild horde of savage birth they  
deem'd,  
And far every fearful intrusion ;  
Till the war-hatchet swift o'er their fated fortress  
gleam'd,  
Midst despair, havoc, death, and confusion :



And, sudden, the loud sounding war-whoop, on the  
ear

With the rifle's dread dissonance blending,  
Mark'd destruction's fell agents, of scowling aspect,  
near,

And their fate on the contest depending.

Depending, not long; for the open gateway gave  
«(Though despair fill'd its access, and breasted  
The shock of the foeman, that, like a mountain wave,  
Pour'd its force where Hope lingering rested)

An entrance: since vain against numbers is the power  
Or the effort that fain would oppose them;  
For the death-angel gloom'd o'er the struggle of the  
hour,

Leaving naught but the slain there to close them.

O, direful the scene of despairing and dismay!

O, direful the groans of the shrinking;  
Where the red, forked flames o'er that captive fortress  
play,

Where, in horror, those victims are sinking!

And ruthless, O, ruthless, the carnage of the strife,  
Where the mother shrieks loud, as she presses  
Her babe, and defends, from the bayonet and the  
knife,

Its form, in her dying caresses!

And, long shall remembrance, O Mimms, upon thee  
dwell,

Thou ill-starr'd memento of horror:  
And the tear-gush of pity the anguish'd eye shall swell  
O'er this end of thy wo and thy sorrow!

**91 THE HERO OF SANDUSKY.**

BY CHARLES L. S. JONES.

*Tune—"He was famed for deeds of arms."*

SOUND! O, sound, Columbian shell!  
High the thundering pæan raise!  
Let the echoing bugle's swell,  
Loudly answering, sound his praise!  
'Tis Sandusky's warlike boy,  
Crown'd with victory's trophies, comes!  
High arise, ye shouts of joy!  
Sound, the loud trumpet sound,  
And beat the drums!

What! shall worth unsung expire,  
Mingling with the common clay?  
Shall no notes, like his own fire,  
Snatch from death his fame away?  
O, Columbia, at thy need  
Ever may such heroes rise,  
Brave to fight, and free, to bleed  
Worthy their free, their own  
Dear native skies!

Yes, the strain shall loudly peal,  
Ring, o'er valley hill and dell,  
Whilst thy sons, Columbia, feel  
Patriot joys their bosoms swell.  
Emulous of his high emprise,  
See them crown his youthful brow!  
Britain sees, with tearful eyes,  
Where her brave veterans bold  
His hand laid low.

Hail, O chief!—the poet's strain  
Cannot add one wreath to thee;  
Fame has claim'd thee; and again  
Wills thee not unknown to be.  
Come! Sandusky's warlike boy!  
Crown'd with victory's garlands, come!  
High arise, ye shouts of joy!  
Sound, the loud trumpet sound,  
And beat the drums!

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## 92 THE BATTLE OF CHIPPEWA.

*Tune—"The Campbells are coming."*

BY CHARLES L. S. JONES.

THE Yankees are coming, their bugles sound far;  
The Yankees are coming, brave Brown for the war;  
The Yankees are coming, the foemen shall feel  
The shot of their rifles, the force of their steel.  
When foreign invaders, insulting and stern,  
The battle-shock seek, from our arms they shall  
learn  
That, firmly united, and dauntless and free,  
We rally, unmoved, round our liberty tree.

The Yankees are coming; on Chippewa's shores  
The doubling drum rattles, the musketry roars;  
The Yankees are coming; fair Freedom shall crown  
With circlets of laurel her valiant chief, Brown!  
When foreign invaders, &c.

The Yankees are coming, the fierce charge is beating;  
The Yankees are coming, the foes are retreating;  
The Yankees are coming, old Chippewa's flood  
Hears the pale foeman shriek, as the shore drinks his  
blood.

When foreign invaders, &c.

The Yankees are coming, but back from their slaughter;  
The Yankees are coming, whilst proud, o'er the water,  
The bugle of victory swells high the strain,  
As they march to their firesides, in triumph, again.

When foreign invaders, &c.

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## 93

### ROYAL CONSULTATIONS

Relative to the disposal of Lord Wellington's Army.

BY PHILIP FRENEAU.

SAID the Goth to the Vandal, the prince to the king,  
Let us do a mad action to make the world ring:  
With Wellington's army we now have the means  
To make a bold stroke and exhibit new scenes.

A stroke at the States is my ardent desire,  
To waste, and harass them with famine and fire;  
My vengeance to carry through village and town,  
And even to batter their capitol down.

The Vandal then answer'd, and said to the Goth,  
Dear George, with yourself I am equally wroth:  
Of Wellington's army dispose as you please:  
It is best, I presume, they should go beyond seas;

For, should they come home, I can easily show  
The hangman will have too much duty to do.

So, away came the bruisers, and when they came  
here,

Some mischief they did, when no army was near :  
They came to correct, and they came to chastise,  
And to do all the evil their heads could devise.

At Washington city they burn'd and destroy'd,  
Till among the big houses they made a huge void ;  
Then back to their shipping they flew like the wind,  
But left many more than five hundred behind  
Of wounded and dead, and others say, double ;  
And thus was the hangman excused from some trouble.

Alexandria beheld them in battle array ;  
Alexandria they plunder'd a night and a day ;  
Then quickly retreated, with moderate loss,  
Their forces conducted by Cockburn and Ross.

At Baltimore, next, was their place of attack ;  
But Baltimore drove them repeatedly back ;  
There Rodgers they saw, and their terror was such,  
They saw they were damn'd when they saw him  
approach.

The forts were assail'd by the strength of their fleet,  
And the forts in disorder beheld them retreat,  
So shatter'd and crippled, so mangled and sore,  
That the tide of Patapsco was red with their gore.

Their legions by land no better succeeded—  
In vain they manœuvred, in vain they paraded,  
Their hundreds on hundreds were strew'd on the ground ;  
Each shot from the rifles brought death or a wound.

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One shot from a buckskin completed their loss,  
And their legions no longer were headed by Ross!

Where they mean to go next, we can hardly devise,  
But home they would go, if their master was wise.

Yet folly so long has directed their course;  
Such madness is seen in the waste of their force,  
Such weakness and folly, with malice combined,  
Such rancour, revenge, and derangement of mind,  
That, all things consider'd, with truth we may say,  
Both Cochrane and Cockburn are running away.\*

To their regent, the prince, to their master, the king,  
They are now on the way, they are now on the wing,  
To tell them the story of loss and disaster,  
One begging a pension, the other a plaster.  
Let them speed as they may, to us it is plain  
They will patch up their hulks for another campaign,  
Their valour to prove, and their havoc to spread,  
When Wellington's army is missing or dead.

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## 94 ON LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE BUNKER-HILL MONUMENT.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

O, is not this a holy spot?  
'Tis the high place of Freedom's birth!  
God of our fathers! is it not  
The holiest spot of all the earth?

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\*About this time, September, 1814, the Admirals Cochrane and Cockburn quitted the coast of the United States in their respective flag-ships.

Quench'd is thy flame on Horeb's side ;  
The robber roams o'er Sinai now ;  
And those old men, thy seers, abide  
No more on Zion's mournful brow.

But on *this* hill thou, Lord, hast dwelt,  
Since round its head the war-cloud curl'd  
And wrapp'd our fathers, where they knelt  
In prayer and battle for a world.

Here sleeps their dust: 'tis holy ground :  
And we, the children of the brave,  
From the four winds are gather'd round,  
To lay our offering on their grave.

Free as the winds around us blow,  
Free as the waves below us spread,  
We rear a pile, that long shall throw  
Its shadow on their sacred bed.

But on their deeds no shade shall fall,  
While o'er their couch thy sun shall flame :  
Thine ear was bow'd to hear their call,  
And thy right hand shall guard their fame.

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## 95 TO THE MEMORY OF GEN. CHARLES LEE.

BY THOMAS PAINE.

WARRIOR, farewell : eccentrically brave,  
Above all kings, and yet of gold the slave :  
In words a very wit, in deeds less wise,  
Forever restless, yet could never rise—

At least no higher than could meet the ground :  
If strong the blow, the greater the rebound.  
Of all men jealous, yet afraid of none ;  
In crowds forever—ever still alone ;  
At once the pride and bubble of a throng,  
Pursuing right, and yet forever wrong.  
By nature form'd to play the monarch's part—  
At best a true republican at heart :  
But to cast up the aggregated sum—  
Above all monarchs, and below all scum.  
Unsettled virtues, with great vices mix'd,  
Like the wide welkin where few stars are fix'd.  
Rest, restless chief, thy sword has taken rust,  
Peace to thy manes—honour to thy dust.

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## 96 ON THE APPROACH OF THE BRITISH TO BALTIMORE.—1814.

BY MARGARET BOTSFORD.

Lo ! Britain's haughty sons invade our shore !  
Hark the shrill clarion's sound ! the cannons' roar ;  
Elate with conquest, rapid their approach,  
Say, with impunity shall they encroach ?  
Arise, Columbians ! arm in Freedom's cause !  
Repel intruders, who would frame your laws.  
Was it for this, O Heaven, our heroes bled,  
Our brave forefathers' sacred blood was shed ?  
Must freedom, dearly earn'd, at length be lost ?  
—Forbid it, Heaven ! and stop a tyrant's boast.  
Ye heirs of Liberty ! your rights assert ;  
The daring foe will soon meet his desert.  
Intrepidly go arm ! unite with zeal ;  
Despise his menaces ; teach him to feel



How impotent his arm when freemen rise  
To assert his rights and arrogance despise.  
The fatal blow aim at each Briton's heart,  
Who'd force ye with dear liberty to part?  
Say, could ye be ignoble? will freemen yield  
Grasp firm your swords, ye brave. On to the field!  
Shade of the great, the godlike Washington,  
Thee we invoke! Benignant saint, look down;  
Be thou a guardian angel hovering near,  
For, next thy God, thy country was most dear.  
That patriotic ardour, matchless chief,  
Which oft impell'd thee, hopeless of relief,  
Through toils and dangers to a powerful foe,  
Should in the breast of each Columbian glow.  
O, hear, bless'd saint; descend and hover near;  
O, guard the freedom which was bought so dear.  
Columbians, rise! the eagle boldly wave;  
Go meet proud Albion's sons;—rush on, ye brave;  
Firmly contend for rights, for liberty;  
Let "Victory or death" your motto be.

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## 97

## DAY OF GLORY.

*Air—"Scots wha hae."*

DAY of glory, welcome day!  
Freedom's banners greet thy ray;  
See, how cheerfully they play,  
With the morning breeze.  
On the rocks where pilgrims kneel'd,  
On the heights where squadrons wheel'd,  
When a tyrant's thunder peal'd  
O'er the trembling seas.

God of armies ! did " thy stars  
In their courses " smite his cars,  
Blast his arm, and wrest his bars  
From the heaving tide ?  
On our standard, lo ! they burn,  
And, when days like this return,  
Sparkle o'er the soldiers' urn,  
Who for freedom died.

God of peace ! whose spirit fills  
All the echoes of our hills,  
All the murmurs of our rills,  
Now the storm is o'er ;  
O, let freemen be our sons ;  
And let future Washingtons  
Rise, to lead their valiant ones,  
Till there's war no more.

By the patriot's hallow'd rest,  
By the warrior's gory breast,  
Never let our graves be press'd  
By a despot's throne :  
By the pilgrim's toils and cares,  
By their battles and their prayers,  
By their ashes,—let our heirs  
Bow to thee alone.

## 98

## THE BUGLE.

BY S. WOODWORTH.

DEEP murmuring down the lonely dell,  
The dull tattoo, with drowsy swell,  
Had bid the march-worn soldier rest,  
With armour buckled on his breast.

But, hark ! what cry alarms ?  
 The foe at hand—to arms !  
 And, darting from the ground,  
 The slumbering veterans bound,  
 While the bugle sounds the charge, rousing echo with  
 the sound.

And now the cannon's sullen roar  
 Deep rolls along Ontario's shore,  
 While Freedom's sons surprised remain,  
 Their watchword stole—their pickets slain.

In vain their trump alarms,  
 In vain they cry, To arms !  
 The foe from ambush springs,  
 Their yell the welkin rings, [wings.  
 While the bugle sounds retreat, adding speed to terror's  
 Shall Freedom's veterans fly the field,  
 Her heroes shrink, her chieftains yield ?  
 Say, where's the spirit of the brave  
 Who bled Columbia's rights to save ?  
 It lives ! it breathes ! it warms !  
 Roused by the clash of arms,  
 Vengeance, with eye of flame,  
 Fires with a love of fame, [claim.  
 While the bugle sounds the rally until victory we

## 99

## DEATH OF STARK.

BY WM. B. TAPPAN.

He died,—he fell in the winter of years, [head ;  
 On the couch of the tomb he hath pillow'd his  
 And fled hath sorrow, and fled have fears,  
 For sorrow and fears dwell not with the dead.

On the green-hill side they made his grave ;  
There the oak, the tree of his country grows :  
His bed is holy—'tis the bed of the brave,  
His slumber is calm—'tis the warrior's repose.  
And sweet be thy visions, thy slumbers profound,  
And bright be the halo that circles thy brow ;  
In the thickest of battle thy place was found,  
The wreath is deathless that decks thee now.  
To thy country the prime of thy manhood was given,  
Mid the foremost thy shining sword was drawn ;  
Thou stoodst a pillar—approving Heaven  
Beheld, and put the foe to scorn.  
When the palsy of years had scathed thy form,  
And thy head was crown'd with the snow of age ;  
When poverty came, thou met'st the storm,  
And in greatness of soul defied its rage.  
The traveller sought thy desolate cot,  
And he wept o'er the wreck of valour there ;  
The fire of youth had left thee not,  
Thy country, thy idol, was still thy prayer.  
Adieu to the dead !—the spirits of those  
Who soar'd on the battle, see ! they vanish away ;  
The warriors have gone to the land of repose,  
Our fathers, our fathers !—O, where are they ?

## 100

## CONGRESS OF 1776.

BY WM. B. TAPPAN.

ILLUSTRIOUS band ! whose Heaven-attested deed  
Secured existence to a rising world :  
Whose generous hearts were ever prompt to bleed,  
When godlike Liberty her scroll unfurl'd :

Look down, ye sainted, venerable men,  
And bless the country of your earliest love ;  
Inspire your offspring, and, O, bid again,  
The flame of virtue every impulse move.

Immortal patriots ! round each awful name  
I see the halo of unnumber'd years,—  
Annals unknown your mighty worth proclaim ;  
And deathless time your memory endears.



## 101

## FORT BOWYER.

BY CHARLES L. S. JONES.

WHERE the wild wave, from ocean proudly swelling,  
Mexico's shores, wide stretching, with its billowy  
Surge, in its sweep laves, and, with lashing foam,  
breaks,

Rough in its whiteness ;

See where the flag of Freedom, with its light wreaths,  
Floats on the wind, in buoyancy expanded  
High o'er the walls of Bowyer's dauntless breastwork,  
Proudly and fearless.

Loud roll thy thunders, Albion ; and thy missile  
Boasts throng the air with lightning flash tremendous,  
Whilst the dark wave, illuminated bright, shines  
Sparkling with death-lights.

Shrink then that band of freemen, at the onslaught ?  
Palsy those arms that wield the unerring rifles ?  
Strikes chill the breast dread fear ? or coward paleness  
Whiten the blanch'd cheek ?

No! round that flag, undaunted, midst the loud din,  
Like their own shores, which mountain surges move  
not

Breasted and firm, and heedless of the war-shock,  
Rallying they stand fast.

Look, Lawrence cries, brave comrades; how the foe  
proud

Quails at our charge, with recreant spirit flying :  
Like Rome's bold chief, he came and saw, but nei-  
ther

Awed us, nor conquer'd.

## 102 [PULASKI, AND HIS DRAGOONS.

BY CHARLES L. S. JONES.

The substance of this story was related to me by my maternal uncle, Col. Aaron Benjamin, who served under Pulaski, if I am not mistaken, for some time, as an aid. Colonel B. and his two brothers entered the service very young—the youngest at sixteen.

DURING those stormy times which tried men's souls,  
(I speak of '76, of which the bare mention  
Should ever draw an American's attention;)  
Amongst the many patriots and brave men  
Associated together, some there, then,  
Of very different grain, thou mightest find;  
Some loved the storm and some the gentler wind;  
Good, bad, whigs, tories, puritans, and drolls.

Reader! perhaps your wisdom thinks that I  
Associate things too roughly. You're mistaken—  
In th' intent, at least:—A crab is not a kraken.

The kraken I respect. Now, to me it seems  
That that grave historian, Weems,  
Some articles hath omitted, in his page,  
Amusing and instructive, gay, though sage ;  
To him unknown, perhaps, or unwittingly pass'd by.

But short and sweet's the best.—A sturdy limb  
Of the body militant, who loved the rattle  
Of the doubling drum and broadsword-clash of battle,  
Served in the patriot ranks—  
Though with small thanks  
From the country, or historians, for the same—  
Dealing destruction wheresoe'er he came :  
And cared no more for Death than Death for him.

Better memento, doubtless, thou deserved,  
Ill-starr'd Pulaski. Yet this trifling thing,  
Back to the minds of some, thy fame may bring,  
With grateful recollections ;  
And their affections  
May yearn over thy fearless and devoted head,  
And say, whilst pondering o'er the illustrious dead,  
Thou too wast there, thou for our country served.

A light-horse squadron to his charge was given—  
Pick'd men, and brave as ever falchion drew,  
Who nothing fear'd but shame : a hardy crew,  
Dragoons yclep'd, but dragons call'd  
By him, when he bawl'd,  
In broken phrase uncouth, the loud command :  
Dragons in truth, a stern and warlike band—  
And dragon-like they charged, swift as the winds of  
heaven.

'Twas at that famous—Reader, let that rest—  
The when, no matter—'Tis enough 'tis true,—  
And the enemy advancing, in full view.  
As he determined, and rejoicing ran,  
On his fleet steed, around, from man to man,  
'To add, if indeed he might, to each constitution  
Fresh vigour, by his words and resolution ;  
Then call'd a halt, and thus his troops address'd :

“ Attendez vous, mine dragons ! attendez vous !  
Mine granfader he one brave man, brave and strong,  
Been dead one long time, long time, very long :  
Mine fader brave, never from battle flew :  
Been dead long time, long time, too :  
By Gar ! G—d d—n, if I be dead I glad ;  
Chargez, mine dragons : en avant, my lad ! ”  
So saying, at their head, he on the foemen flew. ]

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## 103 THE SCAR OF LEXINGTON.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

WITH cherub smile the prattling boy,  
Who on the veteran's breast reclines,  
Has thrown aside his favourite toy,  
And round his tender finger twines  
Those scatter'd locks, that with the flight  
Of fourscore years are snowy white ;  
And, as a scar arrests his view,  
He cries, “ Grandpa', what wounded you ? ”  
“ My child, 'tis five-and-fifty years  
This very day, this very hour,



---

Since from a scene of blood and tears,  
Where valour fell by hostile power,  
I saw retire the setting sun  
Behind the hills of Lexington ;  
While pale and lifeless on the plain  
My brothers lay, for freedom slain !

“And ere that fight, the first that spoke  
In thunder to our land, was o’er,  
Amid the clouds of fire and smoke  
I felt my garments wet with gore !  
’Tis since that dread and wild affray,  
That trying, dark, eventful day,  
From this calm April eve so far,  
I wear upon my cheek the scar.

“When thou to manhood shalt be grown,  
And I am gone in dust to sleep,  
May freedom’s rights be still thine own,  
And thou and thine in quiet reap  
The unblighted product of the toil  
In which my blood bedew’d the soil .  
And while those fruits thou shalt enjoy,  
Bethink thee of this scar, my boy.

“But, should thy country’s voice be heard  
To bid her children fly to arms,  
Gird on thy grandsire’s trusty sword ;  
And, undismay’d by war’s alarms,  
Remember, on the battle-field,  
I made the hand of God my shield :  
And be thou spared, like me, to tell  
What bore thee up, while others fell.”

**104 THE LAST VETERAN OF THE  
REVOLUTION.**

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

I saw the hoary warrior-chief,  
Whose sternly proud, but blighted form,  
Proclaim'd him worn with bitter grief,  
An oak amid the pelting storm.

Of those whose crimson tide imbrued  
The fields where Albion's glory fell ;  
Of those who oft undaunted stood,  
When cannons peal'd the hero's knell—

He was the last—the only head  
Was his, that waved with wintry bloom ;  
Surviving all, for all had sped ;  
They slept in honour's laurell'd tomb.

He gazed—alas ! he gazed in vain,  
To meet the comrades of his toil ;  
Copatriots on the gory plain,  
Companions in the victor spoil.

All, all around was sad and drear,  
And naught could grief of years beguile ;  
For him, condolence had no tear,  
For him, affection wore no smile.

I saw—and, lo ! the warrior slept ;  
The war-worn veteran joined the brave ;  
The genius of Columbia wept,  
And freedom's wreath bedeck'd his grave.

## 105

## LIBERTY.

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

I SAW the goddess grasp her wand,  
The symbol shone afar ;  
I saw her rear the severing brand,  
The panoply of war.  
From ocean's isle, her hoary seat,  
She smote the subject sea ;  
The billows tumbled at her feet ;  
Her name was Victory.  
I saw, beyond Atlanta's wild,  
The heir of deathless fame,  
Rude Persecution's lovely child,  
And Valour was her name.  
Bright trophies, towering, form'd her crest,  
Fresh laurels wreathed her hair ;  
'Twas Virtue fired her youthful breast ;  
'Twas Freedom flourish'd there.  
Unarm'd, she dared the dreadful blow,  
She shook Oppression's throne ;  
Proud Valour met the insulting foe,  
And Victory was her own !

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106 AN INTENDED INSCRIPTION FOR THE  
MONUMENT ON BEACON-HILL, IN BOSTON.

BY JAMES ALLEN.

WHERE stretch'd your sail, beneath what foreign sky  
Did lovelier landscape ever charm your eye ?  
Could Fancy's fairy pencil, stranger ! say,  
E'en dipp'd in dreams, a nobler scene portray ?

Behold yon vales, whose skirts elude your view,  
And mountains fading to aerial blue!  
Along their bowery shades how healthy toil  
Alternate sports, or tends the mellow soil.  
See rural towns mid groves and gardens rise,  
And eastward,—where the stretching ocean lies,  
Lo! our fair capital sublimed the scene,  
New Albion's pride, and ocean's future queen:  
How o'er the tradeful port august she smiles!  
Her sea-like haven boasts an hundred isles,  
When hardy commerce swell the lofty sails  
O'er arctic seas, and mocks the polar gales;  
Thence tides of wealth the wafting breezes bring,  
And hence e'en culture feels its vital spring.

These scenes our sires from rugged nature wrought,  
Since—what dire wars their patriot race have fought!  
Witness yon tract, where first the Briton bled;  
Driven by our youth, redoubted Percy fled:  
There Breed ascends, and Bunker's bleeding steeps,  
Still o'er whose brow abortive victory weeps;  
What trophies since! the gaze of after times,  
Rear'd freedom's empire o'er our happy climes!

But hence, fond stranger, take a nobler view,  
See yon shorn elm,\* whence all these glories grew.  
Here, where the armed foe presumptuous trod,  
Trampled our shrines, and even mouth'd our God,  
His vengeful hand, deep as the parent root,  
Lopp'd each grown branch, and every suckling shoot;  
Because beneath her consecrated shade  
Our earliest vows to liberty were paid,

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\* The stump of liberty tree.

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High from her altar blew the heaven-caught fire,  
While all our wealth o'erhung the kindling pyre.  
How at the deed the nations stood aghast,  
As on the pile our plighted lives we cast !

O ! if, an alien from our fair domains,  
The blood of Britain, hapless, taint your veins,  
Pace o'er that hallow'd ground with awful tread,  
And tears, atoning, o'er yon relic shed ;  
But if, American ! your lineage springs,  
From sires, who scorn the pedigree of kings,  
A Georgian born, you breathe the tepid air,  
Or on the breezy banks of Delaware,  
Or hardy Hampshire claim your haughty birth,  
Revere yon root, and kiss its nurturing earth ;  
O be its fibres fed by flowing springs,  
Whence rose our empire o'er the thrones of kings :  
E'en now descend, adore the dear remain,  
Where first rear'd liberty's illumin'd fane.  
There all her race, while time revolves, shall come,  
As pilgrims flock to Mecca's idol'd tomb.

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107

## SARATOGA.

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

HERE the foemen in conflict have met,  
When revenge bade the death-brand to draw ;  
On the plains which their life-crimson wet,  
The heroes have rush'd to the war ;  
Saw ye not the proud bannerate gory ?  
The flag of the patriot free—  
The meteor exhaling to glory ?  
It shone, Saratoga ! on thee.

'Twas the hour when dimly the star  
Of America glimmer'd on night,  
When the death-drum, and bugle, afar,  
Called the chieftain away to the fight ;  
The links of cursed thralldom to sever,  
The champions of Freedom arose—  
Till oppression was scatter'd, should never  
The sword in its scabbard repose !

With devotion the traveller here  
O'er the relics of valour would tread ;  
He gives to their prowess the tear,  
It moistens the place of the dead ;  
Revered be the incense—'tis holy !  
Ever green be the warrior's grave ;  
Columbia ! cherish the glory  
That haloes the deeds of the brave.

---

108

## LA FAYETTE.

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

Son of valour ! Heir of glory !  
Noble by the patriot's line ;  
Gallant warrior ! chieftain hoary !  
Immortality is thine,  
Wreath the laurel, Muses ! wreath it,  
'Tis for no ignoble name ;  
Breathe the song, inspirers ! breathe it,  
Worthy of the veteran's fame !  
When a people, true to bravery,  
Saw the storm-cloud gathering nigh,  
Heard the manacles of slavery  
Rattle in the turbid sky,—

Triumph ! thou who livest to say it,  
Then arose proud Victory's son,—  
Crush'd is slavery ! for La Fayette  
Wears the meed that valour won !

Haste ! ye nobles, vainly borrow  
Lustre from the scroll of peers ;  
While it dies, the name of warrior  
Brightens with the touch of years !  
And, though mingled with his fathers  
In the slumbers of the tomb,  
Time, who saps the palace, gathers  
For the hero fresher bloom.

Go, and mark him !—shades of even  
Soon shall lurk around his bed,—  
Go, and mark him !—winds of heaven  
Soon shall sweep that wintry head,—  
Yet with flowers will we array it  
Fairer than the poet's dream ;  
Perish silence ! when La Fayette  
Is a nation's grateful theme !

---

## 109 DESCRIPTIVE LINES,

Upon the surrounding prospect from Beacon-Hill, in Boston.

BY PHILENIA, A LADY OF BOSTON.

FAR from this spot let sportive Fiction hie,  
While rapt Attention lifts her searching eye,  
O'er Charlestown's field each hallow'd view explores,  
Sees the twin rivers lave the purple shores,

Where the high soil disdain'd the trembling flood,  
And stain'd the white wave with Britannia's blood.  
While the fierce blaze\* its wafting vengeance pours,  
Wraps the wide domes, and climbs the ascending  
towers,

The crimson eye of frantic Slaughter turn'd,  
Where Valour perish'd, and where Victory mourn'd,  
And kindred worth unboasting sorrow shed,  
As deathless Warren bow'd his patriot head.

Thy temple, Charles! a new raised phoenix shines,  
Thy far-famed bridge the sister-city joins,  
Whose flame-tipp'd spires reflect the solar ray,  
And strew with stars the azure robe of day;  
Here varied marts one full emporium boast,  
Rich with the wealth of every foreign coast;  
How changed the scene, since round the dreary glade  
The frowning forest bent its murky shade!  
E'en on this spot, with green savannas spread,  
Adorn'd by Genius, and by Plenty fed,  
The hungry savage dash'd the foaming flood,  
Traced the blue rock, and swept the weedy wood;  
Our patient sires the wildering region gain,  
Bend the hard oak, the watery valley drain,  
'Till down the tide the moving forest flows,  
And where the desert howl'd, the polish'd city rose,  
Whose crescent haven's liberal surface smiles,  
Clad in the verdure of unnumber'd isles,  
Where scepter'd William's massy bulwarks stand,  
The guard and glory of the sceneful land.

---

\* Alluding to the burning of Charlestown by the British in 1775.



Yon orient heights\* their rifted foreheads raise,  
And claim the triumph of the victor's praise ;  
Still lives the morn, when from those armed brows  
The sons of Freedom braved their prison'd foes ;  
While o'er the deep the giant Terror bends,  
Death's lifted arm his sable dart extends ;  
The dance† no more its graceful charm supplies,  
No more the scenes of mimic nature rise :  
Through bleeding ranks the deathful dangers roll,  
And peals of ruin shake the soldier's soul ;  
For him no beauty decks the vernal fields,  
But every breeze a more than winter yields.  
Flight all his hope, and honour all his care,  
The warlike Briton learns for once to fear,  
To the bleak wave resigns his murmuring host,  
And quits the sullen, sanguinary coast.  
So in the climes, where changeful seasons roll,  
Ere threatening winter gains his full control,  
While rustling leaves in crumbling ruin lie,  
Tinged with the rainbow's variegated dye,  
The feather'd race the howling storm foresee,  
The barren meadow, and the naked tree ;  
Late to those shores were all their joys confin'd,  
Now death and hunger float in every wind,  
With outstretch'd wing they skim along the main,  
And quit the terrors of an hostile plain.

---

\* Dorchester heights, the fortifying of which by General Washington, in March, 1776, compelled the British to evacuate the town.

† The ball and the drama formed the amusement of the garrison, during the siege.

Let yon vast fane rear its Ionic side,  
The boast of art, the great designer's\* pride ;  
'There rests in silent cells the holy dead,  
There weeping Science droops her widow'd head,  
Since Bowdoin sleeps, deaf to his country's praise,  
Deaf to the heavenly poet's living lays.

What varied charms adorn the circling main,  
The peopled isthmus, and the velvet plain !  
Here ruddy health the grateful soil divides,  
There generous commerce cleaves the freighted tides.  
How sweet the fragrance of the sylvan scene,  
The rosy harbour, and the bowery green !  
At eve to climb the mountain's pendent brow,  
While at its base the boiling waters flow,  
See the low sun his rubied globe display,  
And lean collected on the edge of day !  
From cultured dales behold the high hills rise,  
With piny summits, curtain'd by the skies !  
Down whose green slopes, in all their pearly pride,  
Through mantling flowers the glassy rivulets glide,  
While the flocks whiten through the cottaged vale,  
And notes of music fill the scented gale.

Like a new planet mid the vast serene,  
Lo! rising Harvard swells the extended scene,  
O'er distant regions spreads a ray divine,  
Bids "other Bowdoin's, other Winthrops shine !"  
Such, queen of cities ! are thy rich domains,  
And such the realm, where godlike Freedom reigns.

---

\* The celebrated architect, Mr. Harrison.

**110 THE FIELDS OF WAR.**

BY I. M'LELLAN, JR.

The leaders of the war of the Revolution are seen, by Fancy's eye, to take their stations on the mount of Remembrance. They come from the embattled cliffs of Abraham; they start from the heaving sods of Bunker Hill; they gather from the blazing lines of Saratoga and Yorktown—from the blood-dyed waters of the Brandywine, from the dreary snows of Valley-Forge, and all the hard fought-fields of the war.

EDWARD EVERETT.

THEY rise, by stream and yellow shore,  
By mountain, moor, and fen;  
By weedy rock and torrent hoar,  
And lonesome forest-glen!  
From many a woody, moss-grown mound,  
Start forth a war-worn band,  
As when, of old, they caught the sound  
Of hostile arms, and closed around—  
To guard their native land.

Hark! to the clanging horn—  
Hark! to the rolling drum!  
Arms glitter in the flash of morn—  
The hosts to battle come!  
The serried files, the plumed troop,  
Are marshal'd once again,  
Along the Hudson's mountain-group,  
Along the Atlantic main!

On Bunker, at the dead of night,  
I seem to view the raging fight,  
The burning town, the smoky height,  
The onset, the retreat!

And, down the banks of Brandywine,  
I see the levell'd bayonets shine  
And lurid clouds of battle twine,  
Where struggling columns meet.

Yorktown and Trenton blaze once more,  
And by the Delaware's frozen shore  
The hostile guns at midnight roar,  
The hostile shouts arise;  
The snows of Valley-Forge grow red,  
And Saratoga's field is spread  
With heaps of undistinguish'd dead,  
And fill'd with dying cries!

'Tis o'er; the battle-shout has died  
By ocean, stream, and mountain-side:  
And the bright harvest, far and wide,  
Waves o'er the blood-drench'd field;  
The rank grass o'er it greenly grows—  
And oft the upturning shares disclose  
The buried arms and bones of those  
Who fell, but would not yield!

Time's rolling chariot hath effaced  
The very hillocks, where were placed  
The bodies of the dead in haste,  
When closed the furious fight;  
The ancient fort and rampart-mound  
Long since have settled to the ground,  
On Bunker's famous height—  
And the last relics of the brave  
Are sinking to oblivion's grave!

**111 THE PLAIN OF LEXINGTON.**

BY ROBERT FRANCIS ASTROP.

**GREAT** plain! exalted are thy plants indeed—  
Fed with the blood of patriots, who here did bleed :  
Thine is the mighty fame to quench thy thirst  
With streams from hearts that bled for Freedom first.  
The stage on which that goddess thrust aside  
The tyrant's shackles, and for vengeance cried.  
Long triumph'd o'er, at last she struck the blow,  
And hurl'd her raging eagles on the foe.  
The sun that morn that smiled upon the scene,  
In fame embalm'd this consecrated green,  
And warm'd with ardour every patriot son,  
To point, in fight for liberty, a gun.  
Here first our sires the despot's rage did face,  
Here burn'd the genuine ardour of our race ;  
First met they here to pass the dreadful test.  
The infant's heart, the tyrant's shielded breast.  
Thy mould drank deep of the oppressor's gore,  
First by our injured fathers made to pour :  
Ye trembled for their sakes at every peal,  
And fearful heard the clashing of our steel.  
But rest contented ; though a few did fall,  
Alone they fell not ; and they died for all.  
Henceforth, when nations proudly wear the chain,  
They oft will think of Lexington's red plain,  
All crimson'd with the blood of tyrants slain ;  
And shall, more confidential, dare believe  
That God the virtuous will sure reprieve.  
No doubt when Greece and France swore to be free,  
And patriotic Poland thought of thee,

The tyrant thinks upon thy name with dread,  
And binds less hard, to save his guilty head.  
Thou art the first of many a bloody field  
Where slaves and kings alternatively yield :  
Led forth to battle to oppose God's laws,  
And led to fight in Liberty's good cause.  
The flame which burn'd here, though in blood oft  
drench'd,  
Has never yet, nor ever will be quench'd,  
Until the luminary there which rose  
Shall have exterminated Freedom's foes ;  
Though Bunker's Hill, and many a hill beside,  
Thick set with steel, the lawless power defied,  
Yet for Columbia's freedom first did run  
The blood of tyranny, at Lexington.  
Repose, full honour'd, freedom-yielding plain,  
The happy harvest, which is reap'd with pain ;  
But once secured, we far more cheerful dine,  
And know that virtue and liberty combine.

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## 112 THE TOMB OF THE BRAVE.

In commemoration of the battle on the Wabash.

BY JOSEPH HUTTON.

WHEN darkness prevail'd, and aloud on the air  
No war-whoop was heard through the deep silence  
yelling,  
Till, fiercely, like lions just wild from their lair, [ling,  
Our chiefs found the foe on their slumbers propel-  
While the mantle of night  
Hid the savage from sight,  
Undismay'd were our warriors slain in the fight :

---

But the laurel shall ever continue to wave,  
And glory thus bloom o'er the tomb of the brave.

Brave Daviess, legitimate offspring of fame,  
Though new to the war, rush'd to battle undaunted;  
And ere, bearing death, the dread rifle-ball came,  
In the breast of the foe oft his weapon he planted.

Gallant Daviess, adieu!

Tears thy destiny drew;

But yet o'er thy body shall tremble no yew,  
For the laurel shall ever continue to wave,  
And glory thus bloom o'er the tomb of the brave.

Great Owen, too bold from the fight to remain,  
Rush'd on to the foe, every soldier's heart firing;  
But he sinks, in the blood of his foes, on the plain,  
The pale lamp of life in its socket expiring;  
Closed in death are his eyes,  
And lamented he lies;

Yet o'er the sad spot shall no cypress arise:  
But the laurel forever continue to wave,  
And glory thus bloom o'er the tomb of the brave.

Long Warwick, M'Mahan, and Spencer, and Baen,  
And Berry, mid darkness their banners defended  
But when day drew the curtain of night, they were  
seen

Cover'd o'er with the blood of the savage, extended.

Though Freedom may weep

Where they mouldering sleep,

Yet shall valour their death as a jubilee keep,  
For the laurel shall ever continue to wave,  
And glory thus bloom o'er the tomb of the brave.

Ye chiefs of the Wabash, who gallantly fought,  
And fearlessly heard the dread storm of war rattle,  
Who lived to see conquest so terribly bought,  
While your brothers were lost in the uproar of battle,  
Still fearless remain,  
And, though stretch'd on the plain,  
You shall rise on the records of freedom again,  
For the laurel shall ever continue to wave,  
And glory thus bloom o'er the tomb of the brave.

Ye sons of Columbia, when danger is nigh,  
And liberty calls, round her standard to rally,  
For your country, your wives, and your children to die,  
Resolve undismay'd on oppression to sally.  
Every hero secure  
That his fame shall endure  
Till eternity time in oblivion immure,  
For the laurel shall ever continue to wave,  
And glory thus bloom o'er the tomb of the brave.

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## 113 THE BELL OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

On the old State-House bell, in Philadelphia, which was cast in that city, several years before the American Revolution, is the following prophetic inscription: "Proclaim LIBERTY throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof."—*Leviticus* xxv. 10. The ringing of this bell gave the first intelligence of the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

'Twas fitting, that, throughout the land,  
The anointed bell proclaim  
The triumphs of a glorious band,  
And their invaders' shame :



'Twas fitting, that its merry peal  
Should fling out silver tones,  
That did, before, the word reveal  
So terrible to thrones.

Talk not of chance! the word that went  
To Israel's tribes of yore,  
Free as the winds of heaven, was sent  
To this far western shore:  
Our fathers spake it in distress—  
A small and feeble flock—  
They hymn'd it in the wilderness,  
And wrote it on the rock.

Talk not of chance! for well he knew—  
The founder—that his art  
Graved only here the impress true,  
Already on the heart:  
And he well deem'd that liberty  
Should one day wake the sword:  
Around the hearths of all the free,  
It was a cherish'd word,  
Known, not in vain imaginings,  
To wake up idle strife;  
But treasured as a holy thing,  
Dearer to heart than life.

Marvel not, then, the voice thus pent  
Within the conscious breast,  
At times, through some unguarded vent  
Should rush forth unrepress'd.

Interpreted, it truly told  
Of high oppression's knell;  
Of banners beckoning, garments roll'd  
In blood—that warning bell!

Yes, also, that from martyr graves  
Columbia's living seed  
Should spring—the scourge of sceptred slaves,  
The bulwark of her need.

Talk not of chance! Not only here  
Forth goes the unerring sound:—  
It stirs another hemisphere,  
A world shall be unbound!  
And children, rescued from the yoke,  
Shall to their children tell  
Of the immortal deed that woke  
The Revolution's bell.

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## 114 FORT GRISWOLD, SEPT. 6, 1781.

BY JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.

WHAT seek ye here, ye desperate band?  
Why on this rough and rocky land,  
With sly and muffled oar,  
Why in this red and bright array,  
Stealing along the fisher's bay,  
Pull ye your boats to shore?

Day broke upon that gentlest Sound  
Sequester'd, that the sea has found  
In its adventurous roam;  
A halcyon surface, pure and deep,  
And placid as an infant's sleep  
Cradled and rock'd at home.

What wakes the sleeper ? Harm is near—  
That strange, rough whisper in his ear,  
It is a murderer's breath ;  
A thousand bayonets are bright  
Beneath the blessed morning's light,  
Moving to blood and death.

Land ye and march ; but bid farewell  
To this lone Sound ; its coming swell  
May moan when none can save ;  
Many shall go, and few return ;  
That rock shall be your only urn,  
That sand your only grave.

Across the river's placid tide,  
With steady stroke, is seen to glide  
A little venturous boat :  
'Twas like the cloud Elijah saw,  
Small as his hand, yet soon to draw  
Its quiver'd lightnings out.

'Twas like that cloud, for in it went  
A heart to spend and to be spent  
Till the last drop was shed ;  
'Twas like that cloud ; it had a hand  
That, o'er its loved, its native land,  
A shadow broad has spread.

Ledyard ! thy morning thought was brave,  
To fight, to conquer, and to save,  
Or fearlessly to die ;  
Well didst thou hold that feeling true,—  
Didst well that purpose bold pursue,  
Till death closed down thine eye.

I dare not tell in these poor rhymes  
That bloody tale of butchering times ;  
'Tis too well known to all ;  
I write not of the foeman's path,  
I write not of the battle's wrath,  
But of the hero's fall.

He sleeps where many brave men sleep ;  
Near Groton heights, and nibbling sheep  
Their grassy graves have found ;  
But some, they are a few, are laid  
Beneath a little swarded glade  
On Fisher's Island Sound.

The Sound is peaceful now, as when  
It saw that arm'd array of men ;  
And one old fisher there  
Gave me this tale ; 'twas he who told  
The rough, the headlong, and the bold,  
How their rash fight should fare.

He too is dead ; and most are dead  
Who stood or fell, who fought or fled  
On that September day.  
Old man ! thy bones are gently laid  
Close by yon shatter'd oak tree's shade,  
Beside the fisher's bay.



## 115 BATTLE OF NORTH POINT.

*Tune—"Anacreon in Heaven."*

HARK, hark ! was the cry, when Baltimore town  
Was besieged by the plundering Cockburn and Co. ;

Hear you not the great guns, hear ye not the trump  
sound ?

Haste, haste ! was the cry ; let us meet the proud foe,  
Let us march heart and hand, let us make a bold stand,  
And teach those invaders to cautiously land ;  
For this ground our fathers declared should be free,  
And, as dutiful sons, we'll enforce their decree.

Our general gave orders for the troops to march down,  
To meet the proud Ross, and to check his ambition,  
To inform him that we have decreed in our town,  
That here he can't enter without our permission ;  
And if life he regards, he will not press too hard,  
For Baltimore freemen are ever prepared  
To check the presumptuous, whoever they be,  
That may rashly attempt to evade our decree.

Brave General Stricker commands our brigade :  
This patriot and soldier of old Revolution  
Expects every man will afford him his aid,  
To meet and repulse these mad slaves of delusion ;  
His commands are to form—says our work will be  
warm,

And exhorts every man to prepare for the storm ;  
Shall we basely submit, my brave soldiers, says he,  
Or fly to the standard, there fight to be free ?

Brave Sterett of yore, with the Fifth\* led the van,  
And his cry was, Old Bladensburg, boys, now  
remember,  
We have fought them before, we must fight them again ;  
Our city, my boys, we can never surrender ;

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\* This regiment was at Bladensburg, and crowned itself  
with glory.

---

March, march ! was his cry ; haste forward ! we fly ;  
Fear not, my brave men, we for freedom can die ;  
Our forefathers died to enforce this decree,  
That we should enjoy both the land and the sea.

The brave 'Twenty-Seventh,\* commanded by Long—  
Long life and long health to our brave old commander !  
His cry was, Boys, forward ! we'll meet this great don,  
By Wellington taught ; ay, this great Alexander,  
This hero from Spain, this monster of fame ;  
Sure, Washington city records, to his shame ;  
He has sworn, in our city to-morrow he'll dine,  
So forward ! boys, forward ! and balk his design.

We march'd for North Point, and encamp'd for the  
night,

Prepared for attack by the light of the morning ;  
Near hand to Bear Creek we prepared for the fight,  
The fatigues of the field and the danger still scorning,  
As this was the day great Ross was heard say  
He would dine in our town, he'd no longer delay ;  
So we formed our line in the old Yankee style,  
To wait for this lord from the fast-anchor'd isle.

Our worthy, brave patriot remember'd shall be,  
The statesman, the soldier, our brave Donaldson ;  
His address to our soldiers was, Men, we are free !  
God will protect us ; fear not ; we'll fight on :

---

\* This regiment received the enemy's fire with the firmness of veterans. The officers were obliged to compel them by force to leave the ground. Their adjutant, Donaldson, was killed ; their first major, Moore, was wounded ; Captain Edes received several balls through his clothes ; many men killed, and some taken prisoners.

---

Our God is our shield, we never can yield  
What our forefathers earn'd by their blood in the field.  
These slaves of Old England repulsed must be ;  
We must curtail this pride of the royal grandee.

Scarce had he spoke, when express brought the news  
That Ross was in sight, on his foaming steed prancing:  
Then part of the Bladensburg heroes were chose\*  
To wait on his lordship, then boldly advancing ;  
When, lo, their first fire brought down great Goliath ;  
He went down to dine with his aged grandsire.  
To dine in our city determined was he,  
Or else dine in hell,† so there let him be.

Now their columns advance in majestic array,  
Threw rockets and shells, with a view to confound us,  
Manœuvred some time, their columns display,  
Manœuvred again, with intent to surround us,  
While Montgomery's guns, well charged by his sons,  
Cut lanes through the columns of those haughty dons,  
While the sons of brave Fowler, of Sterett and Long,  
Fired double-quick-time, and their powder was strong.

Our twelve hundred freemen, collected by chance,  
Were opposed to this well-chosen band of old Nero's,  
Who had long in old Spain fought the armies of France,  
And long had been called Lord Wellington's heroes.  
They sent us, by spells, shots, rockets, and shells,  
Which sent many brave fellows down to their cells ;

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\* Two companies of the fifth regiment, led by the brave Major Heath, who had two horses shot under him.

† Ross said he would dine in Baltimore on the 12th of September, or in hell ; he cared not if it rained militia.

So we gave them twelve rounds, it was true Yankee fire,  
But being outflank'd, we were forced to retire.

But with old commodore we soon rallied again ;  
On the right, with his jolly brave tars took his station ;  
On our left General Winder manœuvred his men,  
With intent to surround these dread foes of the nation,  
Who faintly pursue, took a telescope view—  
But, Halt ! cries old Brock, this manœuvre won't do ;  
About face, my boys ! march, march for the fleet,  
Ere this d—d Yankee general cuts off our retreat.

Sixteen hundred bombs, by old Cockburn's command,  
At our fort were discharged by his famed sons of  
plunder,  
While unmoved stood brave Armistead, and well-chosen  
band,  
Sending back their full change in red-hot Yankee  
thunder.

'Board the ships that drew nigh was a dreadful outcry ;  
'Bout ship ! was the word ; we from danger must fly ;  
This d——d Yankee powder's too strong, you may see,  
For his majesty's ships ; so, boys, "helm's a-lee."

Hail, sons of Hibernia ! who deserve our applause ;  
Hail, hail, sons of freedom ! of each state and nation,  
Who flew to our standard, defended our cause,  
You merit our thanks, you have our approbation ;  
May our daughters so fair reward with their care  
All foreigners who to our standard repair ;  
Defend our freedom, our laws and our land,  
You deserve your reward ; take our daughters' fair hand.

To conclude, here's a health to our chief men and Co. ;  
Their judicious plan was our city's salvation ;



To our officers, generals, rich, poor, high or low,  
Our soldiers, our sailors, our friends, and our nation.  
Now pause, for the slain, who died to maintain  
Columbia's rights on the land and the main ;  
Peace, peace to their shades ! to their memory a tear !  
Of their sons may the great God of battles take care !

---

## 116

## ELEGIAC ODE,

Sacred to the memory of General Greene.

BY GEORGE RICHARDS, OF BOSTON.

SAY, shall the bards of ancient Greece and Rome,  
In all the pathos of impassion'd woe,  
Mourn with their country, at the hero's tomb,  
And fire a world to emulation's glow ?  
Shall weeping muses quit Pierian groves,  
To deck the sod, where rest the good, the brave ?  
And shall the warrior, whom an empire loves,  
Repose, unsung, unhonour'd in the grave ?  
Forbid it, Heaven ! Columbia claims the song :  
Touch'd with her griefs, I sweep the plaintive lyre :  
To her, to Greene, immortal strains belong :  
An angel's pencil, and a seraph's fire.  
Whilst sacred Truth, from realms of light divine,  
Shall pour the tide of intellectual day,  
And lead my footsteps to the hero's shrine,  
Were patriots guard and freemen watch the clay.  
When first Britannia bathed her sword in gore,  
His soul, indignant, spurn'd the peaceful shade ;

Instant he arm'd, to brave the lion's roar,  
And the keen terrors of the Highland blade.

Prompt at his call, to hostile fields he led  
The hardy yeomen of his native isle;  
True sons of liberty; whom virtue bred,  
Strong for the labours of Herculean toil.

Mild of access, in him, no little pride  
Obscured the greatness of a noble mind;  
He felt for all; the soldier at his side  
Brought down the sweetest "milk of human kind."

For council honour'd, in the camp beloved,  
Sagacious, cool, amid the storm serene;  
Heroes revered, applauding states approved,  
And Albion trembled at the name of Greene.

Oft have his limbs the frozen earth compress'd,  
Whilst round his head the watery torrent pour'd;  
Thick clouds the curtains to his couch of rest,  
Where the bleak wind and midnight hail-storm  
roar'd.

And oft, advancing with the solar ray,  
His banners flamed to meet the lightning's glare,  
In torrid realms of more than burning day;  
Sad haunts of death, and plagues, and putrid air.

There hallow'd truths, inscribed on glory's roll,  
Written in blood on honour's purple vest,  
Shall gallant warriors, born of kindred soul,  
With conscious pride and martial zeal attest.

Illustrious men! ye nerved his mighty hand,  
To crush the savage on the warlike plain;

When to the south he wheel'd his conquering band,  
And broke the iron of oppression's chain.

Around the shores which Hudson's billows lave,  
His laurel wreaths shall ever verdant bloom ;  
And Trenton's cypress shade the hero's grave,  
Whilst pensive Princeton mourns his early tomb.

August abodes ! ye heard the trumpet's sound ;  
Which bade his columns range, his squadrons form ;  
Ye saw his coursers snuff the embattled ground,  
And Greene, triumphant, rule the vengeful storm.

Array'd in tears and garb of sable hue  
See Brandywine the chieftain's hearse attend ;  
And Germantown lament, and Monmouth robed in  
yew,  
And Ashley's waters wail their godlike friend.

Immortal grounds ! the theme of every age,  
Your meanest dust shall speak the hero's praise :  
Here bolted vengeance burst with tenfold rage,  
And there he drove the lightning's rapid blaze.

Nor less illustrious are the banks of Dan,  
Or Guilford's fields, where feats of bold emprise,  
Proclaim the genius of the matchless man :  
Through all the regions mark'd by azure skies.

Ye saw his arms the vollied thunders deal,  
Which check'd Cornwallis in his mid career :  
With Tarleton's sword, and Rawdon's murderous steel,  
And savage Balfour paled with guilty fear.

Illustrious spots of earth's high favour'd mould !  
What, though no clarions swell to dire alarms,

And no proud chief, in pomp of burnish'd gold,  
Leads on his troops in the bright glow of arms.

Yet shall the veteran there recount the tale  
Of armies raised, unclothed, unfed, unpaid,  
Who stood the summer's heat, the winter's gale,  
Nor turn'd their bosoms from the tyrant's blade.

Such were the men who own'd the power of Greene,  
When the shrill music, lengthening down the line,  
Urged rank on rank, to try the dubious scene,  
And combat hosts, by despots thought divine.

Thrice honour'd chief! the work of death is past,  
Thy task completed, smiling peace descends,  
Hush'd is the din, and mute the trumpet's blast,  
And ardent warriors greet as ancient friends.

Mature in life, with endless honour crown'd,  
'Too bright for earth, and fit for purer skies,  
Celestial bards his mighty deeds resound,  
Whilst thus, aloud, a prince of angels cries.

"At God's decree, by Heaven's high throne, I swear,  
'Tis done! 'tis done! his time shall be no more!  
Thou king of death, descend on wings of air,  
And waft the hero to his native shore."

The obedient monarch cleft the ethereal way,\*  
His golden darts were tipp'd with sacred fire,  
He rode the chariot of eternal day,  
And, fleet as lightning, pass'd the applauding choir.

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\* General Greene died of the coup de soleil, or stroke of the sun.

His radiant form the hero kenn'd afar,  
Resolved in death to boast supernal fame,  
He mounted swift, lash'd on the burning car,  
And tower'd sublime in robes of solar flame.

According spirits tuned the song of love,  
From heavenly harps was heard triumphant praise,  
Which breathed thrice welcome to the climes above,  
In the mild music of harmonious lays.

A pause ensued ; the melting lyre was still,  
And this the voice which trumpets roll'd around :  
"Go fix the hero's throne on glory's hill,  
And be the chief by mightiest warriors crown'd."

The laurel wreath was borne in Warren's hand,  
The great Montgomery throned the immortal Greene,  
The gentle Mercer join'd the festive band,  
And gallant Laurens graced the glorious scene.

Uncounted veterans throng'd the blest abodes ;  
Loud swell'd the notes to ecstasy divine ;  
And Spartan heroes, next in rank to gods,  
Proclaimed, with Wolfe, the palm of merit thine.



## 117 LEXINGTON—"SEVENTY FIVE."

BY GEORGE LUNT.

It broke on the hush of morn,  
It startled the dull midnight,  
Like the stirring peal of a battle horn,  
It summon'd them forth to fight :

It rose o'er the swelling hill,  
By the meadows green it was heard,  
Calling out for the strength of the freeman's will,  
And the might of the freeman's sword !

The rivers heard the noise,—  
The valleys rung it out :  
And every heart leap'd high at the voice  
Of that thrilling battle-shout !  
They sprang from the bridal bed,  
From the pallet of labour's rest ;  
And they hurried away to the field of the dead,  
Like a tardy marriage-guest.

They left the plough in the corn ;  
They left the steer in the yoke ;  
And away from their mother and child, that morn,  
And the maiden's first kiss they broke !  
In the shower of the deadly shot,  
In the lurid van of the war,  
Sternly they stood, but they answer'd not  
To the hireling's wild hurrah.

But still as the brooding storm,  
Ere it lashes ocean to foam,  
The strength of the free was in every arm,  
And every heart on its home.  
Of their pleasant homes they thought ;  
They pray'd to their father's God ;  
And forward they went till their dear blood bought  
The broad free land they trod !

## 118 THE SIEGE OF BALTIMORE.

BY ANGUS UMPHRAVILLE.

## CANTO I.

"Ah monarchs! did ye know the mirth ye mar,  
Not in the toils of glory would ye fret,  
The hoarse dull drum would sleep,  
And man be happy yet!"

*Lord Byron's Childs Harold.*

## I.

PROUD Britain claim'd the wide domain  
Of Ocean's deep and vasty plain,  
And while her crosses she unfurl'd,  
Thunder'd defiance to the world.  
While Europe own'd the mighty war,  
Columbia, peaceful midst the jar,  
A friend to all, a foe to none,  
She traded peacefully alone.

## II.

Britain beheld the tranquil dame,  
And fear'd a rival to her fame.  
"And shall her sons contentment know,  
While Europe I have fill'd with wo?  
No! the lost world will I regain,  
Her sailors press, her commerce chain,  
All mine shall be the subject main!"  
She spake, heaved high her haughty breast,  
Fill'd with ambition, void of rest.

## III.

She comes! the proud invader comes  
To waste our country, spoil our homes,  
To lay our towns and cities low,  
And bid our mothers' tears to flow,

Our wives lament, our orphans weep,  
To seize the empire of the deep!—

## IV.

Her annual circuit of the sun  
Now twice the ensanguined earth had run,  
Since ruthless War's destructive brand  
Had scatter'd horrors o'er the land.  
Whence is this universal grief?  
Declare, O Muse! in record brief:  
Their own the British legions call  
Columbia's infant capital!  
And, Potomac, thy blushing stream  
Views the red flames' guilty beam  
Spread over Washington its gleam.  
Suspense flies from her fatal shore  
And hovers over Baltimore,  
For active war against the foe,  
Her sons, the sons of freedom show.  
Wilt thou to proud invaders yield  
The bloodless, undisputed field?  
Soon shall thy loud artillery speak;  
Thou art not fearful, sad, or weak,  
Thou granary of the Chesapeake!

## CANTO II.

"O Heaven! when swords for Freedom shine,  
The cause is thine!  
Edge doubly every patriot's blow!  
Beat down the banners of the foe!  
And be it to the nations known,  
That victory is from God alone!"

*Walter Scott's Lord of the Isles.*

## I.

THE sons of Freedom, patriot hearts!  
To Baltimore, from various parts,



---

At the first summons, quickly came  
To save from desolation's flame  
The pride of fertile Maryland,  
From British lust, and sword, and brand.  
A valiant host, no fear they knew,  
Their arms were good, their hearts were true,  
They burn'd their foemen's ranks to view.

## II.

Clouds veil'd the sun, whose feeble ray  
But feebly told the dusky day;  
Dark was that day, in portent dark!  
A gloom surrounds each British bark;  
The red-cross'd banner downward hung  
Nor proud as erst to wild wind flung.

## III.

Surprised, the British legions gazed,  
Their hosts the intrenchments long amazed,  
The labour'd line extending round,  
Baltimore completely bound,  
No circumvolving walls surround,  
Its guards were noble hearts and bold,  
Who freedom prized 'bove tempting gold.

## IV.

What mighty works can men perform,  
Who nobly face the rudest storm,  
Who, fearless of the lion's might,  
Dare for their independence fight!

## V.

Valiant in arms, wise in debate,  
In councils eloquent and great,  
Victorious Smith presides;

Commander of Columbia's arms,  
His soul inured to war's alarms,  
Through all the storm he rides.

## VI.

O'er Fort McHenry, waving wide,  
Floats loved Columbia's starry pride,  
In dalliance waving seem'd to say,  
"Columbia owns this glorious day!"

## VII.

Brave Armstead, Baltimoreans' boast!  
With his alert, undaunted host,  
Sustain'd the British cannonade,  
And well the British bombs repaid.  
Cities for thee, O warrior bold!  
Shall shape in gratitude's gay mould  
Their sculptured urns of burnish'd gold.

## VIII.

While through dark clouds the mimic thunders dart,  
Ah! what forebodings swell'd each mother's heart!  
Bursting on earth, and now on high,  
Red fuses seem'd to fire the sky,  
The deep-mouth'd cannon's horrid roar  
Shook all the walls of Baltimore.

## IX.

Death could not daunt the purpose brave,  
Of those who fought the town to save,  
Dauntless amid the bloody strife,  
We fought for Freedom, not for life.

## X.

Dearly their lives our brothers sell,  
For each, three British warriors fell.

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The astonish'd British back recoil'd,  
Repulsed with death, fatigued, and foil'd,  
Vainly their daring hosts had toil'd.

## XI.

Proud of their scarlet coats no more,  
How many soldiers, bathed in gore,  
Lay stretch'd upon the fatal plain  
Among the wounded and the slain!  
Vainly for them fond anxious mothers weep,  
Or beauteous maidens gaze the mighty deep.  
Viewing with painful joy each swelling sail,  
Hoping their love's return with every gale.  
Bright expectation smiles with dawn of light,  
Dull disappointment sheds her tears at night.

## XII.

The yoke of British sovereign's sway  
Ne'er on Columbia's neck shall lay,  
While Jehovah conservates  
The union of the happy states.

## XIII.

And should a foreign despot dare  
His thunders to our land to bear,  
And pour his armies, hostile hosts,  
On our Columbia's honour'd coasts—  
When they insult our country's shore,  
Our sons shall think—of Baltimore.

## CANTO III.

"Now from the dark artillery broke,  
Lightning flash and thunder stroke;  
And volumed clouds of fiery smoke  
Roll in the darken'd air."

*Anon.*

HARK! the sound of clattering arms  
Assail the heart with dire alarms;  
The deep-mouth'd cannon's thundering sound,  
The echoing hills repeat around!

## II.

The sword, impatient of its prey,  
Disdains the sun's reflected ray!  
The glittering muskets from afar  
Declare thy presence, baleful War!

## III.

O! 'tis the murderous cannon's roar!  
See! 'tis the musket's lightning flash!  
Carnage now dyes her feet in gore—  
War's loudest thunders crash!

## IV.

O Britain! wail that fatal day,  
When on North-Point's impurpled field  
The armies meet in dire array—  
One must not be, or yield.

## V.

Her stars exalting to the sky,  
Columbia's blue-striped ensign high  
Waves in graceful dalliance gay,  
And claims the honours of the day.

## VI.

See ! long extends the British line,  
Their burnish'd arms refulgent shine;  
Troops of the Wellingtonian school !  
Ne'er shall your princely regent's rule,  
Or foreign monarch's scepter'd sway  
Columbia's freeborn sons obey.

## VII.

Though proud in arms, inured to war,  
You've spread the fame of England far,  
And from Napoleon's brilliant reign  
Deliver'd France, and rescued Spain,  
Restored to Bourbon's race again.

## VIII.

Free as the air we breathe our birth,  
Despising monarchs form'd of earth,  
Our king, the King of kings alone—  
Eternal his celestial throne !  
And, since ye dare us to the fight,  
Confiding in our Sovereign's might,  
Europe on North Point's plain shall see  
Britannia's choicest heroes flee  
Before the children of the free,  
Who gain'd by arms prized Liberty !

## IX.

Retreat ! ye myrmidons—retreat !  
This land is Freedom's chosen seat,  
These are the sons of those who fought  
For independence, when ye sought  
By force of arms, by murder, flame,  
To fill our land with grief and shame,

To blast our glory, blast our fame,  
And blot our Washington's bright name!

## X.

But say, who is this warrior bold,  
In scarlet coat, adorn'd with gold,  
Whose gaudy epaulets shine bright?—  
Calmly he contemplates the fight.

## XI.

It is the British General Ross,  
He glories in his country's cross,  
And vows to take rich Baltimore,  
And bid her streets to reek with gore;  
And while her widow'd matrons sigh,  
To plant his monarch's ensign high.

## XII.

He knows not now, with pride elate,  
The stern decree of ruthless fate!  
But plans our blest Fredonia's fall,  
And slavery's shackles to recall.

## XIII.

See! as his hardy host advances,  
Proudly his conscious charger prances,  
While to his aids, drawn sword in hand,  
He issues forth his high command.

## XIV.

But soon the vengeful bullet flies;  
The wounded warrior falls and dies!  
The fate ordain'd for Liberty,  
O boaster! that has fallen on thee.

## XV.

A youth, who wore our uniform,  
Press'd through the midst of battle's storm,

---

And at the haughty Briton foe  
Aimed the ball which laid him low.

## XVI.

The British army saw its general slain,  
And then, disorder'd, fled the fatal plain.

## XVII.

So proud Philistia's champion died ;  
A shepherd check'd a nation's pride ;  
Goliath slain by David's hand,  
The gentiles fled the Holy Land.

## XVIII.

Fly ! ye perfidious crosses, fly !  
Ye wave not under genial sky ;  
Here no traitorous airs e'er can  
Victorious profanation fan.

## XIX.

Among our country's soldiers brave,  
Who found on North Point's plain a grave,  
The mournful muse in tears must tell,  
'Twas there the gallant Lowry fell !

## XX.

And yet she smiles amidst her tears,  
While record of his worth she bears ;  
While bursting thunders o'er him sped,  
He sought the raging battle's bed,  
Columbia's flag waved o'er his head,  
And thus her gallant Lowry said :

## XXI.

" Patriot soldiers—follow me—  
Die like heroes—or be free !  
Forward—death or victory !"

## XXII.

As flint-stone sharply struck on steel,  
Our soldiers heard the chief's appeal ;  
His voice a confidence inspires ;  
They crush'd the foe—amidst whose fires  
The heroic Donaldson expires.  
Pride of the senate, of the bar,  
Thus glorious fell the plume of war !

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## CANTO IV.

"Forgive my playful measures wild,  
And in the poet view the child."

## I.

WHAT harbinger victorious tidings brings,  
And yonder soars on golden wings ?  
Beams on the solar god her bright undazzled eyes,  
Proclaims with peaning trump some hero to the skies !

## II.

'Tis Fame, Columbia's warriors, friend,  
'Tis Fame, whose silver voice the golden arches rend,  
To proud Olympus's lofty height  
The power directs his loftier flight.

## III.

Ye gods, who throng the immortal hill,  
Our fate whose nod, our law whose will,  
The eternal messenger crowd round,  
Attentive to the glorious sound.

## IV.

Hark ! the celestial sounds—melodious, clear,  
Arrest the fascinated ear ;



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Leads captive godlike minds away,  
Enchants the enraptured realms of day.

## V.

"From British chains is our Columbia freed,  
And Maryland is doom'd no more to bleed,  
On North Point's proud and glorious plain  
The sons of Freedom laurels gain."

## VI.

Scarce heard the powers the joyful sound  
Than loud acclaims through heaven rebound.  
And Stricker's bright immortal name  
Was given to Victory and to Fame.

## VII.

Mars avow'd his darling son,  
Venus own'd her heart was won,  
Apollo struck the euphonious lyre,  
And all the muses were on fire!  
Minerva twined the laurel bough  
Around the valiant hero's brow.  
"And may," she said, "my olives bloom  
With this round my temple'd room."

## VIII.

Lovely Graces flowers bind  
And round his garland brow entwined,  
And, while the virgin crown they wreathed,  
In strains like these the sisters breathed :—

## IX.

"Let the victor-warrior wear  
The trophies which his arm has won!  
Let ravish'd laurels deck the hair,  
Of blest Columbia's honour'd son!

## X.

Fame in her hand a banner bore :  
"Heroes who fought for Baltimore,"  
In golden letters beaming bright  
Their names in characters of light,  
Heath, Sterret, Barry, Spangler, Long,  
Your names add glory to triumphant song.

## XI.

And Fowler, Steiger, and Quaintril,  
While fame endures your names shall flourish still,  
Metzger, Montgomery, Aisquith and Wilmot,  
Heroic warriors ! splendid is your lot,  
Your glory's radiant orb no calumny shall blot.  
Fraily, Barney, Stenenson,  
Bold Taylor, and brave Calhoun,  
Proud names ! and many thousand more,  
Inscribed in gold, Fame's brilliant banner bore.  
And shall I here in indolence reside,  
While from my Edwin's wounds may gush the purple  
tide ?  
No, I will hasten to the fields of strife,  
Happy to share his toils, or save his life.  
E'en now in sight of Heaven I am my Edwin's wife.  
Thus virtuously resolved, the beauteous pilgrim sought  
The fatal field, where her loved Edwin fought.

## XII.

Freedom, anointed angel, rise,  
Our blest Columbia's darling prize !  
Beloved by every noble mind,  
In thee is every charm combined.  
For sake of thee have millions bled,  
Illustrious 'mongst the honour'd dead,

Whose souls uncurb'd by grovelling clay,  
Burst thralldom's chains and soar'd away,  
On thy celestial wings to realms of endless day!

## XIII.

Proud, angry foes, from foreign lands,  
Would plunge into thy valiant heart,  
The dirk of death—Columbia's bands  
Spared not their lives on Freedom's part.  
For them their mourning brothers raise  
Triumphant monuments of praise.

## XIV.

Arm'stead, thy illustrious name  
Is written on the rolls of fame!  
Long as the earth endures, as long  
Shall grace Columbia's epic song.

## XV.

And thou, brave youth! whose cannon's fire,  
Flashing through night with carnage dire,  
Spread wounds, and death, and wild dismay,  
With British blood tinged the red bay!  
A laurel-wreath, O Webster, 's thine!  
Thy fame shall blaze while suns shall shine.

## XVI.

The valiant Newcomb laurels won  
For conduct brave at Covington,  
Steuart's name, and gallant Nicholson's,  
Brave Berry's too, and Pennington's,  
Stansbury; Former, Harris, Dyer,  
Intrepid Bird, who midst the fire  
Of hostile hosts his troops inspire,  
Your deeds shall grace the muses page,  
Your worth admired from age to age!

Let Winder's name, to honour dear,  
Inscribed on the bright list appear.

## XVII.

Donaldson's worth, what muse can tell,  
Who bravely for his country fell?  
For him bright Glory spreads her arms,  
He rush'd through death to own her charms!  
Oft o'er his grave shall flow the elegiac tear,  
His name to patriotism ever dear  
Our sons in distant times revere.

## XVIII.

Great was the warrior I deplore  
With tears of deep regret,  
But he has reach'd a happier shore  
Where valiant souls are met;  
He left a blood impurpled field  
Of trouble, care, and strife,  
For heavenly fields, which happiness yield  
Of bliss and endless life.

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**119      BATTLE OF LA TRANCHE.**

BY ANGUS UMPHRAVILLE.

God prosper fair Columbia's arms,  
On land and on the sea;  
And may her sons e'er prize the charms  
Of dear-bought Liberty!

---

'Twas on La Tranche's fertile banks  
A gallant host appear'd ;  
But fourteen hundred form'd their ranks,  
No chance of war they fear'd.

Their country's cause had call'd them forth  
To battle's stormy field ;  
They deem'd the man of little worth  
Whose mind but thought to yield.

These our Columbia's warrior bands  
The star-stud ensign bear ;  
And General Harrison commands  
The men to valour dear.

Six hundred British regulars,  
All gorgeously array'd ;  
Inured to dangers and to wars,  
Their radiant arms display'd.

Their line extended on a plain,  
A miry swamp between,  
And town call'd the Moravian,  
Was near distinctly seen.

Supported by the artillery,  
And in their centre stood  
Two heavy pieces, bright and high,  
Menacing death and blood.

Along the margin of the swamp  
Twelve hundred Indians form ;  
No timid wish their fury damp,  
Sons of the battle's storm !

Tecumseh, valiant Shawanese !  
Bold as the tiger fierce,  
To combat foe, or spoil to seize,  
Or victim's heart to pierce.

He, ruthless, barbarous, bloody chief,  
Raises the loud war-song ;  
He scorn'd to think of widow's grief,  
Firm were his warriors strong.

See ! Columbia's order'd band  
March on to the attack ;  
Each with his musket in his hand,  
And not a man look'd back.

Now General Proctor gives the word,  
The British legions fire ;  
War drew the trigger, bared the sword,  
And wounded men expire.

But hark ! the charge, the trumpet sounds—  
A thousand horsemen forward rush'd ;  
Our soldiers fear'd nor death nor wounds,  
Full fifty foes they kill'd or crush'd.

Then instantly the warriors turn'd,  
Form'd quickly in their rear ;  
And to renew the charge they burn'd,  
When orders they should hear.

But panic seized the Britons all,  
" Fix, fix your bayonets true !"  
In vain their valiant leaders call—  
" Return your foes their due !"

Mute terror mingled in their ranks,  
And, to the jackets blue,  
On famed La Tranche's blood-stain'd banks,  
Four hundred seventy-two

Surrender'd—to the soldiers brave,  
The starry flag who bare ;  
And they were pleas'd their lives to save,  
And British blood to spare.

Among the prisoners were these three  
Bold British colonels, they—  
Evans, Warburton, Baubee,  
The fate of war obey.

When Proctor saw lost was the day,  
He fled La Tranche's plain ;  
A carriage bore the chief away,  
Who ne'er return'd again.

Under an escort of dragoons,  
In number seventy-eight ;  
Safe both from danger and from wounds  
He fled war's dire debate.

Fierce on the left the battle raged,  
For with unusual skill,  
Tecumseh's warriors ours engaged,  
And many wound and kill.

The valiant Colonel Johnson leads  
His brave battalion on ;  
Heads them to dare illustrious deeds,  
Laurels by which are won.

Against Tecumseh's army's flank  
A vigorous charge he made ;  
Of death's cold cup how many drank !  
How many widow's made.

The Indian chief immediate dealt  
A most tremendous fire ;  
The shock was most severely felt—  
Americans expire !

Yet steadily our troops advance  
In columns firm and strong ;  
Dangers valour's price enhance  
And animates the throng ;

To break the line of Indian foes  
At onset the attempt proved vain ;  
The swamp and thicket interpose,  
Johnson resolved to attempt again.

So when the bullets many rounds  
Deadly exchange ! were fired ;  
And many died of ghastly wounds  
Shortly our bands respired.

“ Dismount ! ” the colonel sternly cried,  
Quickly both columns obey—  
With Indians, Indian modes he tried,  
Beat them in their own way.

“ Now, brave Kentuckians, warmly charge ! ”  
The brave Kentuckians flew ;  
With the loud muskets' dire discharge,  
With bayonets, swords, they slew.



O dreadful is the sound of war,  
When such as these engage !  
Dreadful the scene, the murderous jar,  
When hostile armies rage !

Now through the broken Indian line  
Our warriors urge their way ;  
And in their rear our armour shine,  
Bright as the beam of day.

Their force collecting to the right  
To force our infantry,  
The desperate Indians bend their might,  
Their genius heaved a sigh.

For General Desha, soldier brave !  
The infantry commands,  
Who, to disgrace, prefers the grave,  
Bold as his sturdy bands.

Yet hardly could they bear the shock  
Of this dreadful attack ;  
As spurns the wave, the ocean-rock,  
The noble Shelby drove them back.

Five gushing wounds, painful and deep,  
The colonel's vest distain'd ;  
Blood as from fountains five did weep,  
He to retire distain'd.

His milk-white charger, proud and hot,  
Whose nostrils foam'd with fire ;  
Twice was he pierced with bullet shot,  
Swift spurn'd the slain in ire.

Till, where before his master stood—  
And rage possess'd his soul,  
Tecumseh, valiant man of blood !  
Who shall his power control ?

Nor word spoke he, red lightnings glare  
Destruction from his eyes ;  
His tomahawk blood-bedropt in air  
Raising—he falls ! he dies !

For soon the wounded colonel knew  
The mighty chieftain well,  
With pistol ball Tecumseh slew—  
And then, exhausted, fell.

The wounded conqueror was removed,  
One thousand Indians fight :  
And Major Thompson, valour proved,  
Our men commands aright.

Tecumseh's voice no more they hear,  
Dismay'd the Indians fled ;  
Exclaiming, as they flew in fear,  
“The Prophet's chief is dead !”

And think'st thou that brave Harrison  
By cruelty might blot  
The laurels his bold arms have won ?  
Ah ! then thou know'st him not.

The wounded of both armies share  
Alike his pity own ;  
The foe subdued divides his care  
To both in kindness shown.

---

The hero of La Tranche shall live  
In many a minstrel's song,  
And kisses to his lips to give  
Shall many a maiden long.

Oft to La Tranche's battle-field,  
In future times shall traveller come ;  
To mute reflection's power to yield,  
And gaze on lowly warriors' tomb.

" Here," shall he say, " Our soldiers stood,  
There the Indians numerous host ;  
Here the gallant Johnson's blood,  
There died the Shawancean boast.

And aye the silver-sounding lyre,  
By La Tranche's conscious stream :  
The Muse shall wake to themes of fire,  
Recall the blaze of battle's beam.

Glory to heroes bold belong,  
On history's page their names shine bright ;  
For them shall sound triumphal song,  
Who fell in this victorious fight.

God prosper fair Columbia's arms,  
On land and on the sea ;  
And may her sons e'er prize the charms  
Of dear-bought Liberty.

## 120

## SONG.

WHEN the warrior returns from the battle afar,  
To the home and the country he nobly defended,  
O warm be the welcome to gladden his ear,  
And loud be the joy that his perils are ended ;  
In the full tide of song, let his fame roll along,  
To the feast-flowing board let us gratefully throng,  
Where mix'd with the olive, the laurel shall wave,  
And form a bright wreath for the brows of the brave.

Columbians ! a band of thy brothers behold !  
Who claim their reward in thy heart's warm emotion,  
When thy cause, when thy honour, urged onward the bold,  
In vain frown'd the desert—in vain raged the ocean.  
To a far distant shore—to the battle's wild roar,  
They rush'd, thy fair fame and thy rights to secure :  
Then mix'd with the olive the laurel shall wave,  
And form a bright wreath for the brows of the brave.

Our fathers, who stand on the summit of fame,  
Shall exultingly hear, of their sons, the proud story,  
How their young bosoms glow'd with the patriot flame,  
How they fought, how they fell, in the blaze of their glory.  
How triumphant they rode o'er the wondering flood,  
And stain'd the blue waters with infidel blood ;  
How mix'd with the olive the laurel did wave,  
And form'd a bright wreath for the brows of the brave.

In the conflict resistless, each toil they endured,  
Till their foes shrunk dismay'd from the war's desolation,  
And pale beam'd the crescent, its splendour obscured  
By the light of the star-spangled flag of our nation.  
Where, each radiant star gleam'd a meteor of war,  
And the turban'd heads bow'd to the terrible glare;  
Then mix'd with the olive the laurel did wave,  
And form'd a bright wreath for the brows of the brave.  
Then welcome the warrior, return'd from afar,  
To the home, and the country, he nobly defended;  
Let the thanks due to valour, now gladden his ear,  
And loud be the joy that his perils are ended.  
In the full tide of song, let his fame roll along,  
To the feast-flowing board let us gratefully throng;  
Where, mix'd with the olive, the laurel shall wave,  
And form a bright wreath for the brows of the brave.

## 121

## ODE,

Written after witnessing the funeral obsequies of General  
Hamilton.

HARK! how the passing bell  
Heaves to the gale its sullen swell!  
And, lo! in sorrow's pomp array'd,  
To the dull beat of death,  
The slowly-moving cavalcade!  
The half-suspended breath  
Scarce frees the struggling sigh,  
And hallow'd tears bedew mute beauty's eye.  
Now, o'er the mansions of the dead  
With slowly-solemn, measured tread,

Around their slumbering hero drawn,  
The silent soldiers print the lawn.  
Now the long blaze  
Arrests the gaze !  
The hollow vaults resound !  
The blazing sky,  
The thundering ground,  
The piercing eye,  
More eloquent than pity's flow,  
Proclaim the soldier's manly woe.  
High o'er the scene the curling cloud aspires :  
Fraught with a nation's fervid sighs,  
The mighty incense seeks the skies  
And tells astonish'd worlds a Hamilton expires.

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## 122

## ADDRESS,

Delivered on the night of Mr. Holland's benefit, during the exhibition of his picture of the siege of Derne :—1806.

WHEN first this clay the Forming Hand  
Touch'd with its own ethereal fire,  
For this was given the magic lyre,  
And, with the boon, this high command :—  
That still, to every virtue true,  
Its varied sounds, or sweet or strong,  
Should to the brave and good give homage due,  
And swell for these alone the soul-enthraling song.  
Nor less the pencil's wonderful art,  
Enjoin'd to play this nobler part ;  
Enjoin'd, through every age, to trace  
The worthies of the human race,  
On Valour's head to place unfading wreaths,  
While all is glory round, and all the canvass breathes.

Captives forlorn,  
From wives and children torn,  
On a far-distant shore,  
Columbia's sons barbarian fetters wore :

To Eaton's hand Columbia trusts her cause ;  
His righteous sword the warrior draws ;  
Swift on her foes she sees her thunders huzl'd,  
(The thunders of a new-born world :)  
His gallant march the chief pursues, and saves  
His groaning brethren from the gripe of slaves.

Such scenes, to-night, with patriot warmth portray'd,  
To grace our stage, the painter has display'd ;  
Here, to your eyes the zealous artist shows  
How toil'd your heroes, and how fell your foes ;  
How generous Eaton, in his country's might,  
For you and freedom dared the mortal fight ;  
Shows how O'Bannon, brave among the brave,  
Taught Moors to dread the white-men of the wave :  
Undaunted Spence ! for thee the colours flow ;  
For thee, Decatur, still they warmer glow !

O freemen ! cherish the diviner arts,  
Friends of your rights, and tutors of your hearts !  
Bright in her charms, let virtue beam in view ;  
Loved be the substance, loved the picture too !  
So shall your youth to honest deeds aspire,  
So shall your country catch the glorious fire ;  
So shall your veterans, in each grateful breast,  
Find the best sweet'ner of the soldier's rest ;  
So shall this land, to Independence dear,  
No foreign nor domestic tyrant fear.

**123 EPITAPH ON GENERAL WOLFE.**

HERE modest Wolfe, cut off in early bloom,  
Though crown'd with glory, waits the general doom;  
The shouts of victory met his parting breath,  
He heard with joy, and smiling sunk in death.  
O brave, enlightened youth ! thy manners mild,  
Of half its terrors horrid war beguiled ;  
And sweet compassion purified the flame  
Which fired thy breast to gain a deathless name,  
For thee thy country drops the generous tear,  
And mourns thy conquests at a price so dear.  
Wolffius, victoriâ annuntiâtâ, ut Thebanus obiit.

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**124 THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.**

*Tune—"Hail to the Chief."*

HAIL to the hero, the pride of his country,  
Honour'd by all be his ever great name ;  
Where is the man who presumes with effrontery  
To tarnish the laurels that bloom with his fame ?  
Down where the waters flow,  
He met the invading foe,  
Where great Mississippi resounds with his fame ;  
There, with his gallant band,  
Nobly sustain'd the land,  
And cover'd the foe with confusion and shame.  
Loudly the thunders of battle were roaring,  
Hurling defeat in the ranks of the foe,  
Proudly above, the proud eagle was soaring,  
The warriors of Britain were prostrate and low ;



There with undaunted mien,  
Jackson shone amid the scene ;  
The red glare of battle, the hero display'd ;  
He every bosom fired,  
His voice, every one inspired ;  
To conquest, to glory, they rush'd undismay'd.

Mid volumes of smoke, that the combat enshrouded,  
Thy banner, O Freedom ! with brilliancy shone,  
But Britain, the sun of thy glory was clouded,  
Thy legions were routed, thy hosts overthrown :  
No more along the coast,  
Is heard their haughty boast,  
While beauty and booty the battle impel ;  
Long they'll lament the day,  
When in the mortal fray,  
Their hopes were all crush'd with the thousands who  
fell.

Hail, thou firm patriot, beloved by the nation,  
Thy honour unsoil'd, thy integrity tried,  
Worthy to fill the most exalted station,  
With valour to save, and with skill to preside.  
In vain the intriguing foe  
Aims the insidious blow,  
To blight thy fair laurels, to sully thy fame ;  
Truth, with the rays of light,  
Thy virtues, brave chief, will write,  
In the annals of greatness emblazon thy name.

**125 THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.**

BY THOMAS WELLS.

CHILL was the breeze,—nor yet the herald light  
Had chased the lingering shadows of the night ;  
O'er still expanse of lake, and marshy bed,  
Gloomy and dense the mantling vapours spread :—  
But soon the battle flash that darkness broke,  
And soon, that dread repose, the peal awoke  
Of loud artillery, and the dire alarms  
Of mingling conflict, and the clash of arms.

Fate gave the word !—and now, by veterans led,  
In pride of chivalry, to conquest bred,  
The foe advanced—intrench'd, the champion band  
Of freemen stood, the bulwark of the land ;  
Fearless their stars unfurl'd, and, as the rock,  
Storm-proof, they stood, impervious to the shock :  
Their patriot chief, with patriot ardour fired—  
Nerved every hand, and every heart inspired ;  
Himself, in peril's trying hour, a host,  
A nation's rescue, and a nation's boast ;—  
Empower'd alike to govern or to save,  
To guide a people, or their sword to wave.

As near the bastion'd wall the invader drew,  
A storm of iron hail to greet him flew ;  
On havoc's wing the mission'd vengeance rode,  
And whole platoons the scythe of ruin mow'd ;  
Through paths of blood, o'er undistinguish'd slain,  
Unyoked, the hungry war-dogs scour'd the plain ;

Borne on the blast, the scattering besom kept  
Its course, and ranks on ranks promiscuous swept ;—  
The trophied Lion fell,—while o'er his foes  
Unscathed, in arms supreme, the towering Eagle rose.

Sublime in majesty,—matchless in might—  
Columbia stood, unshaken in the fight:  
From lips of adamant, midst volumed smoke  
And cataracts of fire, her thunders spoke  
In triumph to the skies; from shore to shore,  
Old Mississippi shook, and echoed to the roar.

High on his sceptred perch, our mountain bird,  
Amidst the din the shout of Victory heard—  
Exulting heard, and from his eyry came  
Through rolling war-clouds, and through sheets of  
flame;

Renown's immortal meed he bore, and spread  
His ample pinions o'er the conqueror's head—  
The Hero of the West—to him assign'd  
The glorious palm, and round his brows the guerdon  
twined.

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## 126 THE EIGHTH OF JANUARY; OR, THE VICTORY AT NEW ORLEANS.

BY T. J. ALLEN, ESQ.

Tune—"Anacreon in Heaven."

BRITANNIA advances with white swelling sail,  
Her red cross is floating in pride on the gale;  
She comes with her host over ocean afar,  
And sounds, with shrill trump, the dread signal of  
war.

And many a warrior of fame in the fight,  
And many a hero in chivalry bright,  
Descends with bold step on the patriot shore,  
Where freedom is cherish'd and dwells evermore!

Ah! wo to her warriors of fame in the fight—  
Ah! wo to her heroes in chivalry bright!  
The scenery will darken, ere closes the day,  
And the war-kindled eye fade in dimness away.  
For fame they will battle, for glory they'll die,  
And, struck to the earth, in their blood they shall lie,  
The proud ones! who dare to invade the dear shore,  
Where Freedom has chosen to dwell evermore!

How vainly they thicken and press on the field,  
Where freemen the falchion of Liberty wield!  
There Death striding dreadful the columns among,  
Spreads carnage and horror amidst the deep throng;  
And thousands sink down to repose on the plain,  
Whom the reveillé never shall waken again;  
For they came to pollute and enslave the dear shore,  
Where heaven-born Freedom shall dwell evermore!

Let the festal of triumph resplendently shine,  
Round the brows of the brave wreathes of laurel  
entwine;  
For the few that have fallen in Liberty's name,  
Drop a tear in the cup that we fill to their fame;  
And to Him who smiled on us, who dwells in the skies,  
From our hearts let the tribute of gratitude rise.  
It was He gave the victory, and blest the loved shore,  
Where Freedom is sacred and dwells evermore!

**127      BATTLE OF TIPPECANOE.**

**AWAKE! awake! my gallant friends;  
To arms! to arms! the foe is nigh;  
The sentinel his warning sends;  
And, hark! the treacherous savage cry.  
Awake! to arms! the word goes round;  
The drum's deep roll, the fife's shrill sound,  
The trumpet's blast, proclaim through night,  
An Indian band, a bloody fight.**

**O haste thee, Baen! alas! too late;  
A red chief's arm now aims the blow;  
(An early, but a glorious fate;)  
The tomahawk has laid thee low.  
Dread darkness reigns. On, Daviess, on!  
Where's Boyd? And valiant Harrison,  
Commander of the Christian force?  
And Owen? He's a bleeding corse.**

**"Stand, comrades brave, stand to your post:  
Here Wells, and Floyd, and Barton; all  
Must now be won, or must be lost;  
Ply briskly, bayonet, sword, and ball."  
Thus spoke the general; when a yell  
Was heard, as though a hero fell.  
And, hark! the Indian whoop again—  
It is for daring Daviess slain!**

**O! fearful is the battle's rage;  
No lady's hand is in the fray;  
But brawny limbs the contest wage,  
And struggle for the victor's day.**

Lo ! Spencer sinks, and Warwick's slain,  
And breathless bodies strew the plain :  
And yells, and groans, and clang, and roar,  
Echo along the Wabash shore.

But mark ! where breaks upon the eye  
Aurora's beam. The coming day  
Shall foil a frantic prophecy,  
And Christian valour well display.  
Ne'er did Constantine's soldiers see,  
With more of joy for victory,  
A cross the arch of heaven adorn,  
Than these the blushing of the morn.

Bold Boyd led on his steady band,  
With bristling bayonets burnish'd bright :  
What could their dauntless charge withstand ?  
What stay the warriors' matchless might ?  
Rushing amain, they clear'd the field,  
The savage foe constrain'd to yield  
To Harrison, who, near and far,  
Gave form and spirit to the war.

Sound, sound the charge ! spur—spur the steed,  
And swift the fugitives pursue—  
'Tis vain : rein in—your utmost speed  
Could not o'ertake the recreant crew.  
In lowland marsh, in dell, or cave,  
Each Indian sought his life to save ;  
Whence, peering forth, with fear and ire,  
He saw his prophet's town on fire.

Now, the great Eagle of the West,  
Triumphant wing was seen to wave :  
And now each soldier's manly breast  
Sigh'd o'er his fallen comrade's grave.

Some dropp'd a tear, and mused the while,  
 Then join'd in measured march their file;  
 And here and there cast wistful eye,  
 That might surviving friend descry.

But let a foe again appear,  
 Or east, or west, or south, or north;  
 The soldier then shall dry his tear,  
 And fearless, gayly sally forth.  
 With lightning eye, and warlike front,  
 He'll meet the battle's deadly brunt:  
 Come Gaul or Briton; if array'd  
 For fight—he'll feel a freeman's blade.



## 128

## ARNOLD'S DEPARTURE.

BY PHILIP FRENEAU.

*"Mala soluta navis exit alite  
 Fernes olentem Mævium."*

With evil omens from the harbour sails  
 The ill-fated barque that worthless Arnold bears,—  
 God of the southern winds, call up the gales,  
 And whistle in rude fury round his ears.

With horrid waves insult his vessel's sides,  
 And may the east wind on a leeward shore  
 Her cables part, while she in tumult rides,  
 And shatter into shivers every oar.

And let the north wind to her ruin haste,  
 With such a rage, as when from mountains high  
 He rends the tall oak with his weighty blast,  
 And ruin spreads where'er his forces fly.

May not one friendly star that night be seen;  
No moon, attendant, dart one glimmering ray,  
Nor may she ride on oceans more serene  
Than Greece, triumphant, found, that stormy day  
When angry Pallas spent her rage no more  
On vanquish'd Ilium, then in ashes laid,  
But turn'd it on the barque that Ajax bore,  
Avenging thus her temple, and the maid.  
When toss'd upon the vast Atlantic main  
Your groaning ship the southern gales shall tear,  
How will your sailors sweat, and you complain,  
And meanly hawl to Jove, that will not hear!  
But if, at last, upon some winding shore,  
A prey to hungry cormorants you lie,  
A wanton goat to every stormy power,  
And a fat lamb, in sacrifice, shall die.

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## 129

## STANZAS,

Commemorative of the 23d of December, the day when  
the British were repulsed from New Orleans.  
O DARK was the cloud, and more dark the foreboding,  
When the conquerors of France and the champions  
of Spain  
Turn'd hither those bolts, late so fatal exploding,  
Far flashing the lightnings of battle again!  
Now the blackness no more our horizon deforms,  
Be the incense of thankfulness wafted on high;  
Nor let gratitude's flower, which has flourish'd in  
storms,  
Mid the sun of security wither and die.



~~~~~  
When the earth with its groan joins the sea with its  
roaring,

In a menace that startles his tottering walls,  
To his tutelar saint for protection imploring,  
The terrified Lusian in agony calls.

But departs with the danger the feeling it forms,  
When Nature resumes her original guise,  
And gratitude's flower, that was nourished in storms,  
'Neath the sun of security withers and dies.

Far from us be the sin of thy slaves, Superstition!

Whose ingrate sensations no ardour retain,  
Till the element-war that portends their perdition  
Shall shock them to feeling and phrenzy again!  
More generous emotions our bosoms shall warm,  
Than timidity's tremour that danger is nigh;  
Nor shall gratitude's flower, which we cherished in  
storm,

In the sun of security wither and die.

For yet hail we the chieftain commission'd to save,

We invoked as our guardian from perils at hand,  
When the bellow of battle was heard on the wave,  
And kindred convulsions were shaking the land.  
That sea-shout he still'd—those convulsions he stay'd!  
Then be gratitude's fragranciness still wafted high,  
And beware lest the flower safe through storm and  
through shade,

In security's sunbeam be suffer'd to die.

Yet cheer we the chief, who empower'd by high Heaven

Reduced civic chaos to order and plan;  
Made to contrary forces one impulse be given,  
And to the mind of the many, the mind of one man.

To him and his band, as returns this proud morning,  
Fresh chaplets we'll culture all change to defy ;  
From our heart's hardy flower, that all seasons adorn-  
ing,

Nor in storm nor in sunshine can wither or die.

Sprung from Scotia,\* whose sons, northern lights mid  
the nation !

Illumine the mists of the spirit-star'd sky,  
There beatified Moore, from his bright elevation,  
Shall bend on thy valour a brother's fond eye !  
Ah ! haply no tear damp'd the wreath that we form—  
With thy palm and thy laurel no cypress we tie :  
They are gratitude's flower, which, immortal through  
storm,

In the sun of security never shall die !



## 130

## THE TRIBUTE.

BY RICHARD DABNEY.

WHEN the dark shades of death dim the warrior's eyes,  
When the warrior's spirit from its martial form flies,  
The proud rites of pomp are perform'd at his grave,  
And the pageants of splendour o'er its cold inmate  
wave ;

Though that warrior's deeds were for tyrants perform'd,  
And no thoughts of virtue that warrior's breast warm'd,  
Though the roll of his fame is the record of death,  
And the tears of the widow are wet on his wreath.

---

\* General Andrew Jackson is stated [erroneously] to have been born in Scotland.

What then are the rites that are due to be paid  
To the virtuous man's tomb, and the brave warrior's  
shade?

To him, who was firm to his country's love?  
To him, whom no might, from stern Virtue could  
move?

Be his requiem, the sigh of the wretched bereft;  
Be his pageants, the tears of the friends he has left;  
Such tears, as were late, with impassion'd grief, shed  
On the grave that encloses our Carrington, dead.



### 131 THE WASHINGTON GUARDS.

*Air—"Hail to the chief."*

HAIL to the youths in firm legion advancing,  
Legitimate sons of a valorous sire;  
Bright as the beams from their burnish'd arms glancing,  
As bright are the hopes the young patriots inspire.  
Where bold invaders spread  
War's desolations dread,  
Swift at the call of their country they fly,  
Whilst in the field of fame,  
Washington's sacred name  
Dwells on their lips, while they conquer or die.

The deeds of their sires with courage endues them,  
To bind round their temples the laurel of fame;  
No daring invaders shall ever subdue them,  
Who bear on their banner a host in a name.  
Till the rude foe recoil,  
Midst war's unceasing toil,

Firm at their posts the young warriors will stand;  
Till war's dark night shall cease,  
And the bright star of peace  
Sheds its mild beams to illumine the land.

Wreaths ever-blooming now weave for your lover,  
Fair maid, who to shield thee is girded in arms,  
In the direst of perils your vision will hover,  
And strengthen his soul in the battle's alarms:  
Love's tears shall nourish it,  
Warm sighs shall cherish it,  
Breathed on the name that all glory endears,  
Till Hymen's happy reign  
Binds you in his silken chain,  
Secure from war's perils, and banish'd all fears.

## 132

## BOREAL'S TRUCE.

Now western lakes are frozen o'er,  
And battle-fields, late grim with gore,  
Are deck'd as gay as bride;  
And war-worn soldiers, friends or foes,  
In winter's quarters snug repose  
By lake or border side.

Along the bleak Atlantic coast  
Blockading fleets are tempest-tost,  
Thanks to Boreal's care:  
E'en meteor Cockburn's flaming brand,  
By Vengeance and the furies fann'd,  
Hath ceased awhile to glare.

Now Carnage hath short respite found,  
Since Mars, in icy fetters bound,

Benumb'd doth quit the field.  
Let's seek that good, in sober mood,  
Ere Spring shall mount rebellious blood,  
That cool reflections yield.

Another famed campaign is o'er,  
And many valiant warriors' gore  
Hath drench'd Canadian plains.  
Forts ta'en through seas of blood are lost,  
Ere conqu'ring chiefs can count the cost,  
Or either count his gains.

Fair shines Columbia's starry crest,  
In martial pride high swells her breast,  
Victoria rends the air ;  
But orphans' sighs, and widows' moans,  
And dying soldiers', parents' groans,  
Fall heavily on the ear.

The laurel wreath the conqueror wears,  
Is dew'd by many a mourner's tears,  
In bitter anguish shed :  
May efflorescent genial Spring,  
From Belgian shores the olive bring,  
To flourish in its stead.

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### **133 ON GEN. WASHINGTON'S ACCEPTING THE COMMAND OF THE ARMY IN 1798.**

BY BRASSEYA ALLEN.

HARK ! methinks I hear a cry,  
Does the foe our arms defy ?  
We, their threats, unmoved shall hear ;  
Thy sons, Columbia, cannot fear.

Let no anxious mother mourn,  
Doubtful of her son's return;  
Fortune, all around the brave,  
Shall a helm impervious weave.

See Columbia's hero rise,  
Washington, the good and wise :  
"Arm!—to arms!"—our country calls;  
Sounds through Vernon's ample halls.

Great in war, and great in peace,  
Thy laurel'd honours shall increase;  
With superior just renown,  
Through long ages handed down.

Peace her olive branch shall bring,  
And the muses round thee sing;  
While a grateful nation's love  
All thy labours shall approve.

---

## 134 AN ANCIENT PROPHECY.

BY PHILIP FRENEAU.

WHEN a certain great King, whose initial is G,  
Forces stamps upon paper, and folks to drink tea;  
When these folks burn his tea and stamp'd paper, like  
stubble,—

You may guess that this king is then coming to trouble.

But when a petition he treads under feet,  
And sends over the ocean an army and fleet,  
When that army, half-famished, and frantic with rage,  
Is coop'd up with a leader, whose name rhymes to  
cage :

---

When that leader goes home, dejected and sad ;  
You may then be assured the king's prospects are bad.

But when B. and C. with their armies are taken  
This king will do well, if he saves his own bacon :  
In the year seventeen hundred and eighty and two  
A stroke he may get that will make him look blue :  
And soon, very soon, will the season arrive,  
When Nebuchadnezzar to pasture shall drive:

In the year eighty-three, the affair will be over,  
And he shall eat turnips that grow in Hanover :  
The face of the Lion will then become pale,  
He shall yield fifteen teeth, and be sheered of his tail.  
—O king, my dear king, you shall be very sore,  
From the Stars and the Stripes you will mercy im-  
    plore,  
And your lion shall growl, but hardly bite more.

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### 135 THE VOLUNTEER'S MARCH.

YE, whom Washington has led,  
Ye, who in his footsteps tread,  
Ye, who death or danger dread,  
    Haste to glorious victory.

Now's the day, and now's the hour,  
See the British navy lour,  
See approach proud George's power,  
    England's chains and slavery.

Who would be a traitor knave—  
Who would fill a coward's grave—  
Who so base to be a slave?  
Traitor, coward, turn and flee!

Meet the tyrants, one and all,  
Freemen stand or freemen fall :  
At Columbia's patriot call,  
At her mandate, march away!

Former times have seen them yield,  
Seen them drove from every field,  
Routed, ruin'd or repell'd :  
Seize the spirit of those times!

By oppression's woes and pains—  
By our sons in servile chains—  
We will bleed from all our veins,  
But they shall be—shall be free.

O'er the standard of their power  
Bid Columbia's eagle tower,  
Give them hail in such a shower  
As shall blast them horse and man.

Lay the proud invaders low ;  
Tyrants fall in every foe,  
Liberty's in every blow—  
Forward ! let us do or die !



**136 THE PENNSYLVANIA LINE.***Tune—"Five La."*

**FREEMEN!** leave each lovely charmer !  
Round our sacred standard join ;  
Haste and buckle on your armour—  
Form the Pennsylvania Line !  
Pennsylvania, famed in story,  
Of our federal arch the key,  
Calls her sons to fields of glory,  
There to die, or still live free.

Arts of peace must now knock under—  
Martial ardour bears the sway—  
Hark ! Bellona calls in thunder  
To the battle march away !  
Pennsylvania, &c.

Haughty Britain long assailed us,  
Reckoning on our passive mood ;  
But at length our patience fail'd us,  
Fired is now our Yankee blood !  
Pennsylvania, &c.

Britain and her saucy minions,  
Freemen's wrath shall quickly know ;  
Freedom's bird on sweeping pinions  
Hurls her vengeance on the foe !  
Pennsylvania, &c.

Shade of Wayne ! from blissful regions,  
Dart a glance of thy keen eye—  
View thy native state's brave legions  
March to conquer or to die !  
Pennsylvania, &c.

Shade of Wayne! thy matchless spirit,  
Animates us to be free :—  
Tars and soldiers all inherit  
Thy undaunted bravery.  
Pennsylvania, &c.

See our naval standard flaring  
Proudly o'er the mountain wave ;  
Graced by Biddle, cool and daring,  
And Decatur, nobly brave !  
Pennsylvania, &c.

View again our war-clad freemen,  
Marshall'd on the tented plains ;  
Prompt to aid our gallant seamen,  
Break their captive brethren's chains.  
Pennsylvania, &c.

Freedom's cause we fondly cherish,  
We'll ne'er fill ignoble graves :  
We will triumph, or we'll perish,  
For Columbians can't be slaves !  
Pennsylvania, &c.

Haste then, comrades, leave each charmer !  
Round our sacred standard join ;  
Haste ! and buckle on your armour,  
Form the Pennsylvania Line !  
Pennsylvania, &c.

## 137

## SONS OF FREEDOM.

Sons of Freedom ! who have bled  
Where Washington or Warren led,  
Over heaps of mighty dead,  
    'Gainst a tyrant enemy.  
See again the battle lower ;  
Britain rallying all her power—  
Now descends a fiery shower !  
    Cannons roar and rockets fly !

Shades of patriots in the grave !  
Shades of parted heroes brave !  
Born, your country's rights to save,  
    From a ruthless tyrant's sway !  
Rouse your gallant sons to arms !  
Bid them wake to Freedom's charms !  
Bid them rush to war's alarms !  
    Rouse ! and drive their foes away.

Bid them hasten to the strand !  
Sword to sword, and hand to hand,  
Suffer not a foe to land  
    On the shores of Liberty !  
Back to ocean drive the slave !  
There to perish in its wave !  
Sink them to their watery grave !  
    Worthy not on earth to die.

Sons of patriots in the grave !  
Sons of parted heroes brave !  
Born your country's rights to save  
    From a ruthless tyrant's sway.

Be not blind to Freedom's charms !  
Be not deaf to war's alarms !  
Rouse ye ! rouse ye ! quick to arms !  
Rouse and drive your foes away.

Haste ye ! haste ye ! to the strand !  
Sword to sword, and hand to hand !  
On the shores of Liberty !  
Back to ocean drive the slaves !  
There to perish in its waves !  
Sink them to their watery graves !  
Worthy not on earth to die.



## 138 SONG OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY EDWARD M. PAXTON.

COME, freemen, rally,  
Your banners fling out,  
'Till the mountain's top  
Gives back your shout.  
The trumpet is sounding  
O'er valley and glen ;  
The sword is unsheath'd  
For the murder of men !  
Death to the tory,  
Torture and shame !  
Death to the tory,  
Fagot and flame !

King George has declared  
That we shall not be free,

His vengeance is roused  
For the waste of his tea !  
His troops throng our cities,  
His vessels our ports,  
And waves his proud flag  
From the tops of our forts !  
Death to the tory, &c.

All blithe is King George  
As he sitteth on high,  
And the words which he utters  
Are, " Worship or die !"  
And gayly he sits  
Mid the banqueting throng,  
And listens with joy  
To the reveller's song.  
Death to the tory, &c.

But his fate is now seal'd,  
And his power is shaken,  
And the people at last  
From their slumber awaken ;  
For their blood has been shed  
On the green grass sod ;  
And no power now rules them  
Save that of their God !  
Death to the tory,  
Torture and shame !  
Death to the tory,  
Fagot and flame !

**139 THE SOLDIER'S SONG.**

ERE the dew on the valley had melted away,  
Or the morning bird finish'd his earliest lay ;  
With battle-axe keen, and with bayonet bright,  
From the home of my childhood, I march to the fight.

'Tis true in that march I shall leave far behind  
A father that's dear, and a mother that's kind ;  
And sometimes when fiercely the winter winds rise,  
My sisters in anguish may wipe their blue eyes.

When I think of the hall where so often I've play'd,  
And the tree that has cool'd me in summer with  
shade ;

The reverend old oak whose majestical form  
Was ne'er wither'd by lightning nor bent by the storm ;

When I think of the flocks that they nourish'd and fed,  
In the sunshine of youth, ere its lustre was fled ;  
The tear of remembrance may steal to my cheek,  
And my tongue for a moment my sufferings may  
speak :

But I go in the spirit of freedom to save,  
And my fate, if I fall, is the fate of the brave ;  
I go where the fife wakes its melody shrill,  
And the watch-fire burns bright on the brow of the  
hill.

I well know the soldier's a pitiless lot,  
And the scars on his bosom too soon are forgot ;  
He's awed into silence, nor dare he complain  
At the cold sleety shower or the fast-driving rain.

I go to the wilderness far in the west,  
Where the footstep of murder the soil has oft press'd ;  
Where the billowy lake in the summer breeze plays,  
And thirsting for carnage the red savage strays.

Then, father, and mother, and sisters, adieu !  
'Tis my country I weep for remembering you ;  
The reward that I ask and the boon that I crave  
Is the warrior's renown or the patriot's grave.

---

## 140

## A NEW BOW WOW.

THE season was approaching when we hoped to gain  
the better,  
To guard against the savage dogs, and clear the British  
litter ;  
Our dogs of war were wakeful, and attentive to the  
matter,  
And not a puss was stirring but a full-fed dog was at  
her,  
Bow, wow, wow ; all Florida shall echo to the bow,  
wow, wow.

Despondency prevailed around, from artifice of tories,  
And faith was nearly run aground by floods of lying  
stories,  
But Harrison, a wily cur, near the Miami Rapids,  
Pursued the game, and saved the fur, and gave their  
dogs the rapids ;  
Bow, wow, wow, the Canadas re-echo with the bow,  
wow, wow.

Then Wilkinson, a dog of worth, for Florida was  
started,  
He led his dogs of terror forth, full fed and noble-  
hearted,  
The kennel of Mobile he seized, a pretty spot to lie  
on,  
The Spanish curs bore off their fleas to plague the  
British lion.  
Bow, wow, wow, hark! Canada and Florida cry bow,  
wow, wow.

Then Dearborne started on the chase, a revolution  
pointer,  
With Pike, an active cur, to start the puss at York,  
and joint her,  
But fearful of his bold pursuit, to check his rapid mo-  
tion,  
They thought of flight, and buckled to't, amidst a dire  
explosion.  
Bow, wow, wow, and Canada re-echoes with the bow,  
wow, wow.

Thus Pike and Nicholson attain'd a fate replete with  
glory,  
While Sheaffe, with tail between his legs, a dog, a  
whelp, a tory!  
Obtain'd by flight a short reprieve, but justice will  
o'ertake him,  
Will check his base attempts to thieve, and through  
the kennel shake him.  
Bow, wow, wow, and Canada shall echo with the bow,  
wow, wow.



Thus York reduced, against Fort George the hunts-  
men sent the pack, sir,  
And Lewis led the chasers on, while Chauncey kept  
the track, sir,  
A better dog there doesn't swing, as Yeo's pups will  
find, sir,  
He safely guards the huntsmen in, and keeps all clean  
behind, sir.  
Bow, wow, wow, Ontario re-echoes with his bow,  
wow, wow.

To Sacket's Harbour Yeo steer'd, with Provost's  
chosen blood-hounds,  
But Brown his dogs of valour cheer'd, militia blood,  
but good hounds,  
He chased them from the bloody track, and Yeo's bull-  
dogs slighting,  
Though Chauncey was not there, he show'd Sir James  
the art of fighting.  
Bow, wow, wow, fresh water dogs can tutor them  
with bow, wow, wow.

On Niagara's banks, along to Queenstown and Fort  
Erie,  
The British kennels wide and strong display a strange  
vagary,  
They blaze and burst with horrid crash, as Yankee  
dogs push on, sir,  
While Indian dogs retire abash'd, and far, far west  
are gone, sir.  
Bow, wow, wow, the tomahawk is banish'd by our  
bow, wow, wow.

Prepare to hear from Malden next, where Harrison  
and Clay are,  
The British dogs are sorely vex'd, our southern dogs  
will play fair,  
But soon the forest they will range and chase the  
British legions,  
Give Proctor and his host their change, and cleanse  
our western regions,  
Bow, wow, wow, the scalping knife shall rust amidst  
our bow, wow, wow.

---

## 141 THE BATTLE OF PLATTSBURGH.

"The sword of the Lord and of Gideon."—JUDGES.

O DARK is the tempest of peril and fear,  
O'ershadowing the torrent, resistless descending  
From the wilds of the north, in its ruthless career,  
The harvest and herd from the ravaged fields rending.

But the Sabbath-day dawns—in its hallow'd light,  
Behold the bright arms on yon eminence gleaming,  
Where the death-threatening battery frowns from the  
height,  
And broadly the banner to the light winds is stream-  
ing.

They come from their ships, on the dark ocean wave,  
With the conquering sword, at the victor's decree,  
From the angel-like task of unfettering the slave,  
To the fiend-like commission of crushing the free.

---

With the bright smile of triumph they bend to the bay  
Their looks—where their pendants exultingly stream,  
And hail the proud hour, ere the close of the day,  
When the cross o'er the stars shall victoriously  
beam.\*

With the proud smile of scorn, to the land then they  
turn,  
Where the star-spangled banner their foemen display,  
And certain of success, impatiently burn  
To sweep the weak barriers full quickly away.

Yes! smile ye in triumph! the warrior who stands  
On that deck, where he swears or to conquer or die,  
In the heart of each comrade a hero commands,  
With their swords in their grasp, while their trust is  
on high.

Or recks he thy boasting, who scorning despair,  
Gives the signal of fight, where his veterans repose:  
“There’s life for your valour, but death for your fear,  
We triumph as victors, or sink with our foes!”†

The conflict is past on the lake and the plain,  
And where does the banner of Britain now wave?  
’Tis beneath the proud stars, where the heaps of the  
slain  
To the victors a path for its downfall scarce gave.

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\* “The British army was so posted on the heights, that it could not but behold the interesting struggle for dominion on the lakes. At the same hour the fleets engaged, the enemy opened his batteries on our forts.”—MACOMB’S *Order*, Sept. 14, 1814.

† Alluding to the general order of Macomb, that every one who broke from their stations should be immediately put to death.

And gone is the host of the conquering sword ?

They fled at that sight, with a pang of dismay,  
With the spirit of panic all scattered abroad,  
All melted like snow from the face of the day.

'Tis the victory of God ! then presume not to wreath  
Round the brow of a mortal the badge of his praise ;  
But lowly in heart all thy gratitude breathe,  
For His arm of defence, in our perilous ways.

But honour the warriors who wielded His sword,  
As Gideon of old, who the spoiler o'erthrew,  
When he gave, with the force of his heart-stirring  
word,  
The force of a host to the arm of a few.



## 142 COLUMBIA'S BOLD YEOMANRY.—1814.

*Tune—" Though Bacchus may boast of his care-killing juice."*

In bumpers pledge high to Columbia's proud toast,  
The rock of her safety, fair Liberty's boast ;  
As her torrents impetuously flow to the main,  
Undaunted her gallant sons rush to the plain,  
And show to the world, midst the battle's rude shock,  
Columbia's bold yeomanry firm as her oak.

Though Gallia still boasts her Invincible band,  
Those invincibles ne'er against Britons could stand ;  
But the victors of Italy, Egypt, and Spain,  
Had their high-vaunted laurels torn from them again,  
When at Orleans they dared in their pride to provoke  
Columbia's bold yeomanry firm as her oak.

~~~~~  
Long, long shall the shores of Champlain be renown'd  
By Neptune and Mars with the laurel-wreath crown'd,  
There the brave mountaineers, like true heroes of  
    might,  
Put Sir George and his Wellington forces to flight,  
Proclaiming, in thunder, and carnage, and smoke,  
Columbia's bold yeomanry firm as her oak.

When Sir Hardy the gallant, by way of a joke,  
Assail'd little Stonington, perch'd on a rock,  
He met from the Yankees so harsh a rebuff,  
That the "lords of the ocean" were glad to "claw  
    off;"

In language of thunder the victors bespoke  
Columbia's bold yeomanry firm as her oak.

Though the powers of Europe in arms should assail  
The land of our fathers, their millions would fail;  
Whilst memory dwells on the deeds of their fame,  
The war-cry of victory, Washington's name,  
To repel every foe from our shores would invoke  
Columbia's bold yeomanry firm as her oak.



## 143

## MONODY

On Lieut. Col. Wood, of the engineer corps; who was  
killed, while leading the advance of the American forces, at  
the sortie from Fort Erie, 17th Sept. 1814.

O'ER Erie's wave the moonbeam plays,  
And silvers all the woodland scene;—  
Niagara's stream reflects the rays,  
Midst cospes wild, and banks of green.

But never more shall moonbeam light  
The chief, who fell with battling brand :  
His star, which shone with lustre bright,  
Shall never more its rays expand.

Round Erie's fortress, gleaming far,  
What time the red-cross banner waved,  
High in the front of furious war,  
The youthful chief each danger braved.

In other fields, he earlier stood  
The champion of his country's right ;—  
On Meigs' proud ramparts, unsubdued,  
And nerved the patriot's arm to fight.

On Chippewa's ensanguined plain ;  
Near bold Niagara's foaming shore :—  
High waved his blade midst martial train,  
And foremost clash'd in war's wild roar.

At length arose that fatal morn,  
When red-cross met the banner'd star ;  
The bugle's notes, the pealing horn,  
Breathed forth the echoing blast of war.

With dauntless heart, and eagle eye,  
Wood marshals all the vanward train :  
Above their ranks his banners fly,  
Like sea-birds curling o'er the main.

Fierce is the shock, when lance to lance,  
In death commix'd the squadrons join :  
The war-cloud breaks, where Wood's advance  
Pours volley'd lightnings down the line.

Hark ! with loud shout, glad victory's sound  
Peals on the air its loud acclaim,

Columbia's heroes throng around :  
Heroes who grace each roll of fame.  
But where is He, whose genius plann'd :  
Whose high emprise dread perils sought ?  
Where the bold leader of the band,  
That in the van of battle fought ?  
The warrior comes not from the fray,  
To greet the view of comrades dear :  
No more to lead the bold array !  
No more the spangled flag to rear !  
On battle plain his spirit sped,  
And join'd the hosts of heroes brave  
Who erst on Fame's proud fields have bled,  
Their country's dearest rights to save.  
Long shall that country mourn his doom,  
Long Freedom drop her choicest tear ;  
And weeping Glory oft shall roam,  
To spread her laurels o'er his bier.

---

## 144 THE BATTLE OF BALTIMORE.

OLD Ross, Cockburn, and Cochrane too,  
And many a bloody villain more,  
Swore with their bloody savage crew,  
That they would plunder Baltimore.  
But General Winder being afraid  
That his militia would not stand,  
He sent away to crave the aid  
Of a few true Virginians.  
Then up we rose with hearts elate,  
To help our suffering sister state.

When first our orders we received,  
For to prepare without delay,  
Our wives and sweethearts for to leave,  
And to the army march away.  
Although it grieved our hearts full sore,  
To leave our sweet Virginia shore,  
We kiss'd our sweethearts o'er and o'er,  
And march'd like true Virginians.  
Adieu awhile, sweet girls adieu,  
With honour we'll return to you.

With rapid marches on we went,  
To leave our sweet Virginia shore,  
No halt was made, no time was spent,  
Till we arrived at Baltimore.  
The Baltimoreans did us greet,  
The ladies clapt their lily-white hands,  
Exclaiming as we pass'd the street,  
Welcome, ye brave Virginians.  
May Heaven all your foes confound,  
And send you home with laurels crown'd.

We had not been in quarters long,  
Before we heard the dread alarms,  
The cannon roar'd, the bells did ring,  
The drum did beat to arms, to arms.  
Then up we rose to face our foes,  
Determined to meet them on the strand,  
And drive them back from fair Freedom's shore,  
Or die like brave Virginians.  
In heaven above we placed our trust,  
Well knowing that our cause is just.



Then Ross he landed at North Point,  
With seven thousand men or more,  
And swore by that time next night,  
That he would be in Baltimore.  
But Striker met him on the strand,  
Attended by a chosen band,  
Where he received a fatal shot,  
From a brave Pennsylvanian—  
Whom Heaven directed to the field,  
To make this haughty Briton yield.

Then Cockburn he drew up his fleet,  
To bombard Fort McHenry,  
A thinking that our men, of course,  
Would take affright and run away.  
The fort was commanded by a patriotic band,  
As ever graced fair freedom's land,  
And he who did the fort command  
Was a true blue Virginian.  
Long may we have brave Armstead's name  
Recorded on the book of fame.

A day and a night they tried their might,  
But found their bombs did not prevail,  
And seeing their army put to flight,  
They weigh'd their anchor and made sail,  
Resolving to return again,  
To execute their former plan ;  
But if they do, they'll find us still  
That we are brave Virginians.  
And they shall know before they've done,  
That they are not in Washington.

But now their shipping's out of sight,  
And each man takes a parting glass,  
Drinks to his true love and heart's delight,  
His only joy and bosom friend,  
For I might as well drink a health,  
For I hate to see good liquor stand,  
That America may always boast,  
That we are brave Virginians.

---

## 145

## SONG,

Written for and sung before the first city troop on the 4th of July.

*Tune—"The glasses sparkle on the board."*

THE first of Freedom's chosen band  
Revisits earth to-day;  
The love he bears his native land,  
No death can wear away.  
From heavenly bowers, this guest of ours  
Descends and warms the soul;  
With hearts of flame, his honour'd name,  
We'll pledge in Freedom's bowl.

What though that fond paternal face,  
So dear to every eye,  
Eludes the patriot's warm embrace,  
Translated to the sky,—  
Our guest is near, we feel him here;  
We feel him in the soul:  
Illustrious shade, we undismay'd  
Can pledge thee in the bowl.

We know thee by this patriot love,  
This pant for honest fame ;  
For none but Washington above  
Can breathe so pure a flame.  
Then comrades join, with sparkling wine,  
These feelings to the soul,  
So warm and dear, with cordial cheer,  
We'll pledge in freedom's bowl.

---

**146 TO THE MEMORY OF BRIG. GENERAL  
ZEBULON MONTGOMERY PIKE,**

Who fell at the capture of Little York, U. C., April 27, 1813.

BY WILLIAM RAY.

If ever angels, from the blissful skies,  
Look down on mortals with benignant eyes,  
'Tis when the brave repose in Heaven their trust,  
Whose cause is righteous, and whose views are just ;  
'Tis on the hero, who, when duty calls,  
O'er death triumphant, nobly fights and falls :  
If ever grief intrudes on heavenly bliss,  
'Tis when such scenes occur—a sight like this ;  
A scene which caused our sorrowing hearts to swell,  
When Pike so recently in battle fell.

Loved by all ranks, revered wherever known,  
His name a terror to his foes alone ;  
In whom the virtues all were seen to blend,  
In war an enemy, in peace a friend ;  
Offspring of honour, Valour's favourite child,  
Calm, but determined—spirited, but mild ;  
Stern, though not haughty ; affable, though grave ;  
Politely resolute, humanely brave ;

In discipline not cruelly severe;  
His soldiers loved him with a filial fear :  
Prompt to their needs of what to each belongs,  
Just to their rights, attentive to their wrongs;  
He knew the spirit of the man to save,  
To lead the soldier, not to drive the slave;  
'To infuse that valour which he himself possess'd  
Through all his ranks, in every private's breast.

In early youth his country's arms he bore,  
When the drear western wilds he traversed o'er;  
In early youth he caught the patriot's flame,  
And planted laurels in the field of fame;  
'The growth luxuriant subsequently spread,  
And twined, as if by instinct, round his head.  
Though now in death her warrior's corse lies low,  
On his moist grave perpetual wreaths shall grow;  
Year after year reflowerish, and be seen  
To wear a livelier hue, a brighter green.

---

## 147 THE HUNTERS OF KENTUCKY.

YE gentlemen and ladies fair,  
Who grace this famous city,  
Just listen, if you've time to spare,  
While I rehearse a ditty;  
And for the opportunity  
Conceive yourselves quite lucky,  
For 'tis not often that you see  
A hunter from Kentucky:  
O! Kentucky,  
The hunters of Kentucky.

We are a hardy free-born race,  
Each man to fear a stranger;  
Whate'er the game, we join in chase,  
Despising toil and danger:  
And if a daring foe annoys,  
Whate'er his strength or force is,  
We'll show him that Kentucky boys  
Are alligators,—horses:  
O! Kentucky, &c.

I s'pose you've read it in the prints,  
How Packenham attempted  
To make Old Hickory Jackson wince,  
But soon his schemes repented;  
For we, with rifles ready cock'd,  
Thought such occasion lucky,  
And soon around the general flock'd  
The hunters of Kentucky:  
O! Kentucky, &c.

I s'pose you've heard how New Orleans  
Is famed for wealth and beauty;  
There's gals of every hue, it seems,  
From snowy white to sooty:  
So, Packenham he made his brags  
If he in fight was lucky,  
He'd have their gals and cotton bags,  
In spite of Old Kentucky:  
O! Kentucky, &c.

But Jackson he was wide awake,  
And wasn't scared at trifles,  
For well he knew what aim we take  
With our Kentucky rifles;

So, he led us down to Cypress Swamp,  
The ground was low and mucky ;  
There stood John Bull in martial pomp—  
But here was Old Kentucky :  
O ! Kentucky, &c.

We raised a bank to hide our breasts,  
Not that we thought of dying,  
But then we always like to rest,  
Unless the game is flying :  
Behind it stood our little force—  
None wish'd it to be greater,  
For every man was half a horse  
And half an alligator :  
O ! Kentucky, &c.

They didn't let our patience tire  
Before they show'd their faces ;  
We didn't choose to waste our fire,  
But snugly kept our places ;  
And when so near we saw them wink,  
We thought it time to stop 'em,  
It would have done you good, I think,  
To see Kentuckians drop 'em :  
O ! Kentucky, &c.

They found, at length, 'twas vain to fight,  
When lead was all their booty,  
And so, they wisely took to flight,  
And left us all the beauty.  
And now, if danger e'er annoys,  
Remember what our trade is ;  
Just send for us Kentucky boys,  
And we'll protect you, ladies :  
O ! Kentucky, &c.

---

148 THE HEROINE OF THE REVOLUTION.\*

BY PHILIP FRENEAU.

*To men in power.*

YE Congressmen and men of weight,  
Who fill the public chairs,  
And many a favour have conferr'd  
On some unknown to Mars ;  
And ye, who hold the post of fame,  
The helmsmen of our great affairs,  
Afford a calm attentive ear  
To her who handled sword and spear,  
A heroine in a bold career,  
Assist a war-worn dame.

With the same vigorous soul inspired  
As Joan of Arc, of old,  
With zeal against the Briton fired,  
Her spirit warm and bold,  
She march'd to face her country's foes  
Disguised in male attire :  
Where'er they prowld through field or town,  
With steady step she follow'd on ;  
Resolved the conflict to sustain,  
She met them on the hill, the plain,  
And hostile to the English reign,  
She hurl'd the blasting fire.

---

\* On December 28, 1797, Deborah Gannet presented a petition to Congress for a pension, in consideration of services rendered during the whole of the American revolutionary war, in the rank of a common soldier in the regular armies of the United States. The above lines were written on this occasion, at the request of the heroine. It is needless to say, she had a competency bestowed on her during her natural life.

Now for such generous toils endured,  
Her day of warfare done,  
In life's decline at length reward  
This faithful Amazon :

She asks no thousands at your hands,  
Though mark'd with many a scar ;  
She asks no share of Indian lands,  
Though lands you have to spare !

But something in the wane of days  
To make her snug, and keep her warm,  
A cottage and the cheery blaze,  
To shield her from the storm ;  
And something to the pocket, too,  
Your bounty might afford,  
Of her, who did our foes pursue  
With bayonet, gun, and sword.

Reflect how many tender ties  
A female must forego  
Ere to the martial camp she flies  
To meet the invading foe :  
How many bars has nature placed,  
And custom many more,  
Lest slighted woman should be graced  
With trophies gain'd in war.

All these she nobly overcame,  
And scorn'd a censuring age,  
Join'd in the ranks, her road to fame,  
Despised the Briton's rage  
And men, who, with contracted mind,  
All arrogant, condemn  
And make disgrace in womankind  
What honour is in them.



### 149 TO THE MEMORY OF LIEUTENANT NATHANIEL SHERMAN,

Of the city of New York, adjutant 6th regiment United States Infantry, who died at Sackett's Harbour (during the expedition against York) of a fever, occasioned by excessive fatigue on the march of that regiment from Plattsburg. It is due to the merits of this promising young officer to say, that his extreme mortification at being unable to proceed with his regiment was the cause of a relapse in the disorder, which suddenly terminated his existence.

LAMENTED youth, accept the tear  
That falls unbidden on thy bier,  
And dews the lonely urn ;  
Ah ! but for war's destructive power,  
You still had cheer'd the social hour  
Of those who now must mourn.

Yet not where battle's vengeful storms  
The face of genial day deforms,  
Death's sable curtain drew ;  
But had that been thy honour'd part,  
Thy dauntless breast had met the dart,  
First of the daring few.

Yes, Glory's call had urged thee on  
Where'er a deathless name was won,  
Thy gleaming sword to bare ;  
And where Fame opes her temple wide,  
Had cheerful pour'd the crimson tide,  
'To grave thy memory there.

But cold Disease assail'd thy breast,  
Her icy hand thy temples press'd,  
And chain'd the towering mind ;

And there, amid the din of war,  
From home and soothing friendship far,  
Thy martial soul resign'd.

Ah! who shall paint the mother's grief  
Or bring to those fond souls relief,  
Who kindred fetters wear!  
None, none—they loved the youth too well;  
Their bleeding hearts alone can tell  
How deep their sorrows are.



## 150

## POEM,

Written in Boston, at the commencement of the late  
Revolution.

FROM realms of bondage and a tyrant's reign,  
Our godlike fathers bore no slavish chain;  
To Pharaoh's face the inspired patriarchs stood,  
To seal their virtue with a martyr's blood:  
But lives so precious, such a sacred seed,  
The source of empires, Heaven's high will decreed:  
He snatch'd the saints from Pharaoh's impious hand,  
And bade his chosen seek this distant land:  
Then to these climes the illustrious exiles sped,  
'Twas freedom prompted, and the Godhead led.  
Eternal woods the virgin soil defaced,  
A dreary desert and a howling waste;  
The haunt of tribes no pity taught to spare,  
And they opposed them with remorseless war;  
But Heaven's right arm led forth the faithful train,  
The guardian Godhead swept the insidious plain,

Till the scour'd thicket amicable stood,  
 Nor dastard ambush trench'd the dusky wood;  
 Our sires then earn'd, no more, precarious bread,  
 Nor midst alarms their frugal meals were spread;  
 Fair boding hopes inured their hands to toil,  
 And patriot virtue nursed the thriving soil.  
 Nor scarce two ages have their periods run,  
 Since o'er their culture smiled the genial sun;  
 And now what states extend their fair domains  
 O'er fleecy mountains and luxuriant plains!  
 Where happy millions their own fields possess,  
 No tyrant awes them, and no lords oppress:  
 The hand of rule divine discretion guides,  
 And white-robed virtue o'er her paths presides;  
 Each policed order venerates the laws,  
 And each, ingenuous, speaks in freedom's cause;  
 The Spartan spirit, nor the Roman name,  
 The patriot's pride, shall rival these in fame;  
 Here all the sweets that social life can know,  
 From the full fount of civil sapience flow;  
 Here golden Ceres clothes the autumnal plain,  
 And Art's fair empress holds her new domain;  
 Here angel Science spreads her lucid wing,  
 And hark, how sweet the new-born Muses sing!  
 Here generous Commerce spreads her liberal hand,  
 And scatters foreign blessings round the land.  
 Shall meagre Mammon, or proud lust of sway,  
 Reverse these scenes—will Heaven permit the day?  
 Shall in this era all our hopes expire,  
 And weeping Freedom from her fanes retire?  
 Here shall the tyrant still our peace pursue,  
 From the pain'd eyebrow drink the vital dew?

---

Not nature's barrier wards our fathers' foe,  
Seas roll in vain, and boundless oceans flow.—

Stay, Pharaoh,\* stay ; that impious hand forbear,  
Nor tempt the genius of our souls too far ;  
How oft, ungracious, in thy thankless stead,  
Mid scenes of death, our generous youth have bled !  
When the proud Gaul thy mightiest powers repell'd,  
And drove thy legions, trembling, from the field,  
We rent the laurel from the victor's brow,  
And round thy temples taught the wreath to grow.†  
Say, when thy slaughter'd bands the desert dyed,  
Where lone Ohio rolls her gloomy tide,  
Whose dreary banks their wasting bones enshrine,  
What arm avenged them ?—thankless ! was it thine ?‡  
But generous valour scorns a boasting word,  
And conscious virtue reaps her own reward :  
Yet conscious virtue bids thee now to speak,  
Though guilty blushes kindle o'er thy cheek :  
If wasting wars and painful toils at length  
Had drain'd our veins, and wither'd all our strength,  
How couldst thou, cruel, form the vile design,  
And round our necks the wreath of bondage twine ?  
And if some lingering spirit, roused to strife,  
Bid ruffian murder drink the dregs of life,

---

\* The King of Great Britain.

† The taking of Louisbourg in the year 1745, by General Pepperell.

‡ The same year the king's troops were surprised near the banks of the Ohio ; when our illustrious General Washington covered the retreat, and saved the destruction of the whole army. A body of the French was repulsed at an assault of the provincial lines at the westward, their general taken prisoner, and their whole army compelled to fly back to Canada.

---

Shall future ages e'er forget the deed ?  
And sha'n't, for this, impious Britain bleed ?  
When comes the period Heaven predestines must,  
When Europe's glories shall be whelm'd in dust,  
When our proud fleets the naval wreath shall wear,  
And o'er her empires hurl the bolts of war,  
Unnerved by fate, the boldest heart shall fail,  
And mid their guards, auxiliar kings grow pale ;  
In vain shall Britain lift her suppliant eye,  
An alien'd offspring feels no filial tie ;  
Her tears in vain shall bathe the soldiers' feet ;  
Remember, ingrate, Boston's crimson'd street ;\*  
Whole hecatombs of lives the deed shall pay,  
And purge the murders of that guilty day.†

But why to future periods look so far ?  
What force e'er faced us that we fear'd to dare ?  
Then canst thou think, e'en on this early day,  
Proud force shall bend us to a tyrant's sway ?  
A foreign foe opposed our sword in vain,‡  
And thine own troops we've rallied on the plain.§  
If then our lives your lawless sword invade,  
Think'st thou, enslaved, we'll kiss the pointed blade ?  
Nay, let experience speak—be this the test,  
'Tis from experience that we reason best.—  
When first the mandate show'd the shameless plan  
To rank our race beneath the class of man,

---

\* The massacre of the 5th of March, 1770.

† The poet seems to have been very prophetic in this beautiful passage.

‡ The extirpation of the neutrals from Nova Scotia.

§ The provincials covered the retreat from the French lines, at Ticonderoga, when the British general, Abercrombie, was defeated by the Marquis Montcalm, in 1758.

Low as the brute to sink the human line,  
Our toil our portion, and the harvest thine,  
Modest but firm, we plead the sacred cause,  
On nature based, and sanction'd by the laws;  
But your deaf ear the conscious plea denied,  
Some demon counsell'd—and the sword replied;  
Your navy then our haven cover'd o'er,  
And arm'd battalions trespass'd on our shore,  
Through the prime streets they march'd in war's array,  
At noon's full blaze and in the face of day:  
With dumb contempt we pass'd the servile show,  
While scorn's proud spirit scowl'd on every brow;  
Day after day successive wrongs we bore,  
Till patience, wearied, could support no more,  
Till slaughter'd lives our native streets profaned,  
And thy slave's hand our hallow'd crimson stain'd:  
No sudden rage the ruffian soldier tore,  
Or drench'd the pavements with his vital gore;  
Deliberate thought did all our souls compose,  
Till, veil'd in glooms, the lowery morning rose;  
No mob then furious urged the impassion'd fray,  
Nor clamorous tumult dinn'd the solemn day.  
In full convene the\* city senate sat,  
Our fathers' spirit ruled the firm debate;  
The freeborn soul no reptile tyrant checks,  
'Tis Heaven that dictates when the people speaks;  
Loud from their tongues the awful mandate broke,  
And thus, inspired, the sacred senate spoke:  
"Ye miscreant troops, be gone! our presence fly;  
Stay, if ye dare: but if you dare, ye die!"

---

\* The town meeting at Faneuil Hall.

"Ah! too severe," the fearful chief\* replies,  
"Permit one half—the other, instant, flies"—  
"No parle, avaut, or by our fathers' shades,  
Your reeking lives shall glut our vengeful blades.  
Ere morning's light begone,—or else we swear,  
Each slaughter'd corse shall feed the birds of air!"  
Ere morning's light had streak'd the skies with red,  
The chieftain yielded, and the soldier fled.  
'Tis thus experience speaks—the test forbear,  
Nor show these states your feeble front of war.  
But still your navies lord it o'er the main,  
Their keels are natives of our oaken plain;  
E'en the proud mast that bears your flag on high  
Grew on our soil, and ripen'd in our sky:  
"Know then thyself, presume not us to scan,"  
Your power precarious, and your isle a span.—

Yet could our wrongs in just oblivion sleep,  
And on each neck revived affection weep;  
The brave are generous, and the good forgive,  
Then say you've wrong'd us, and our parent live;†  
But face not fate, oppose not Heaven's decree,  
Let not that curse, our mother, light on thee.

---

\* The infamous Governor Hutchinson.

† Her tyrants were too self-conceited and too obstinate to take the advice of men of the best sense and understanding. The consequence has been the establishment of liberty and universal commerce in America.

**151 ON THE DEATH OF GEN. MONTGOMERY.**

Written in England, shortly after that lamented event.

Deck'd be his tomb with ever-verdant bays !  
And statues to the hero's memory raise !  
High on the splendid lists of deathless fame  
Erect the patriotic soldier's name !  
No Greek, no Roman name shall brighter there  
Effulge ; not Wolfe's, to grateful England dear :  
One place to both was fatal ; and it gave  
Alike to each, his glory and his grave.  
Late time shall doubt which more deserved applause,  
Which fell the braver, in the nobler cause.  
The generous poet's tears take, mighty shade !  
Who weeps for thee, who weeps for virtue dead.  
"Tears shed for me !" (methinks the hero spake,)  
"For me they're vain, but for my country's sake !"  
Pardon, great spirit ; I my error see,  
For who but wishes to have bled like thee ?

---

**152****FRAGMENT**

Of a poem on the erection of the works at Dorchester Hill,  
which obliged Lord Howe to evacuate Boston.

Now Sol resplendent from the ocean rose,  
And struck with new dismay Columbia's foes :  
For lo ! on Dorchester's fair hill, appears  
A flaming standard ! lo ! a work of years,  
Raised in a night ; which overlook'd their towers,  
Portended mischief, and defied their powers :



Its well-poised guns could all their haunts survey :  
Within, a gallant host securely lay ;  
Without, were ponderous casks, full many a row,  
To roll, like thunder, on the advancing foe :—  
For love of liberty new arts inspired,  
And rare invention, as the day required.  
All this Columbia's wakeful genius wrought,  
While Howe and Loring slept without a thought.

But when the morn had oped the Briton's eyes,  
And through his glass, beneath the southern skies,  
He saw the works—"Heavens! what is this?" he  
cried ;

"Outdone, out-general'd on every side!  
By hated Yankees too!—Bostonia lost!  
And I, with all my bands, to quit the coast,  
Or fall a prey!—Perdition to the glass,  
Which brings the object full before my face!"

With fury to the ground the tube he slung;  
The air resounded, and the pavement rung.

---

### 153 ODE TO THE MEMORY OF DR. JOSEPH WARREN,

The celebrated orator, who was slain upon the heights of Charlestown, fighting for the liberties of America, on the 17th day of June, 1775.

O GREAT reverse of Tully's coward heart,  
Immortal Warren! you suffice to teach,  
The orator may fill the warrior's part,  
And active souls be join'd with fluent speech.

Shall not the speaker, who alone could give  
Immortal reviviscence to the dead,  
Changed to a hero now, forever live,  
In fame's eternal roll, with those he led ?

Let North and Sandwich take the meaner shame  
Of blustering words unknown to hardy deeds !  
And callous G—— superior merit claim,  
In grinning laughter, while his country bleeds.

Boston's first sons in prostrate numbers lay,  
And freedom totter'd on destruction's brink ;  
Warren stept forth, to solemnize the day,  
And dared to speak what some scarce dared to think.

Yet glorious honour ! more than one man's share,  
He in his latest, as his earliest breath,  
In camp or forum equally could dare,  
And seal his bold philippic with his death.



## 154

## AMERICA.

BY S. F. SMITH.

My country ! 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of Liberty !  
Of thee I sing :  
Land where my fathers died ;  
Land of the pilgrim's pride ;  
From every mountain side  
Let freedom ring.  
My native country ! thee—  
Land of the noble free !  
Thy name I love :

I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills;  
My heart with rapture thrills,  
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song;  
Let mortal tongues awake;  
Let all that breathe partake;  
Let rocks their silence break;  
The sound prolong.

Our father's God! to thee—  
Author of Liberty!  
To thee we sing;  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by thy might,  
Great God, our King!

---

## 155 THE BATTLE OF BRIDGEWATER.

*"Neutra acies laeta ex certamine abiit."*—LIVY.

O'er Huron's wave the sun was low,  
The weary soldier watch'd the bow  
Fast fading from the cloud below  
The dashing of Niagara.

And while the phantom chain'd his sight,  
Ah! little thought he of the fight—  
The horrors of the dreamless night,  
That posted on so rapidly.

Soon, soon is fled each softer charm;  
The drum and trumpet sound alarm  
And bid each warrior nerve his arm  
For boldest deeds of chivalry.

The burning red-cross, waving high,  
Like meteor in the evening sky,  
Proclaims the haughty foemen nigh  
To try the strife of rivalry.

Columbia's banner floats as proud,  
Her gallant band around it crowd,  
And swear to guard or make their shroud  
The starred flag of liberty.

"Haste, haste thee, Scott, to meet the foe,  
And let the scornful Briton know,  
Well strung the arm and firm the blow  
Of him who strikes for liberty."

Loud, loud the din of battle rings  
Shrill through the ranks the bullet sings,  
And onward fierce each foeman springs  
To meet his peer in gallantry.

Behind the hills descends the sun,  
The work of death is but begun,  
And red through twilight's shadows dun  
Blazes the vollied musketry.

"Charge, Miller, charge the foe once more,"  
And louder than Niagara's roar  
Along the line is heard, encore,  
"On, on to death or victory."

From line to line, with lurid glow,  
High arching shoots the rocket's bow,  
And lights the mingled scene below  
Of carnage, death, and misery.

The middle watch has now begun,  
The horrid battle-fray is done,  
Nor longer beats the furious drum,  
To death, to death or victory.

All, all is still—with silent tread  
The watchman steals among the dead,  
To guard his comrade's lowly bed,  
Till morning give him sepulture.

Low in the west, of splendor shorn,  
The midnight moon with bloody horn  
Sheds her last beam on him, forlorn,  
Who fell in fight so gloriously.

O! long her crescent wax and wane  
Ere she behold such fray again,  
Such dismal night, such heaps of slain,  
Foe mix'd with foe promiscuously.

## 156

## THE BATTLE-FIELD.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

ONCE this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,  
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,  
And fiery hearts and armed hands  
Encounter'd in the battle cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget  
How gush'd the life-blood of her brave—  
Gush'd, warm with hope and courage yet,  
Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now, all is calm, and fresh, and still,  
Alone the chirp of fitting bird,  
And talk of children on the hill,  
And bell of wandering kine are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by  
The black-mouth'd gun and staggering wain,  
Men start not at the battle-cry,  
O be it never heard again.

Soon rested those who fought; but thou  
Who minglest in the harder strife  
For truths which men receive not now,  
Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long  
Through weary day and weary year.  
A wild and many-weapon'd throng  
Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

Yet, nerve thy spirit to the proof,  
And blench not at thy chosen lot.  
The timid good may stand aloof,  
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,  
The hissing, stinging bolt of scorn;  
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,  
The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crush'd to earth, shall rise again ;  
The eternal years of God are hers ;  
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,  
And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,  
When they who help'd thee flee in fear,  
Die full of hope and manly trust,  
Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,  
Another hand the standard wave,  
Till from the trumpet's mouth is peal'd  
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.



## 157      FALL OF TECUMSEH.

WHAT heavy-hoof'd coursers the wilderness roam,  
To the war-blast indignantly tramping ?  
Their mouths are all white, as if frosted with foam,  
The steel bit impatiently champing.

'Tis the hand of the mighty that grasps the rein,  
Conducting the free and the fearless.  
Ah! see them rush forward, with wild disdain,  
Through paths unfrequented and cheerless.

From the mountains had echoed the charge of death  
Announcing that chivalrous sally ;  
The savage was heard, with untrembling breath,  
To pour his response from the valley.

One moment, and naught but the bugle was heard,  
And naught but the war-whoop given;  
The next—and the sky seemed convulsively stirr'd,  
As if by the lightning riven.

The din of the steed, and the sabred stroke,  
The blood-stifled gasp of the dying,  
Were screen'd by the curling sulphur-smoke,  
That upward went wildly flying.

In the mist that hung over the field of blood,  
The chief of the horsemen contended;  
His rowels were bathed in the purple flood  
That fast from his charger descended.

That steed reel'd, and fell, in the van of the fight,  
But the rider repress'd not his daring,  
Till met by a savage, whose rank and might  
Were shown by the plume he was wearing.

The moment was fearful; a mightier foe  
Had ne'er swung the battle-axe o'er him;  
But hope nerved his arm for a desperate blow,  
And Tecumseh fell prostrate before him.

O ne'er may the nations again be cursed  
With conflict so dark and appalling!—  
Foe grappled with foe, till the life-blood burst  
From their agonized bosoms in falling.

Gloom, silence, and solitude rest on the spot  
Where the hopes of the red man perish'd;  
But the fame of the hero who fell shall not,  
By the virtuous, cease to be cherish'd.



---

He fought, in defence of his kindred and king,  
With a spirit most loving and loyal,  
And long shall the Indian warrior sing  
The deeds of Tecumseh, the royal.

The lightning of intellect flash'd from his eye,  
In his arm slept the force of the thunder,  
But the bolt pass'd the suppliant harmlessly by,  
And left the freed captive to wonder.\*

Above, near the path of the pilgrim, he sleeps,  
With a rudely-built tumulus o'er him ;  
And the bright-bosom'd Thames, in its majesty,  
sweeps  
By the mound where his followers bore him.

## 158

## SEVENTY-SIX.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

WHAT heroes from the woodland sprung,  
When, through the fresh awaken'd land  
The thrilling cry of freedom rung,  
And to the work of warfare strung  
The yeoman's iron hand !  
Hills flung the cry to hills around,  
And ocean-mart replied to mart,  
And streams, whose springs were yet unfound,  
Peal'd far away the startling sound  
Into the forest's heart.

---

\* This highly intellectual savage, appropriately styled "king of the woods," was no less distinguished for his acts of humanity than heroism. He fell in the bloody charge at Moravian town during the war of 1812-15.

Then march'd the brave from rocky steep,  
From mountain river swift and cold ;  
The borders of the stormy deep,  
The vales where gather'd waters sleep,  
Sent up the strong and bold.

As if the very earth again  
Grew quick with God's creating breath,  
And, from the sods of grove and glen,  
Rose ranks of lion-hearted men  
To battle to the death.

The wife, whose babe first smiled that day,  
The fair fond bride of yestereve,  
And aged sire and matron gray,  
Saw the loved warriors haste away,  
And deem'd it sin to grieve.

Already had the strife begun ;  
Already blood on Concord's plain  
Along the springing grass had run,  
And blood had flow'd at Lexington,  
Like brooks of April rain.

That death-stain on the vernal sward  
Hallow'd to freedom all the shore ;  
In fragments fell the yoke abhorr'd—  
The footstep of a foreign lord  
Profaned the soil no more.

## 159 THE GATHERING OF '76.

BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

DEEP silence hung upon the air, •  
And chain'd the billowy swell  
Of ocean; not a breath was there  
To break its hushing spell;  
When mid the forest pines that waved  
On mountain heights afar,  
The voice of Freedom wildly raved,  
Waking the land to war.

And none that summons disobey'd,  
That heard its thrilling tone;  
All, all rush'd forth in strength array'd,  
Where'er the sound had flown;  
And Freedom's banner floated high,  
While aspirations rose;  
And noble hearts resolved to die,  
Or win the land's repose.

They came; but not the pageantries  
Of gleaming helm and spear,  
Nor trappings glancing through the skies,  
That courtly war-steeds wear;  
No high baronial halls of pride  
Their knightly trains sent forth,  
Nor feudal trumpets, pealing wide,  
Waked chivalry to birth.

But Freedom's spirit sped the call  
And breathed the wakening strain,

And swept the bosom chords of all,  
Nor touch'd a string in vain;  
And fanning with her snowy wing  
Each fire that dormant lay,  
Roused from its silent slumbering  
One bright, resistless ray.

It gleam'd upon the glowing hills,  
And forests waving wide;  
It burn'd upon the glancing rills,  
And flush'd old ocean's tide;  
Till, like a comet's wakening,  
Each orb had caught the glow,  
And gladness shook her silver string,  
And waked proud hearts below.

They came; the resolute, the brave,  
A noble band and strong,  
Impetuous as the wintry wave,  
By torrents roll'd along:  
A thrill of joy each bosom burn'd,  
And brightly lit each eye,  
And falchions flash'd, and sheaths were spurn'd,  
Their spell-word, "Liberty!"

But ere they left their hills afar,  
Or from their valleys rush'd,  
Deep vows went up—their battle star,  
With Freedom's gleamings flush'd,  
Along its airy path should blaze  
In quenchless lustre bright,  
Or darkness deeply veil its rays,  
And hide in death its light.

How it has risen gloriously,  
How they have dared and done,

Are tales that breathe around each tree,  
And glow each stream upon ;  
They whisper 'mong the lofty pines,  
On giant heights that wave,  
Where Freedom's wreath undying shines,  
The guerdon of the brave.



## 160

## RULE, COLUMBIA.

"Renowned is he, O Fillan, who fights in the strength of his host. The bard pursues his steeds through the land of the foe."  
"The sons of song love the valiant."—*OSSIAN*.

DRAW the sword ! and bare the arm !  
Let the flag of Freedom float !  
Nations hear the wild alarm—  
Millions sound the tocsin note :  
On the hills where thousands met,  
Terrible in war's array,  
Gleam again, bright bayonet !—  
Cymbals, clash—and, trumpets, bray !

Islands of the deep, rejoice !  
Tribe of Bramah, weep no more !  
Canada, lift up thy voice !  
China, guard thy secret shore !  
Egypt, shout again in pride :  
Old Caffraria, sleep alone—  
Greece, awake ! on Atho's side—  
Western India, cease thy groan !

Lo, a nation of a day  
Arms herself to meet thy foe ;

Millions, on their winding way,  
Like their mountain torrents flow !  
Hark ! the drums of Bennington  
Rattle to the southern fife !  
Mothers urge the legions on—  
Sisters cheer the stream of life.  
Onward, onward rolls the tide !  
Hills and valleys, woods and plains,  
Pour their tribute far and wide,  
Echoing to the martial strains :  
Flags that long in dust have hung,  
Crimson'd with the blood of old,  
Proudly to the breeze are flung,  
Glittering with their stars of gold !  
Come, thou mistress of the sea,  
Rush upon the buckler's host !  
Here are men, to battle thee,  
Noble as thy ranks can boast :  
Banners, borne on Bunker Hill—  
Cannons, from thy soldiers torn—  
Swords, that cross'd the Highland hill,  
In the Revolution's morn !  
With her ensign floating free,—  
Spite of battle, storm, and tides,—  
On the margin of the sea,  
Sits the dark old Ironsides !  
Sentinels their vigils keep  
Where thy naval heroes bled ;  
Cannons in their port-holes sleep  
O'er thy unforgotten dead.  
Mighty ones who trod the deck,  
' When thy banner sank in shame,

O'er a sad and bloody wreck,  
Live to battle in her name!  
High their glorious pendants wave,  
Beautiful amid a host!  
Come! and find an early grave—  
Come! they'll teach thee how to boast.

God of battle! bare thy hand!  
Let thy red-wing'd cohorts fly!  
Liberty maintains her stand,  
In the apple of thine eye!  
In her train thy servants kneel—  
Underneath thy cross they form,  
Guide them, in the battle's wheel—  
Save them, in the dreadful storm!

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## 161 SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Our band is few, but true and tried,  
Our leader frank and bold;  
The British soldier trembles  
When Marion's name is told.  
Our fortress is the good green wood,  
Our tent the cypress tree;  
We know the forest round us,  
As seamen know the sea.  
We know its walls of thorny vines,  
Its glades of reedy grass,  
Its safe and silent islands  
Within the dark morass.

Wo to the English soldiery  
That little dread us near !  
On them shall light at midnight  
A strange and sudden fear :  
When waking to their tents on fire  
They grasp their arms in vain,  
And they who stand to face us  
Are beat to earth again ;  
And they who fly in terror deem  
A mighty host behind,  
And hear the tramp of thousands  
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release  
From danger and from toil :  
We talk the battle over,  
And share the battle's spoil.  
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,  
As if a hunt were up,  
And woodland flowers are gather'd  
To crown the soldier's cup.  
With merry songs we mock the wind  
That in the pine-top grieves,  
And slumber long and sweetly,  
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon  
The band that Marion leads—  
The glitter of their rifles,  
The scampering of their steeds.  
'Tis life to guide the fiery barb  
Across the moonlight plain ;  
'Tis life to feel the night-wind  
That lifts his tossing mane.



A moment in the British camp—  
A moment—and away  
Back to the pathless forest,  
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,  
Grave men with hoary hairs,  
Their hearts are all with Marion,  
For Marion are their prayers.  
And lovely ladies greet our band,  
With kindest welcoming,  
With smiles like those of summer,  
And tears like those of spring.  
For them we wear these trusty arms,  
And lay them down no more  
Till we have driven the Briton,  
For ever, from our shore.

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## 162

## ODE TO COLUMBIA.

BY EDWARD CHAPMAN.

Written during or at the close of the last war.  
COLUMBIA's shores are wild and wide,  
Columbia's hills are high,  
And rudely planted side by side,  
Her forests meet the eye;  
Yet narrow must those shores be made,  
And low Columbia's hills,  
And low her ancient forests laid,  
Ere Freedom leaves her fields:  
For 'tis the spot where, rude and wild,  
She play'd her gambols when a child,

The breeze that waves the mountain pine  
Is fragrant and serene,  
And never clearer sun did shine  
Than lights her valleys green ;  
Yet putrid must those breezes blow,  
That sun must set in gore,  
Ere footsteps of a foreign foe  
Imprint Columbia's shore :  
For, O ! Columbia's sons are free ;  
Their hearts beat high with Liberty.

Though deep and wide her streams that flow  
Impetuous to the tide,  
And thick and green her laurels grow  
On every river's side ;  
Yet should some transatlantic host  
Pollute her waters fair,  
They'll meet them on the rocky coast,  
And gather laurels there :  
For, O ! Columbia's sons are brave,  
And free as ocean's wildest wave.

For arming boldest cuirassier,  
They've mines of sterling worth,  
For sword and buckler, shield and spear,  
Embowell'd in the earth ;  
And ere Columbia's sons resign  
That boon their fathers won,  
The polish'd ore from every mine  
Shall glitter in the sun :  
For bright's the blade and sharp the spear  
Which Freedom's sons to battle bear.

---

Let Britain boast the deeds she's done,  
Display her trophies bright,  
And count her laurels bravely won,  
In well contested fight.  
Columbia can array a band  
To wrest that laurel wreath,  
With keener eye and steadier hand  
To strike the blow of death :  
For, whether on the land or sea,  
Columbia's fight is victory.

Let France in blood through Europe wade,  
And in her frantic mood  
In civil discord draw the blade,  
To drink her children's blood :  
Too dear the skill in arms is bought,  
Where kindred life-blood flows,—  
Columbia's sons are only taught  
To triumph o'er their foes,  
And then to comfort, soothe, and save  
The feelings of a conquer'd brave !

Then let Columbia's eagle soar,  
And bear her banner high,  
The thunder from her dexter pour,  
And lightning from her eye :  
And when she sees from realms above,  
The storms of war have spent,  
Descending like a meek-eyed dove,  
The olive branch present :  
Then shall beauty's hand divine  
The never-withering wreath entwine.

**163 THE FIELD OF ORLEANS.**

BY JOSEPH HUTTON.

FAREWELL, awhile, domestic charms,  
My home and country urge to arms,  
Mid danger's ranks, and war's alarms,  
Which stern invaders spread ;  
And if, perchance, a fatal bourne  
Forbid the soldier's safe return,  
A nation's gratitude shall mourn  
And honour crown the dead !  
Farewell the gathering of the year ;  
Release the share and grasp the spear ;  
Droop their full ears the swelling grain,  
The verdant grass, the luscious cane ;  
The harvest of another soil  
Demands each nerve in manly toil ;  
Where blood alone may compost yield,  
And brand and bayonet reap the field.  
Delight not me the meed of fame,  
The fleeting breath of proud acclaim,  
Or warrior's wreath, or valiant name,—  
For other joys are mine ;  
I court not battle's awful brunt,  
Nor honours, in the daring front ;  
But, my dear country, call'st thou aid,  
Behold, I grasp the freeman's blade,  
And be my service thine !  
\* \* \* \* \*  
And nearer now the foemen drew,  
They press thy borders, Bienvenu,  
Stern as the angry winds that blew

Across thy startled bed !  
And dark and dismal was the night,  
When first they struck the deepening fight ;  
Save when anon, a mournful star  
Stream'd feebly from its sphere afar :  
The troops a cloud—their weapons steel'd,  
The brightest starlight of the field,  
A fearful vision spread !  
Silent they moved along the lake,  
No war-sound bids the slumbering wake,  
Nor dashing oars the waters break,  
To rouse the unconscious state ;  
But from her hills of living green,  
Columbia's guardian maid had seen,  
She roused at once to intervene,  
And save her sons from fate !  
Who, rising o'er the watery bed,  
To taint the soil with hostile tread,  
The margin bold now climbs ?  
A warrior stern, who sterner band,  
To conquest oft, in Spanish land,  
Had led in former times !  
Long shall Iberia feel the aid  
She gather'd from his biting blade,  
When, urged by bold Napoleon,  
Invading France came madly on.  
And mingling now the conflict, rang  
Helmet and spear, the battle clang.  
But wherefore, warrior, art thou here,  
Feels thy bold heart no touch of fear,  
When freemen seize the guardian spear,  
Their country to defend ?  
Naught may thy former deeds avail,

No more thy hope shall conquest hail,  
The laurels of thy brow grow pale,  
Prophetic of thy end !

\* \* \* \* \*

That time, full many a widow'd dame  
And orphan shall with anguish name,  
And grief the burning tear-drop claim,  
Of every hope deprived !

Whose breast stern war's resistless aim  
With misery hath rived !

And mark the Caledonian maid,  
Of glowing cheek, of auburn braid,  
Blue Cheviot's sloping height above,  
She rolls her soft blue eyes of love  
Along the western sky-bound wave,  
Anxious to view the bark so brave,

That bears her soldier home ;  
But, ah ! the unrelenting glave  
Has sent him to an early grave,  
No tender friend to soothe or save

From carnage and the tomb !  
On Mississippi's side he fell,  
Whose rapids roar'd his dying knell !  
Glassy and dim that manly eye  
Which lighted love and ecstasy :  
Once flamed with hope of proud renown,  
And look'd the fear of danger down !  
The last thought of his throbbing breast,  
Turn'd to the maid he erst had press'd,  
When with fond hope supremely bless'd,

No fields of conflict known :  
But, Hope, thou art a baseless dream,  
That wakest to life thy mimic theme ;

For mark the change!—the big tears trace  
Their passage down his pallid face,

He heaves the parting groan!

Stern War! What fateful deeds are thine,  
With dripping blood thy garments shine,  
And Ruin, Rage, with thee combine,

Whose eyes wild terrors flash!

The Horrors form thy dreadful train,

And Cruelty conducts thy wain,

Of bleeding sinews is the rein,

Of clotted braids each courser's mane,

Of scorpion fangs the lash!

The wheels thy thirsty fury draws

O'er all divine and human laws;

Dashing through each devoted realm

'Those waves which roll but to o'erwhelm;

And like the flood which whilom rose,

Sweep from the world whate'er oppose!

Such is thy worth, disastrous War,

And such thy ruins, hurl'd afar,

That, when the glorious day may be,

For Fate to strike his spear through thee,

Thy eulogy's thy victim's groans,

Thy monument their bleaching bones!



## 164

## TO THE EAGLE.

BY JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

BIRD of the broad and sweeping wing!

Thy home is high in heaven,

Where wide the storms their banners fling,

And the tempest clouds are driven.

Thy throne is on the mountain top ;  
Thy fields—the boundless air ;  
And hoary peaks, that proudly prop  
The skies—thy dwellings are.

Thou sittest like a thing of light,  
Amid the noontide blaze :  
The midway sun is clear and bright—  
It cannot dim thy gaze.  
Thy pinions, to the rushing blast  
O'er the bursting billow spread,  
Where the vessel plunges, hurry past,  
Like an angel of the dead.

Thou art perch'd aloft on the beetling crag,  
And the waves are white below,  
And on, with a haste that cannot lag,  
They rush in an endless flow.  
Again thou hast plumed thy wing for flight  
To lands beyond the sea,  
And away, like a spirit wreath'd in light,  
Thou hurriest wild and free.

Thou hurriest o'er the myriad waves,  
And thou leavest them all behind ;  
Thou sweetest that place of unknown graves,  
Fleet as the tempest wind.  
When the night storm gathers dim and dark,  
With a shrill and boding scream,  
Thou rushest by the foundering bark,  
Quick as a passing dream.

Lord of the boundless realm of air !  
In thy imperial name,



The hearts of the bold and ardent dare  
The dangerous path of fame.  
Beneath the shade of thy golden wings,  
The Roman legions bore,  
From the river of Egypt's cloudy springs,  
Their pride, to the polar shore.

For thee they fought, for thee they fell,  
And their oath was on thee laid :  
To thee the clarions raised their swell,  
And the dying warrior pray'd.  
Thou wert, through an age of death and fears,  
The image of pride and power,  
Till the gather'd rage of a thousand years  
Burst forth in one awful hour.

And then, a deluge of wrath it came,  
And the nations shook with dread ;  
And it swept the earth till its fields were flame,  
And piled with the mingled dead.  
Kings were roll'd in the wasteful flood  
With the low and crouching slave ;  
And together lay, in a shroud of blood,  
The coward and the brave.

And where was then thy fearless flight ?  
" O'er the dark mysterious sea,  
To the lands that caught the setting light,  
The cradle of Liberty.  
There, on the silent and lonely shore,  
For ages I watch'd alone,  
And the world, in its darkness, ask'd no more  
Where the glorious bird had flown.

“ But then came a bold and hardy few,  
And they breasted the unknown wave;  
I caught afar the wandering crew;  
And I knew they were high and brave.  
I wheel’d around the welcome bark,  
As it sought the desolate shore;  
And up to heaven, like a joyous lark,  
My quivering pinions bore.

“ And now that bold and hardy few  
Are a nation wide and strong,  
And danger and doubt I have led them through,  
And they worship me in song;  
And over their bright and glancing arms  
On field and lake and sea,  
With an eye that fires and a spell that charms,  
I guide them to victory.”

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## 165

## THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

BY C. W. THOMPSON.

BIRD of the heavens! whose matchless eye  
Alone can front the blaze of day,  
And, wandering through the radiant sky,  
Ne’er from the sunlight turns away;  
Whose ample wing was made to rise  
Majestic o’er the loftiest peak,  
On whose chill tops the winter skies,  
Around thy nest, in tempests speak.  
What ranger of the winds can dare,  
Proud mountain king! with thee compare;

Or lift his gaudier plumes on high  
Before thy native majesty,  
When thou hast ta'en thy seat alone,  
Upon thy cloud-encircled throne ?

Bird of the cliffs ! thy noble form  
Might well be thought almost divine ;  
Born for the thunder and the storm,  
The mountain and the rock are thine ;  
And there, where never foot has been,  
Thy eyry is sublimely hung,  
Where lowering skies their wrath begin,  
And loudest lullabies are sung  
By the fierce spirit of the blast,  
When, his snow mantle o'er him cast,  
He sweeps across the mountain top,  
With a dark fury naught can stop,  
And wings his wild, unearthly way  
Far through the clouded realms of day.

Bird of the sun ! to thee—to thee  
The earliest tints of dawn are known,  
And 'tis thy proud delight to see  
The monarch mount his gorgeous throne ;  
Throwing the crimson drapery by,  
That half impedes his glorious way ;  
And mounting up the radiant sky,  
E'en what he is,—the king of day !  
Before the regent of the skies  
Men shrink, and veil their dazzled eyes ;  
But thou, in regal majesty,  
Hast kingly rank as well as he ;  
And with a steady, dauntless gaze,  
Thou meet'st the splendour of his blaze.

Bird of Columbia ! well art thou  
An emblem of our native land ;  
With unblench'd front and noble brow,  
Among the nations doom'd to stand ;  
Proud, like her mighty mountain woods ;  
Like her own rivers, wandering free ;  
And sending forth, from hills and floods,  
The joyous shout of liberty !  
Like thee, majestic bird ! like thee,  
She stands in unbought majesty,  
With spreading wing, untired and strong,  
That dares a soaring far and long,  
That mounts aloft, nor looks below,  
And will not quail though tempests blow.

The admiration of the earth,  
In grand simplicity she stands ;  
Like thee, the storms beheld her birth,  
And she was nursed by rugged hands ;  
But, past the fierce and furious war,  
Her rising fame new glory brings,  
For kings and nobles come from far  
To seek the shelter of her wings.  
And like thee, rider of the cloud,  
She mounts the heavens serene and proud,  
Great in a pure and noble fame,  
Great in her spotless champion's name,  
And destined in her day to be  
Mighty as Rome—more nobly free.

My native land ! my native land !  
To whom my thoughts will fondly turn :  
For her the warmest hopes expand,  
For her the heart with fears will yearn.

O! may she keep her eye, like thee,  
Proud eagle of the rocky wild,  
Fix'd on the sun of liberty,  
By rank, by faction unbeguiled ;  
Remembering still the rugged road  
Our venerable fathers trod,  
When they through toil and danger press'd,  
To gain their glorious bequest,  
And from each lip the caution fell  
To those who follow'd, " Guard it well."

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## 166 TO THE AMERICAN FLAG.

BY JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

WHEN Freedom from her mountain height  
Unfurl'd her standard to the air,  
She tore the azure robe of night,  
And set the stars of glory there!  
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes  
The milky baldrick of the skies,  
And striped its pure celestial white  
With streakings from the morning light!  
Then, from her mansion in the sun,  
She call'd her eagle bearer down,  
And gave into his mighty hand  
The symbol of her chosen land!  
Majestic monarch of the cloud!  
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,  
To hear the tempest trumping loud,  
And see the lightning lances driven,

When strides the warrior of the storm,  
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven !  
Child of the sun ! to thee 'tis given  
To guard the banner of the free—  
To hover in the sulphur smoke,  
To ward away the battle stroke,  
And bid its blendings shine afar,  
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,  
The harbinger of victory !

Flag of the brave ! thy folds shall fly,  
The sign of hope and triumph high !  
When speaks the signal trumpet's tone,  
And the long line comes gleaming on ;  
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,  
Has dimm'd the glistening bayonet—  
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn,  
To where thy meteor glories burn,  
And as his springing steps advance,  
Catch war and vengeance from the glance !  
And when the cannon's mouthings loud  
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,  
And gory sabres rise and fall,  
Like shoots of flame on midnight pall !  
There shall thy victor glances glow,  
And cowering foes shall fall beneath  
Each gallant arm that strikes below  
That lovely messenger of death !

Flag of the seas ! on ocean's wave,  
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave.  
When death, careering on the gale,  
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,

And frightened waves rush wildly back  
Before the broadside's reeling rack ;  
The dying wanderer of the sea  
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,  
And smile to see thy splendours fly  
In triumph o'er the closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's only home,  
By angel hands to valour given !  
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,  
And all thy hues were born in heaven !  
Forever float that standard sheet !  
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,  
With freedom's soil beneath our feet,  
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us !

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### 167 THE AMERICAN PATRIOT'S SONG.

HARK ! hear ye the sounds that the winds on their  
pinions

Exultingly roll from the shore to the sea,  
With a voice that resounds through her boundless  
dominions ?

'Tis Columbia calls on her sons to be free !

Behold on yon summits where Heaven has throned her,  
How she starts from her proud, inaccessible seat ;  
With nature's impregnable ramparts around her,  
And the cataract's thunder and foam at her feet !

In the breeze of her mountains her loose locks are  
shaken,

While the soul-stirring notes of her warrior song

From the rock to the valley re-echo, "Awaken,  
Awaken, ye hearts that have slumber'd too long!"

Yes, despots! too long did your tyranny hold us,  
In a vassalage vile, ere its weakness was known;  
Till we learn'd that the links of the chain that con-  
troll'd us

Were forged by the fears of its captives alone.

That spell is destroy'd, and no longer availing,  
Despised as detested—pause well ere ye dare  
To cope with a people whose spirits and feeling  
Are roused by remembrance and steel'd by despair.

Go, tame the wild torrent, or stem with a straw  
The proud surges that sweep o'er the strand that  
confines them,

But presume not again to give freemen a law,  
Nor think with the chains they have broken to bind  
them.

To hearts that the spirit of liberty flushes,  
Resistance is idle,—and numbers a dream;—  
They burst from control, as the mountain stream rushes  
From its fetters of ice, in the warmth of the beam.



## 168

## THE SWAMP FOX.

BY WILLIAM G. SIMMS.

We follow where the Swamp Fox guides,  
His friends and merry men are we;  
And when the troop of Tarleton rides,  
We burrow in the cypress tree.



The turfy tussock is our bed,  
Our home is in the red-deer's den,  
Our roof, the tree top overhead,  
For we are wild and hunted men.  
We fly by day, and shun its light;  
But, prompt to strike the sudden blow,  
We mount, and start with early night,  
And through the forest track our foe.  
And soon he hears our chargers leap,  
The flashing sabre blinds his eyes,  
And ere he drives away his sleep,  
And rushes from his camp, he dies.  
Free bridle-bit, good gallant steed,  
That will not ask a kind caress,  
To swim the Santee at our need,  
When on his heels the foemen press—  
The true heart and the ready hand,  
The spirit stubborn to be free—  
The twisted bore, the smiting brand—  
And we are Marion's men you see.  
Now light the fire, and cook the meal,  
The last, perhaps, that we shall taste;  
I hear the swamp fox round us steal,  
And that's a sign we move in haste.  
He whistles to the scouts, and, hark!  
You hear his order calm and low—  
Come, wave your torch across the dark,  
And let us see the boys that go.  
We may not see their forms again,  
God help 'em should they find the strife,  
For they are strong and fearless men,  
And make no coward terms for life :

They'll fight as long as Marion bids,  
And when he speaks the word to shy,  
Then—not till then—they turn their steeds,  
Through thickening shade and swamp to fly.

Now stir the fire, and lie at ease,  
The scouts are gone, and on the brush  
I see the colonel bend his knees,  
To take his slumbers too—but, hush!  
He's praying, comrades: 'tis not strange;  
The man that's fighting day by day,  
May well, when night comes, take a change,  
And down upon his knees to pray.

Break up that hoecake, boys, and hand  
The sly and silent jug that's there;  
I love not it should idle stand  
When Marion's men have need of cheer.  
'Tis seldom that our luck affords  
A stuff like this we just have quaff'd,  
And dry potatoes on our boards  
May always call for such a draught.

Now pile the brush and roll the log:  
Hard pillow, but a soldier's head,  
That's half the time in brake and bog,  
Must never think of softer bed.  
The owl is hooting to the night,  
The cooter crawling o'er the bank,  
And in that pond the plashing light  
Tells where the alligator sank.

What—'tis the signal! start so soon,  
And through the Santee swamp so deep,  
Without the aid of friendly moon,  
And we, heaven help us, half asleep!

But courage, comrades, Marion leads,  
The swamp fox takes us out to-night ;  
So clear your swords, and coax your steeds,  
There's goodly chance, I think, of fight.  
We follow where the swamp fox guides,  
We leave the swamp and cypress tree,  
Our spurs are in our coursers' sides,  
And ready for the strife are we.  
The tory camp is now in sight,  
And there he cowers within his den ;  
He hears our shout, he dreads the fight,  
He fears, and flies from Marion's men.

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## 169 THE KENTUCKY VOLUNTEERS.

BY A LADY.

PROTECT them, Heaven!—My faltering tongue  
Could scarce to Heaven the prayer address,  
For ah! the heart from which it sprung,  
Felt the keen pressure of distress :  
It bled for friends to distance borne—  
“Departed—never to return.”  
O Freedom! must thy sacred tree  
Be nourish'd still with tears and blood?  
Must our expiring kindred be  
Around thy reeking altars strew'd?  
O, whence proceed these dire alarms—  
O, why this sad appeal to arms?  
Hark! through the forest's deep recess  
Resounds the yell of savage war;  
Onward the frantic legions press,  
And bring destruction from afar.

See yonder cot in flames ascends,  
And yonder lie your butcher'd friends.  
And who supplies the murderous steel?  
And who prepares the base reward,  
That wakes to deeds of desperate zeal  
The fury of each slumbering horde?  
From Britain comes each fatal blow;  
From Britain, still our deadliest foe.  
What! do not ocean's wide domains  
Afford her sons sufficient prey?  
But must they seek these distant plains,  
And bribe the savage to betray?  
Yes, Freedom, here thy banners wave,  
And here would Britain mark thy grave.  
Then go, ye gallant warriors, go,  
Arrest destruction's swift career;  
In mighty vengeance crush the foe,  
And bid your hidden strength appear.  
The sword which lingering justice draws  
Will surely guard a righteous cause.  
Then, Freedom, if thy sacred tree  
Must be sustain'd with tears and blood,  
Perish the tyrants of the sea!  
Perish their allies of the wood!  
But Heaven direct each patriot arm,  
And shield each patriot breast from harm.  
And if the hero yields his breath,  
Great God! receive his parting sigh,  
And call him from the realms of death  
To purer mansions in the sky!  
And sweetly may his ashes rest,  
By all his country's wishes blest.

**170 THE SOLDIER'S VISIT TO HIS FAMILY.**

BY JOHN NEAL.

AND there the stranger stays : beneath that oak,  
Whose shatter'd majesty hath felt the stroke  
Of heaven's own thunder—yet it proudly heaves  
A giant sceptre wreathed with blasted leaves,  
As though it dared the elements, and stood  
The guardian of that cot, the monarch of that wood.

Beneath its venerable vault he stands :  
And one might think, who saw his outstretch'd hands,  
That something more than soldiers e'er may feel  
Had touch'd him with its holy, calm appeal :  
That yonder wave, the heaven, the earth, the air,  
Had call'd upon his spirit for her prayer.  
His eye goes dimly o'er the midnight scene :  
The oak, the cot, the wood, the faded green,  
The moon, the sky, the distant moving light—  
All ! all are gathering on his dampen'd sight,  
His warrior-helm and plume, his fresh-dyed blade  
Beneath a window, on the turf, are laid ;  
The panes are ruddy through the clambering vines  
And blushing leaves, that summer intertwines  
In warmer tints than e'er luxuriant spring  
O'er flower-embosom'd roof led wandering.  
His pulses quicken, for a rude old door  
Is open'd by the wind ; he sees the floor  
Strew'd with white sand, on which he used to trace  
His boyhood's battles, and assign a place  
To charging hosts, and give the Indian yell,  
And shout to hear his hoary grandsire tell,  
How he had fought with savages, whose breath  
He felt upon his cheek, like mildew, till his death.

Hark ! that sweet song ! how full of tenderness !  
O, who would breathe in this voluptuous press  
Of lulling thoughts ! so soothing and so low ;  
Like singing fountains in their faintest flow,  
It is as if some holy, lovely thing  
Within our very hearts were murmuring.  
The soldier listens, and his arms are press'd  
In thankfulness, and trembling on his breast :  
Now, on the very window where he stands  
Are seen a clambering infant's rosy hands :  
And now, ah heaven ! blessings on that smile !  
Stay, soldier, stay—O, linger yet awhile !  
An airy vision now appears, with eyes  
As tender as the blue of weeping skies :  
Yet sunny in their radiance, as that blue  
When sunset glitters on its falling dew :  
With form, all joy and dance, as bright and free  
As youthful nymph of mountain liberty :  
Or naked angels dreamt by poesy :  
A blooming infant to her heart is press'd ;  
And ah, a mother's song is lulling it to rest !  
A youthful mother ! God of heaven ! where  
A thing beneath the skies, so holy or so fair !  
A single bound ! our chief is standing by,  
Trembling from head to foot with ecstasy :  
" Bless thee !" at length he murmur'd ; " bless thee,  
love !  
" My wife ! my boy !" Their eyes are raised above.  
His soldier's tread of sounding strength is gone :  
A choking transport drowns his manly tone.  
He sees the closing of that mild, blue eye,  
His bosom echoes to a faint, low cry :

~~~~~  
His glorious boy springs freshly from his sleep ;  
Shakes his thin sun-curls, while his eyebeams leap,  
As half in fear, along the stranger's dress,  
Then, half advancing, yields to his caress :—  
Then, peers beneath his locks, and seeks his eye  
With the clear look of radiant infancy,  
The cherub smile of love, the azure of the sky.

The stranger now is kneeling by the side  
Of that young mother, watching for the tide  
Of her returning life :—it comes—a glow  
Goes, faintly, slowly, o'er her cheek and brow :  
A rising of the gauze that lightly shrouds  
A snowy breast, like twilight's melting clouds,  
In nature's pure, still eloquence, betrays  
The feelings of the heart that reels beneath his gaze.

She lives! she lives! see how her feelings speak,  
Through what transparency of eye and cheek !  
Her colour comes and goes, like that faint ray  
That flits o'er lilies at the close of day.  
O nature, how omnipotent! that sigh,  
That youthful mother in her ecstasy,  
Feels but the wandering of a husband's eye.  
Her lip now ripens, and her heaving breast  
Throbs wildly in its light, and now subsides to rest.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis dark abroad. The majesty of night  
Bows down superbly from her utmost height:  
Stretches her starless plumes across the world;  
And all the banners of the wind are furl'd.  
How heavily we breathe amid such gloom!  
As if we slumber'd in creation's tomb.

It is the noon of that tremendous hour  
When life is helpless and the dead have power;  
When solitudes are peopled; when the sky  
Is swept by shady wings that, sailing by,  
Proclaim their watch is set; when hidden rills  
Are chirping on their course; and all the hills  
Are bright with armour; when the starry vests  
And glittering plumes, and fiery twinkling crests  
Of moonlight sentinels are sparkling round,  
And all the air is one rich floating sound;  
When countless voices, in the day unheard,  
Are piping from their haunts; and every bird  
That loves the leafy wood, and blooming bower,  
And echoing cave, is singing to her flower;  
When every lovely, every lonely place  
Is ringing to the light and sandal'd pace  
Of twinkling feet; and all about, the flow  
Of new-born fountains murmuring as they go;  
When watery tunes are richest, and the call  
Of wandering streamlets, as they part and fal.  
In foaming melody, is all around;  
Like fairy harps beneath enchanted ground,  
Sweet drowsy distant music! like the breath  
Of airy flutes that blow before an infant's death.

It is that hour when listening ones will weep,  
And know not why; when we would gladly sleep  
Our last, last sleep; and feel no touch of fear,  
Unconscious where we are, or what is near,  
Till we are startled by a falling tear,  
That unexpected gather'd in our eye,  
While we were panting for yon blessed sky;  
That hour of gratitude, of whispering prayer,  
When we can hear a worship in the air;



When we are lifted from the earth, and feel  
Light fanning wings around us faintly wheel,  
And o'er our lids and brow a blessing steal ;  
And then, as if our sins were all forgiven,  
And all our tears were wiped, and we in heaven :  
It is that hour of quiet ecstasy,  
When every ruffling wind, that passes by  
The sleeping leaf, makes busiest minstrelsy ;  
When all at once, amid the quivering shade,  
Millions of diamond sparklers are betray'd !  
When dry leaves rustle, and the whistling song  
Of keen-tuned grass comes piercingly along ;  
When windy pipes are heard—and many a lute  
Is touch'd amid the skies, and then is mute ;  
When even the foliage on the glittering steep,  
Of feathery bloom, is whispering in its sleep ;  
When all the garlands of the precipice,  
Shedding their blossoms, in their moonlight bliss,  
And floating loosely on the eddying air,  
And breathing out their fragrant spirits there ;  
And all their braided tresses fluttering, bright,  
Are sighing faintly to the shadowy light ;  
When every cave and grot, and bower and lake,  
And drooping floweret-bell are all awake ;  
When starry eyes are burning on the cliff  
Of many a crouching tyrant too, as if  
Such melodies were grateful even to him ;  
When life is loveliest—and the blue skies swim  
In lustre, warm as sunshine, but more dim ;  
When all the holy sentinels of night  
Step forth to watch in turn, and worship by their light.  
Such is the hour ! the holy, breathless hour,  
When such sweet minstrelsy hath mightiest power ;

When sights are seen, that all the blaze of day  
Can never rival in its fierce display :  
Such is the hour, yet not a sound is heard ;  
No sights are seen, no melancholy bird  
Sings tenderly and sweet ; but all the air  
Is thick and motionless, as if it were  
A prelude to some dreadful tragedy ;  
Some midnight drama of an opening sky !

The genius of the mountain, and the wood ;  
The stormy eagle, and her rushing brood ;  
The fire-eyed tenant of the desert cave ;  
The gallant spirit of the roaring wave ;  
The star-crown'd messengers that ride the air ;  
The meteor watch-light, with its streamy hair,  
Threatening and sweeping redly from the hill ;  
The shaking cascade, and the merry rill [still.  
Are hush'd to slumber now, and heaven and earth are

And now the daylight comes : slowly it rides,  
In ridgy lustre o'er the cloudy tides,  
Like the soft foam upon the billow's breast ;  
Or feathery light upon a shadowy crest ;  
The morning breezes from their slumbers wake,  
And o'er the distant hill-tops cheerly shake  
Their dewy locks, and plume themselves, and poise  
Their rosy wings, and listen to the noise  
Of echoes wandering from the world below ;  
The distant lake, rejoicing in its flow ;  
The bugle's ready cry ; the labouring drum ;  
The neigh of steeds, and the incessant hum  
That the bright tenants of the forest send ;  
The sunrise gun ; the heave, the wave, and bend  
Of everlasting trees, whose busy leaves  
Rustle their song of praise, while ruin weaves

A robe of verdure for their yielding bark ;  
While mossy garlands, rich, and full, and dark,  
Creep slowly round them. Monarchs of the wood !  
Whose mighty spectres sway the mountain brood !  
Whose aged bosoms, in their last decay  
Shelter the wing'd idolaters of day ;  
Who, mid the desert wild, sublimely stand,  
And grapple with the storm-god hand to hand !  
Then drop like weary pyramids away ;  
Stupendous monuments of calm decay !  
As yet the warring thunders have not rent  
The swimming clouds, the brightening firmament,  
The lovely mists that float around the sky,  
Ruddy and rich with fresh and glorious dye,  
Like hovering seraph wings, or robe of poesy !

Now comes the sun forth ! not in blaze of fire ;  
With rainbow-harness'd coursers, that respire  
An atmosphere of flame. No chariot whirls  
O'er reddening clouds. No sunny flag unfurls  
O'er rushing smoke. No chargers in array  
Scatter through heaven and earth their fiery spray.  
No shouting charioteer in transport flings  
Ten thousand anthems from tumultuous strings ;  
And round and round no fresh-plumed echoes dance ;  
No airy minstrels in the flush light glance ;  
No rushing melody comes strong and deep ;  
And far away no fading winglets sweep ;  
No boundless hymning o'er the blue sky rings  
In hallelujahs to the King of kings ;  
No youthful hours are seen. No riband lash  
Flings its gay stripings like a rainbow flash,  
While starry crowns and constellations fade  
Before the glories of that cavalcade,

Whose trappings are the jewelry of heaven,  
Embroider'd thickly on the clouds of even.

No! no!—he comes not thus in pomp, and light!  
A new creation bursting out of night!  
But he comes darkly forth! in storm array'd—  
Like the red tempest marshall'd in her shade,  
When mountains rock; and thunders travelling round,  
Hold counsel in the sky, and midnight trumps resound.

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## 171

## SONG.

BY ROBERT WALN.

THE bright tear of beauty, in sadness, is stealing,—  
The gems of the east are less sparkling than these;  
Her cheek is all flush'd with the anguish of feeling,—  
Her white bosom carelessly bared to the breeze.

'Tis the bride of the soldier, and fancy had flourish'd  
In day-dreams that circle the phantom of love,  
For the visions of bliss that the maiden had nourish'd,  
Her soul, in the warmth of its tenderness, wove.

But hark! 'tis the rush and the roaring of battle  
That rolls on the lingering wings of the wind;  
The sabres gleam bright; and the cannon's loud rattle  
Speaks death to the maiden left weeping behind.

The turf is his pillow; his mantle is heaven;  
The warrior is sleeping the sleep of the brave!  
The chains of affection are awfully riven,  
And moulder away in the gloom of the grave.

## 172

## HYMN

Of the Moravian nuns, at the consecration of Pulaski's  
banner.\*

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

WHEN the dying flame of day  
Through the chancel shot its ray,  
Far the glimmering tapers shed  
Faint light on the cowed head,  
And the censer burning swung,  
Where before the altar hung  
That proud banner, which with prayer  
Had been consecrated there.

And the nuns' sweet hymn was heard the while,  
Sung low in the dim mysterious aisle.

Take thy banner!—may it wave  
Proudly o'er the good and brave,  
When the battle's distant wail  
Breaks the sabbath of our vale,—  
When the clarion's music thrills  
To the hearts of these lone hills,—  
When the spear in conflict shakes,  
And the strong lance shivering breaks.

Take thy banner!—and beneath  
The war-cloud's encircling wreath,  
Guard it—till our homes are free—  
Guard it—God will prosper thee!  
In the dark and trying hour,  
In the breaking forth of power,

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\* The standard of Count Pulaski, the noble Pole who fell in the attack upon Savannah, during the American Revolution, was of crimson silk, embroidered by the Moravian nuns of Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania.

In the rush of steeds and men,  
His right hand will shield thee then.

Take thy banner! But when night  
Closes round the ghastly fight,  
If the vanquish'd warrior bow,  
Spare him!—by our holy vow,  
By our prayers and many tears,  
By the mercy that endears,  
Spare him—he our love hath shared—  
Spare him—as thou wouldst be spared!

Take thy banner!—and if e'er  
Thou shouldst press the soldier's bier,  
And the muffled drum should beat  
To the tread of mournful feet,  
Then this crimson flag shall be  
Martial cloak and shroud for thee!

And the warrior took that banner proud,  
And it was his martial cloak and shroud.



## 173 THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

HERE we halt our march and pitch our tent  
On the rugged forest ground,  
And light our fire with the branches rent  
By winds from the beaches round.  
Wild storms have torn this ancient wood,  
But a wilder is at hand,  
With hail of iron and rain of blood,  
To sweep and scathe the land.

How the dark waste rings with voices shrill,  
That startle the sleeping bird ;  
To-morrow eve must the voice be still,  
And the step must fall unheard.  
The Briton lies by the blue Champlain,  
In Ticonderoga's towers,  
And ere the sun rise twice again,  
The towers and the lake are ours.  
Fill up the bowl from the brook that glides  
Where the fireflies light the brake ;  
A ruddier juice the Briton hides  
In his fortress by the lake.  
Build high the fire till the panther leap  
From his lofty perch in fright,  
And we'll strengthen our weary arms with sleep  
For the deeds of to-morrow night.

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## 174

## MEMENTO.

BY WILLIAM RAY.

Just on the brow of Onondaga Hill, close by the great western turnpike, at the skirt of a wood, is a grave, rendered more gloomy and solemn by a deep gulf below, which has a tombstone with the following inscription—"In memory of Capt. Benjamin Branch, of the 1st Regt. U. S. Light Artillery, a native of Virginia, who died in the 27th year of his age, Oct. 10, 1814, on his march to the frontier."

TRAVELLER, pause—a moment stay,  
Nature's impulse soft obey ;  
Ere you from the spot depart,  
Read this tombstone—read your heart ;  
Learn the lesson each can give,  
Death is sure to all that live ;

Death is given to save from death  
What is dearer far than breath,  
Save the soul from earthly fears,  
Days of grief and nights of tears,  
From the grave's dark prison chains,  
From eternal hopeless pains !  
What a blessing ! what a prize !  
'Tis the daybreak of the skies !  
Transformation how sublime,  
To eternity from time !  
Not to astonish'd angels given,  
O ! phenomenon of heaven !  
But the blessing, though so dear,  
Mortals shun, for mortals fear,  
Dread to pass that awful gate,  
Open'd by the key of fate ;  
Blackness, darkness all within,  
What a thunder-cloud is sin ;  
Whence tremendous threatenings roll !  
Flash upon the dying soul !  
Till the beams of mercy shine,  
Then, O sun ! O sun divine !  
Darkness thou shalt chase away,  
All is morning—cloudless day.  
Here a youth unheeded lies,  
Once the joy of parents' eyes ;  
Here a heart now lifeless, cold,  
Once so feeling, once so bold ;  
Ardent, hopeful, courting fame,  
Burning with the patriot's flame ;  
Lo ! extinguish'd all its fires,  
Lo ! the branch of hope expires !  
Withers in a foreign grave,  
Such the laurels of the brave !



Was there, when he died of late—  
Is there none to mourn his fate?  
No fond brother's tender soul,  
While the tears of anguish roll,  
No kind sister's raining eyes  
Looking to the northern skies?  
No deep-wounded parents' breast,  
Darting, sobbing a request,  
"Tell me, must our hopes be o'er?  
Tell me, does he live no more?  
Where is then his body laid?  
Had it decent honours paid?  
When he saw the summons come,  
Did he think on us and home?  
In his illness did he find  
Strangers pitiful and kind?  
Did the cause he served obtain  
Mitigation of his pain?  
Will his grateful country show  
Due respect for all our wo?  
Bind our broken hearts, and cheer  
Our sad spirits with a tear?"  
Yes, his grateful country knows  
All his worth, and all your woes.

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## 175 THE HOST THAT FIGHTS FOR LIBERTY.

ARM! arm! ye brave, and nobly join  
The sons of Freedom's valiant line!  
Columbia's heroes now entwine  
To guard the shores of Liberty.

No slavery guides our warlike band,  
But brothers strike a brother's hand,  
And fires link and wide expand  
The host that fights for Liberty.

The fair your martial spirits trace,  
And proudly view your warlike grace,  
And rosy wreaths shall twine, to place  
On those who guard our Liberty.

Ye heroes, then, who bravely fight  
For country and offended right,  
On you the blessing ever light  
Of Freedom, Love, and Liberty.



## 176 ODE TO THE SPIRIT OF KOSCIUSKO.

UNNOTICED shall the mighty fall ?  
Unwept and unlamented die ?—  
Shall he, whom bonds could not enthrall,  
Who plann'd, who fought, who bled for all,  
Unconsecrated lie ?

Without a song, whose fervid strains  
Might kindle fire in patriot veins !—

No !—thus it ne'er shall be : and fame  
Ordains to thee a brighter lot ;  
While earth—while hope endures, thy name,  
Pure, high, unchangeable, the same,  
Shall never be forgot ;

'Tis shrined amid the holy throng ;  
'Tis woven in immortal song !—

Yes !—Campbell, of the deathless lay,  
The ardent poet of the free,  
Has painted Warsaw's latest day,  
In colours that resist decay,  
In accents worthy thee ;  
Thy hosts on battle-field array'd,  
And in thy grasp the patriot blade !

O ! sainted is the name of him,  
And sacred should his relics be,  
Whose course no selfish aims bedim ;  
Who, spotless as the seraphim,  
Exerts his energy,  
To make the earth by freemen trod,  
And see mankind the sons of God !

And thou wert one of these ; 'twas thine,  
Through thy devoted country's night,  
The latest of a freeborn line,  
With all that purity to shine,  
Which makes a hero bright ;  
With all that lustre to appear,  
Which freemen love and tyrants fear.

A myrtle wreath was on thy blade,  
Which broke before its cause was won !  
Thou, to no sordid fears betray'd,  
Mid desolation undismay'd,  
Wert mighty, though undone ;  
No terrors gloom'd thy closing scene,  
In danger and in death serene !

Though thou hast bade our world farewell,  
And left the blotted lands beneath,  
In purer, happier realms to dwell;  
With Wallace, Washington, and Tell.  
Thou sharest the laurel wreath—  
The Brutus of degenerate climes!  
A beacon-light to other times!

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## 177

## TECUMSEH.

BY GEORGE H. COLTON.

FORTH at the peal each charger sped,  
The hard earth shook beneath their tread,  
The dim woods, all around them spread,  
Shone with their armour's light:  
Yet in those stern, still lines assail'd,  
No eyeball shrunk, no bosom quail'd,  
No foot was turn'd for flight;  
But, thundering as their foemen came,  
Each rifle flash'd its deadly flame.  
A moment, then recoil and rout,  
With reeling horse and struggling shout,  
Confused the onset fair;  
But, rallying each dark steed once more,  
Like billows borne the low reefs o'er  
With foamy crest in air,  
Right on and over them they bore,  
With gun and bayonet thrust before,  
And swift swords brandish'd bare.  
Then madly was the conflict waged,  
Then terribly red Slaughter raged!

How still is yet yon dense morass  
The bloody sun below !  
Where'er yon chosen horsemen pass,  
There stirs no bough nor blade of grass,  
There moves no secret foe !  
Yet on, quick eye and cautious tread,  
His bold ranks Johnson darkling led.  
Sudden from tree and thicket green,  
From trunk, and mound, and bushy screen,  
Sharp lightning flash'd with instant sheen,  
A thousand death-bolts sung !  
Like ripen'd fruit before the blast,  
Rider and horse to earth were cast,  
Its miry roots among ;  
Then wild, as if that earth were riven,  
And, pour'd beneath the cope of heaven,  
All hell to upper air were given,  
One fearful whoop was rung ;  
And, bounding each from covert forth,  
Burst on their front the demon birth.  
" Off ! off ! each horseman to the ground !  
On foot we'll quell the foe !"  
And instant, with impetuous bound,  
They hurl'd them down below.

Then loud the crash of arms arose,  
As when two forest whirlwinds close ;  
Then fill'd all heaven their shout and yell,  
As if the forests on them fell !  
I see, where swells the thickest fight,  
With sword and hatchet brandish'd bright,  
And rifles flashing sulphurous light  
Through green leaves gleaming red—

I see a plume, now near, now far,  
Now high, now low, like falling star,  
Wide waving o'er the tide of war,  
Where'er the onslaught's led ;  
I see, beneath, a bare arm swing,  
As tempest whirls the oak,  
Bosom and high crest shivering  
The war-club's deadly stroke ;  
The eager infantry rush in,  
Before their ranks, with wilder din,  
The wavering strife is driven—  
Above the struggling storm I hear  
A lofty voice the war-bands cheer,  
Still, as they quail with doubt or fear,  
Yet loud and louder given ;  
And, rallying to the clarion cry,  
With club and red axe raging high,  
And sharp knives sheathing low,  
Fast back again confusedly  
They drive the staggering foe.

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## 178 THE LAST REVOLUTIONARY.

BY J. E. DOW.

O ! WHERE are they—those iron men,  
Who braved the battle's storm of fire,  
When war's wild halo fill'd the glen,  
And lit each humble village spire ;  
When hill sent back the sound to hill,  
And might was right, and law was will.

O ! where are they, whose manly breasts  
Beat back the pride of England's might,  
Whose stalwart arm laid low the crests  
Of many an old and valiant knight;  
When evening came with murderous flame,  
And liberty was but a name ?

I see them, in the distance, form  
Like spectres on a misty shore ;  
Before them rolls the dreadful storm,  
And hills send forth their rills of gore ;  
Around them death with lightning breath  
Is twining an immortal wreath.

They conquer ! God of glory, thanks !  
They conquer ! Freedom's banner waves  
Above Oppression's broken ranks,  
And withers o'er her children's graves ;  
And loud and long the pealing song  
Of jubilee is borne along.

'Tis evening, and December's sun  
Goes swiftly down behind the wave,  
And there I see a gray-hair'd one,  
A special courier to the grave ;  
He looks around on vale and mound,  
Then falls upon his battle-ground.

Beneath him rests the hallow'd earth,  
New changed like him, and still and cold ;  
The blood that gave young freedom birth  
No longer warms the warrior old ;  
He waves his hand with stern command,  
Then dies, the last of Glory's band.

**179 HURRAH FOR OUR COUNTRY!**

THE sword that is keen, from the scabbard that's bright,  
In the cause of our country we draw;  
Then hurrah for the soldiers that battle for right,  
And hurrah for our country—hurrah!

Hurrah!

For the spirits leap out with the blade from its sheath,  
That flash like the lightning ye saw,  
On the serfs that would trample the fame we bequeath;  
Then hurrah for our country—hurrah!

Hurrah!

Hurrah for the heroes, their blood that have shed  
For our fame—honour—liberty—law!  
Does the foe think the spirit that moved them is dead?  
O! hurrah for our country—hurrah!

Hurrah!

Do they think that the brave who on Concord were  
And the valour that Lexington saw, [slain,  
Will never move hearts in the battle again?  
O! hurrah for our country—hurrah!

Hurrah!

They've insulted our banner of stars on the sea,  
And dishonour'd the weapon we draw;  
Do they think they can trample the hearts of the free?  
Now, hurrah for our country—hurrah!

Hurrah!

Hurrah!—let the shout of the fearless go forth,  
Cast the scabbard away as ye draw;  
In the West and the South, and the East and the North,  
Now, hurrah for our country—hurrah!

Hurrah!



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**180 STANZAS WRITTEN AT FORT ERIE.**

ON Erie's dark bosom the sun  
Serenely was sinking to rest ;  
I thought not of fields to be won,  
For peaceful and still was my breast.  
I thought of the friends of my youth,  
And the days of my early delight ;  
Sweet hours of friendship and truth,  
How soon were ye buried in night !  
" Ah ! blest," I exclaim'd, " be this hour,  
To soft contemplation so dear ;  
When fancy, exerting her power,  
Can call or can banish a tear !"—  
But short was the dream of my bliss,  
The alarm-drum invades the still night,  
And the tender emotions of peace  
Are drown'd in the uproar of fight !

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**181 AN ELEGY**

On the glorious death of that brave colonel of cavalry, Joseph Hamilton Daviess, a victim to his love of country, in the battle of Tippecanoe, fought near the river Wabash, on the 7th day of November, 1811. Written in Latin by Stephen Theodore Badin.

TRANSLATED BY DR. MITCHILL.

A HAPPY autumn, with accustom'd cheer,  
Had in profusion deck'd the fruitful year ;  
And elms, presaging winter's dreary reign,  
Had spread their drooping foliage round the plain ;

~~~~~  
When Fame's loud trump the vault of ether rends,  
As thus the true but mournful news she sends :  
"Pretending peace, the faithless savage bands  
By night in blood imbrued their murderous hands :  
With lead and steel, and unexpected force,  
Assail'd and slew the leader of the horse ;  
Pierced by three wounds, the brave commander fell ;  
The routed foes expired a hideous yell,  
Till death o'ertook them with relentless frown,  
And flames vindictive triumph'd through their town."  
A comet's glare foretold the sad event ;  
The quaking earth confirm'd the dire portent ;  
E'en Wabash slow his shores and islands laves,  
As thick with gore he rolls his viscid waves.  
The Dryads deeply sigh ; sweet Hymen faints,  
Refusing comfort midst imbittered plaints.  
The Muses silent sit ; while Friendship weeps,  
On hand and arm the crape of mourning keeps,  
And in incessant tears her eyelids steeps.

Yet what avails a never-ending wo ?  
The fates, obdurate, disregard their flow.  
But Themis eyes the scene with kinder view,  
Decides the meed of praise to merit due,  
And thus, with mind from doubt and error free,  
In solemn words declares her just decree :

" Brave Daviess' bust shall decorate the wall,  
Where courts and juries meet within my hall ;  
The civic oak shall round his temples twine,  
And victor laurel rival sprigs combine :  
The legislature pay the debt of grief,  
And Clio's pen inscribe the historic leaf :  
Cypress the field shall shelter with its shade ;  
And for his noble heart an urn be made :

A marble tomb shall faithful friendship rear,  
To guard his ashes with peculiar care ;  
Heroic Daviess, this our age shall sing ;  
Heroic Daviess future ages ring ;  
In eloquence among the foremost found,  
In peace and war with deathless virtue crown'd."

Life occupies a small and bounded place,  
But glory's as unlimited as space :  
They who to country give their dying breath,  
Shall live immortal, and shall conquer death ;  
Their great example times to come inflame  
To shed their patriot-blood for everlasting fame.



## 182

## SONG.

BY JACOB B. MOORE.

*Tune—"Ye Mariners," &c.*

FAR o'er the sounding billows,  
By power compell'd to roam,  
Fair Liberty a refuge sought,  
And here hath found a home !  
On every hill her altars blaze,  
In every vale she dwells ;  
And her cheer, even here,  
All our other gifts excels ;  
And will, while earth its fruits shall bear,  
Or the wave of ocean swells.  
Fame to the distant nations  
Of this bright realm had told,  
Whose mountains all with treasure teem'd,  
Whose sunny banks were gold !

Till far the wandering pilgrim came,  
And wretched sons of care,  
Here to rest, in the West,  
Free from sorrow and despair—  
Where blooms the garden of the world  
And rich its bounties are.

Now on Britannia's slumbers  
A direful vision gleam'd ;  
A bright star o'er the western world  
In flood of glory beam'd !  
Her sun a veil of darkness wore !  
While a guiding pillar rose  
O'er the deep, safe to keep  
From the battle's wreck her foes !  
To rage the startled monarch wakes !  
And in strife the nations close !

Loud were the tyrant's murmurs,  
But vain his angry frown—  
For our eagle to the West had borne  
The jewel of his crown.  
In vain he strives—in vain the deep  
To Neptune's call replies—  
Or lightning's flash and the crash  
Of the thunders shake the skies !—  
Secure above the tempest's rage,  
On airy wing she flies.

Victorious from the trial,  
Our valiant fathers rose ;  
And while above the stars shall shine,  
Thus will we meet our foes !  
Let the Briton or the Gaul invade,  
Or the North its legions pour—

They shall see how the free  
Will meet them on the shore—  
While the “stars and stripes” on high shall wave,  
And “the Yankee thunders” roar!

Then sing unto those heroes—  
Awake the noblest strain!—  
Undaunted who in battle bled,  
Our dearest rights to gain.  
Forever shall their fame endure!  
Let’s pledge their memory here!  
And the song we’ll prolong,  
With delight, from year to year—  
While Freedom lights the western skies,  
And her gifts our hearts shall cheer.

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## 183

## PATRIOTIC SONG.

BY ROBERT S. COFFIN.

WHEN Freedom midst the battle-storm  
Her weary head reclined;  
When round her fair majestic form,  
Oppression fain had twined;  
Amidst the din, beneath the cloud  
Great Washington appear’d:  
His daring hand roll’d back the shroud,  
And thus the sufferer cheer’d:  
  
Spurn, spurn despair!—Be great, be free!  
With giant strength arise;  
Stretch, stretch thy pinions, Liberty,  
Thy flag plant in the skies!

Clothe, clothe thyself in glory's robe,  
Let stars thy banners gem;  
Rule, rule the sea—possess the globe—  
Wear victory's diadem;  
Go, tell the world a world is born,  
Another orb gives light;  
Another sun illumes the morn,  
Another star the night;  
Be just, be brave!—and let thy name  
Henceforth Columbia be;  
Wear, wear the oaken wreath of fame,  
The wreath of Liberty!  
He said—and, lo! the stars of night  
Forth to her banner flew;  
And morn, the pencil dipp'd in light,  
Her blushes on it drew.  
Columbia's chieftain seized the prize,  
(All gloriously unfurl'd,)  
Flew with it to the native skies,  
And waved it o'er the world!

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## 184 AN ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE

Between the people of Wyoming and the Indians, in the year 1778; in which two hundred of the Americans were unhappily sacrificed to the savage barbarity of some treacherous Americans and cruel savages; in a poem by a person then resident near the field of battle.

KIND Heaven, assist the trembling muse,  
While she attempts to tell  
Of poor Wyoming's overthrow,  
By savage hands that fell.

---

One hundred whites in painted hue,  
Whom Butler there did lead,  
Supported by a barbarous crew  
Of the fierce savage breed.

The last of June the siege began,  
And several days it held;  
While many a brave and valiant man  
Lay slaughter'd on the field.

Our troops march'd from the Forty fort,  
The third day of July,  
Three hundred strong, they march'd along,  
The fate of war to try.

But ah! alas! three hundred men  
Is much too small a band  
To meet eight hundred men complete,  
And make a glorious stand;

Four miles we marched from the fort,  
Our enemies to meet,  
Too far indeed did Butler lead,  
To keep a safe retreat.

And now the fatal hour is come,  
They bravely charged the foe;  
And they with ire return'd the fire,  
Which proved our overthrow.

Some minutes they sustain'd the fire,  
But ere they were aware  
They were encompass'd all around,  
Which proved a fatal snare.

And now they did attempt to fly,  
But all is now in vain;

The little host, by far the most,  
Was by these Indians slain.

And as they fly for quarters cry,  
O! hear, indulgent Heaven;  
Hard to relate, the dreadful fate,  
No quarters must be given.

With bitter cries and mournful sighs,  
They seek for some retreat,  
Here and there, they know not where,  
Till awful death they meet.

Their piercing cries salute the skies,  
"Mercy," is all their cry;  
"Our souls prepare thy grace to share,  
We instantly must die."

Some men were found a flying round,  
Sagacious to get clear;  
In vain to fly, the foe so nigh,  
The front, the flank, and rear.

And now the foe hath won the day,  
Methinks their words were these:  
"You cursed, rebel, Yankee race,  
With this your Congress please?

"Your pardon's cause you then shall have,  
We hold them in our hands;  
We all agree to set them free  
By dashing out their brains.

"And as for you enlisted men,  
We'll raise your honours higher;  
Pray turn your eyes where you must lie,  
In yonder burning fire."



The naked in these flames were cast,  
Too dreadful 'tis to tell ;  
Where they must fry and burn and die,  
While cursed Indians yell.

No age nor life these tigers spare,  
The youth and hoary head  
Were by those monsters murder'd there,  
And number'd with the dead.

Methinks I hear some sprightly youth  
His awful state condole ;

“ O ! that my tender parents knew  
The agony of my soul.

“ But O ! these cries can't spare my life,  
Or heal my dreadful fear ;

I see the tomahawk and knife  
And the more glittering spear.

“ Few years ago I dandled was  
Upon my parent's knee,  
I little thought I should be here  
In this sad misery.

“ I hoped for many a joyful day ;  
I hoped for riches there ;  
Alas ! these dreams are fled away,  
And I shall be no more.

“ Farewell, my friends ! O, that I was  
Freed from this savage race :  
Your hearts would ache and nearly break  
If you could know my case.

“ Farewell, indulgent parents dear,  
I must resign my breath ;

I now must die, and here must lie  
In the cold arms of death.

"But O! the fatal hour is come!  
I see the bloody knife!  
The Lord have mercy on my soul;—  
I yield to thee my life."

## 185 ARRIVAL OF GENERAL LA FAYETTE.

BY ROBERT S. COFFIN.

"The illustrious benefactor of America, the soldier, patriot, and statesman of our Revolution, the bosom friend and companion in arms of the immortal Washington, the steadfast friend of liberty all over the world, has come in his old age, and full of honours, to the country of his youthful glory, to witness its greatness and renown, to receive the congratulations of his surviving compatriots, and to become the guest of the nation; the guest of ten millions of grateful freemen. Welcome, La Fayette! It is a nation's voice that bids thee welcome; but breathed by none in such harmonious strains of grateful feeling as by the poor but gifted bard, whose glowing numbers we must again repeat."  
—*New York Statesman.*

HAIL, patriot, statesman, hero, sage;  
Hail, freedom's friend! hail, Gallia's son,  
Whose laurels greener grow in age,  
Pluck'd by the side of Washington!  
Hail, champion in a holy cause,  
When hostile bands our shores beset;  
Whose valour bade the oppressor pause—  
Hail, hoary warrior, LA FAYETTE!

Forever welcome to the shore,  
A youthful chief, thy footsteps press'd;

And dauntless want and peril bore,  
Till *veni vici* deck'd thy crest !  
Forever welcome, great and good !  
Till freedom's sun on earth shall set,  
The still small voice of gratitude  
Shall bless the name of LA FAYETTE.

What monarch of despotic power,  
Who fain would crush the freeborn brave,  
Whose glory gilds a tottering tower,  
Himself a subject and a slave ;  
Would not, to view a nation's eyes  
With joyous drops unbidden wet,  
The pageantry of pride despise,  
And grasp the hand of LA FAYETTE ?

Whene'er the lips of youth inquire  
The path to virtue, honour, fame ;  
To glory's temple proud aspire,  
While warmly glows the ardent flame ;  
The voice of age shall fearless tell  
What perils oft its path beset,  
And prompt them onward by a spell  
That urged the soul of LA FAYETTE.

And when the shades of death shall close  
Forever round thy hallow'd head,  
We'll seek the place of thy repose,  
By filial love and duty led :  
And hearts that beat in bosoms free,  
(Gems by unerring wisdom set,)  
The living monument shall be  
Of freedom's champion, LA FAYETTE.

## 186

## DEATH OF WARREN.

BY EPES SARGENT.

On the day of the memorable engagement at Bunker Hill, General Joseph Warren, then in the prime of life, joined the American ranks as a volunteer. "Tell me where I can be useful," said he, addressing General Putnam. "Go to the redoubt," was the reply; "you will there be covered." "I came not to be covered," returned Warren; "tell me where I shall be in the most danger; tell me where the action will be hottest."—At the meeting of the committee of safety previous to the battle, his friends earnestly strove to dissuade him from exposing his person. "I know there is danger," said Warren, "but who does not think it sweet to die for his country?" When Colonel Prescott gave the order to retreat, Warren's desperate courage forbade him to obey. He lingered the last in the redoubt, and was slowly and reluctantly retreating, when a British officer called out to him to surrender. Warren proudly turned his face to the foe, received a fatal shot in the forehead, and fell dead in the trenches.

WHEN the war-cry of Liberty rang through the land,  
To arms sprang our fathers, the foe to withstand;  
On old Bunker Hill their intrenchments they rear,  
When the army is join'd by a young volunteer.  
"Tempt not death!" cried his friends; but he bade  
them good-bye,  
Saying, "O! it is sweet for our country to die."

The tempest of battle now rages and swells  
Mid the thunder of cannon, the pealing of bells:  
And a light, not of battle, illumines yonder spire,  
Scene of wo and destruction! 'tis Charlestown on fire!  
The young volunteer heedeth not the sad cry,  
But murmurs, "'Tis sweet for our country to die!"

With trumpets and banners the foe draweth near ;  
A volley of musketry checks their career !  
With the dead and the dying the hill-side is strown,  
And the shout through our lines is, "The day is our  
own !"

"Not yet," cries the young volunteer, "do they fly !  
Stand firm ! it is sweet for our country to die !"

Now our powder is spent—and they rally again ;  
"Retreat !" says our chief, "since unarm'd we re-  
main !"

But the young volunteer lingers yet on the field,  
Reluctant to fly, and disdaining to yield.  
A shot !—ah ! he falls ! but his life's latest sigh  
Is, "'Tis sweet, O ! 'tis sweet for our country to die !"

And thus Warren fell ! happy death ! noble fall !  
To perish for country at Liberty's call !  
Should the flag of invasion profane evermore  
The blue of our seas, or the green of our shore,  
May the hearts of our people re-echo that cry,  
"'Tis sweet, O ! 'tis sweet for our country to die."

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## 187 QUEENSTOWN HEIGHTS.

BY A LADY.

Yes, there they bled !—the gallant few,  
Who, in their injured country's cause,  
To arms and righteous vengeance flew ;  
Nor dared, when honour called, to pause.

And here they stood !—the recreant race !—  
But who the shameful deed shall tell ;

Or who record the black disgrace  
Which on thy name, Columbia! fell?

Yet vain the hope that deed to hide!  
Accusing spirits mark'd the crime;  
No seraph's tear—no Lethean tide,  
Shall blot it from the roll of time.

For here they stood!—and whilst each sigh  
Which closed a patriot's bright career,  
Rose to the mercy-seat on high,  
And sought that boon it found not here,—

Unmoved the harden'd phalanx view'd  
The doubtful fortune of the day;  
Unpitying—saw the brave subdued—  
Unaiding—saw the brave give way.

O! worse than death, the coward's fate!  
“To tinge a mother's cheek with shame,”  
To bear a bleeding country's hate—  
To stigmatize a father's name!

Yet friendship to the coward heart  
Might drive the reflux tide again,  
And to the nerveless arm impart  
Strength, to avenge a brother slain.

But tender friendship was not there,  
(Nor aught of heavenly birth beside,)  
She sought the thickest of the war,  
And fell—where truth and valour died.

For faction, brooding o'er the field,  
Had made each traitor heart her own,  
And party spirit's gorgon shield  
Turned e'en Columbia's sons to stone!

## 188      BATTLE OF ORLEANS.

BY CHARLES MEAD.

WHEN Britain's proud legions invaded our shore,  
For valour and conquest exulting so high;  
The heavens were rent with their cannon's loud roar,  
And war's flaming torches illumined the sky.

Columbia's fair genius, with eagle-eyed gaze,  
The contest beheld from her evergreen throne,  
Saw blood-cover'd plains and our cities' bright blaze,  
And call'd to the contest her favourite son.

Then Jackson, who long, both in council and war,  
Had labour'd with wisdom, with prudence, and zeal,  
For the good of his country, her glory, and power,  
Repair'd to the field with his veterans of steel.

Britannia's loud thunders awaken'd the land,  
Bellona rode swiftly around in her car;  
As the boasted invincible, conquering band  
Exultingly gain'd Mississippi's fair shore.

The rocket's bright glare hail'd the dawn of the day,  
Of which in a sorrowful strain they must tell,  
When their choicest battalions, so valiant and gay,  
Before the American yeomanry fell.

For, met by the valorous sons of the west,  
They found that their boasting and threats were in  
vain;

A tempest of lead put their leaders to rest,  
And cover'd the ground with the heaps of the slain.

The Britons beheld, with affright and despair,  
Our ensigns in triumph so splendidly wave ;  
The sun shone like blood, through the thick smoke of  
war,  
But honour's bright haloes encircled the brave.

And now let a thrill of warm gratitude rise,  
While joyously sounding the accents of praise ;  
Our songs shall proclaim to the earth and the skies,  
The contest was ended in glory's bright blaze.

Our banners that wave o'er old Neptune's domain,  
Protect, uninsulted, our subjects who roam,  
In blessings their forefathers died to obtain,  
To rights on the ocean, a country and home.

Let joyous emotions now cheer every soul,  
And freedom's pure incense to heaven ascend ;  
For ne'er will we yield to a foreign control,  
While earth yields support to the children of men.

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## 189 HIS CAPTORS TO ANDRE.

BY JAMES W. MILLER.

Look on us, Briton ! readest thou  
Aught base or craven here ?  
On these swart lips and toil-worn brows  
Is stamp'd the sign of fear ?  
Look, man of courts, for know'st thou not  
Rude arms and peasant-vest  
Are lightnings in a patriot's grasp,  
Proof-mail upon his breast ?



Go to! we would not wrong the truth  
That fills thy noble eye;  
That broad, pale forehead's lift of pride  
Should take no shameful dye;  
We would not that a bribe should be  
Clasp'd in a brave man's hold;  
'Tis a base weapon, vainly drawn—  
Briton! put up thy gold!

Nor hope thou thus by prayer or threat  
To go hence free and proud;  
How faintly falls the speech of man  
When God's deep voice is loud!  
God and our country! hallow'd word!  
Breathe it but in thy heart—  
Briton! then crave us that we bid  
A mortal foe depart.

Within our souls there is a voice—  
Within our eyes a fire—  
Leaving to pity's moan no ear,  
No glance to low desire:  
Our country's wrong—our country's hope—  
Are written on heaven's wall;  
We may but read that lightning scroll—  
Hear but its thunder call.

We may but meet thee as a foe—  
Lead thee but as a slave;  
Start'st thou? yet that proud form may bow  
To fill a felon's grave!  
Go thou with us—our last resolve—  
Perchance thy doom—is told;  
Think'st thou to buy a patriot's soul!  
Briton! put up thy gold!

## 190

## LEXINGTON.

BY PROSPER M. WETMORE.

'Twas calm at eve as childhood's sleep—  
 The seraph-rest that knows no care—  
 Still, as the slumbering summer deep  
 When the blue heaven lies dream-like there,  
 Blending with thoughts of that azure steep,  
 The bright, the beautiful, and fair;  
 Like hopes that win from heaven their hue,  
 As fair, as fleeting, and as few,  
 Those tranquil Eden-moments flew:  
 The morn beheld the battle strife—  
 The blow for blow—the life for life—  
 The deed of daring done;  
 The Rubicon of doubt was past,  
 An empire lost, a birthright won—  
 When Freedom's banner braved the blast,  
 Flashing its splendours far and fast  
 From crimson'd Lexington!

There was a fearful gathering seen  
 On that eventful day,  
 And men were there who ne'er had been  
 The movers in a fray;  
 The peaceful and the silent came  
 With darkling brows and flashing eyes;  
 And breasts, that knew not glory's flame,  
 Burn'd for the patriot sacrifice!  
 No pomp of march, no proud array,  
 There spake no trumpet sound, [gray,  
 But they pressed, when the morn broke dim and  
 Dauntless, that conflict ground;

Sadly, as if some tie were broken—  
Firmly, with eye and lip severe—  
Dark glances pass'd and words were spoken,  
As men will look and speak in fear;  
Yet coursed no coward blood  
Where that lone phalanx stood  
Rock-like, but spirit-wrought;  
A strange, unwonted feeling crept  
Through every breast; all memories slept,  
While passion there a vigil kept  
O'er one consuming thought—  
To live a fetter'd slave,  
Or fill a freeman's grave !

Though many an arm hung weaponless,  
The clenched fingers spake full well  
The stern resolve, the fearlessness,  
That danger could not quell :  
Yet some, with hasty hand,  
The rust-encumber'd brand  
Had snatched from its peaceful sleep,  
And held it now with a grasp that told  
A freeman's life should be dearly sold—  
'Twas courage stern and deep !

Proudly, as conquerors come  
From a field their arms have won,  
With bugle blast and beat of drum,  
The Briton host came on !  
Their banners unfurl'd and gayly streaming ;  
Their burnish'd arms in the sunlight gleaming ;  
Fearless of peril, with valour high,  
And in reckless glee, they were idly dreaming  
Of a bloodless triumph nigh :

The heavy tread of the war-horse prancing ;  
The lightning-gleam of the bayonets glancing,  
    Broke on the ear, and flash'd on the eye,  
As the column'd foe, in their strength advancing,  
    Peal'd their war-notes to the echoing sky !

'Twas a gallant band that marshall'd there,  
With the dragon-flag upborne in air ;  
For England gather'd then her pride,  
    The bravest of a warrior land  
Names to heroic deeds allied,  
    The strong of heart and hand.  
They came in their panoplied might,  
    In the pride of their chivalrous name ;  
For music to them were the sounds of the fight—  
    On the red carnage-field was their altar of fame :  
They came, as the ocean-wave comes in its wrath,  
    When the storm-spirit frowns on the deep ;  
They came as the mountain-wind comes on its path,  
    When the tempest hath roused it from sleep :  
They were met, as the rock meets the wave,  
    And dashes its fury to air ;  
They were met, as the foe should be met by the  
    brave,  
With hearts for the conflict, but not for despair !

What power hath stay'd that wild career !  
Not mercy's voice, nor a thrill of fear ;  
'Tis the dread recoil of the dooming wave,  
Ere it sweeps the bark to its yawning grave ;  
'Tis the fearful hour of the brooding storm,  
    Ere the lightning-bolt hath sped ;  
The shock hath come ! and the life-blood warm  
    Congeals on the breasts of the dead !

The strife, the taunt, the death-cry loud,  
Are pealing through the sulphurous cloud,  
As, hand to hand, each foe engages ;  
While hearts that ne'er to monarch bow'd,  
And belted knights, to the combat crowd—  
A fearless throng the contest wages ;  
And eye to eye, the meek, the proud,  
Meet darkly 'neath the battle shroud,  
'Tis the feast of death where the conflict rages !

Wo ! for the land thou tramplest o'er,  
Death-dealing fiend of war !  
Thy battle hoofs are dyed in gore,  
Red havoc drives thy car ;  
Wo ! for the dark and desolate,  
Down crush'd beneath thy tread ;  
Thy frown hath been as a withering fate  
To the mourning and the dead !  
Wo ! for the pleasant cottage-home,  
'The love-throng at the door ;  
Vainly they think his step will come—  
Their cherish'd comes no more !  
Wo ! for the broken-hearted,  
The lone one by the hearth ;  
Wo ! for the bliss departed,  
The Pleiad gone from earth !

'Twas a day of changeful fate  
For the foe of the banner'd line ;  
And the host that came at morn in state,  
Were a broken throng ere the sun's decline ;  
And many a warrior's heart was cold,  
And many a soaring spirit crush'd,

Where the crimson tide of battle roll'd,  
And the avenging legions rush'd.

Wreaths for the living conqueror,  
And glory's meed for the perish'd !  
No sculptor's art may their forms restore,  
But the hero-names are cherish'd ;  
When voiced on the wind rose the patriot-call,  
They gave no thought to the gory pall,  
But press'd to the fight as a festival !  
They bared them to the sabre-stroke,  
Nor quail'd an eye when the fury broke ;  
They fought like men who dared to die,  
For freedom ! was their battle-cry,  
And loud it rang through the conflict smoke !

Up with a nation's banners ! They fly  
With an eagle-flight,  
To the far blue sky ;  
'Tis a glorious sight,  
As they float abroad in the azure light,  
And their fame shall never die !

When nations search their brightest page  
For deeds that gild the olden age,  
Shining the meteor lights of story ;  
England with swelling pride shall hear  
Of Cressy's field, and old Poitiers,  
And deathless Agincourt ;  
Fair Gallia point with a kindling eye  
To the days of her belted chivalry,  
And her gallant Troubadour ;  
Old Scotia, too, with joy shall turn  
Where beams the fight of Bannockburn,  
And Stirling's field of glory !

Land of the free ! though young in fame,  
Earth may not boast a nobler name :  
Platæa's splendour is not thine,  
Leuctra, nor Marathon ;  
Yet look where lives in glory's line,  
The day of Lexington !

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### 191 HURRAH FOR THE WHITE, RED, AND BLUE.

Hush'd is the clamorous trumpet of war,  
Hush'd, hush'd is the trumpet of war ;  
The soldier's retired from the clangour of arms,  
The drum rolls a peaceful hurrah.  
'Tis cheering to think on the past,  
'Tis cheering to think we've been true,  
'Tis cheering to look on our stars and our stripes,  
And gaze on our white, red, and blue ;  
Hurrah for the white, red, and blue,  
Hurrah for the white, red, and blue ;  
'Tis cheering to look on our stars and our stripes,  
And gaze on our white, red, and blue.  
Here's a sigh for the brave that are dead,  
Here's a sigh for the brave that are dead ;  
And who would not sigh for the glorious brave  
That rest on a patriot bed ?  
'Tis glory for country to die,  
'Tis glory that's solid and true ;  
'Tis glory to sleep 'neath our stars and our stripes,  
And die for our white, red, and blue.  
Hurrah for the white, red, and blue,  
Hurrah for the white, red, and blue ;

'Tis glory to sleep 'neath our stars and our stripes,  
And die for our white, red, and blue.

Here's freedom of thought and of deed,  
Here's freedom in valley and plain ;  
The first song of freedom that rose on our hills,  
Our sea-shore re-echoed again.

'Tis good to love country and friends,  
'Tis good to be honest and true ;  
'Tis good to die shouting at sea or on shore,  
"Hurrah for the white, red, and blue!"  
Hurrah for the white, red, and blue,  
Hurrah for the white, red, and blue ;  
'Tis good to die shouting at sea or on shore,  
"Hurrah for the white, red, and blue!"

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## 192 CAPTURE OF CORNWALLIS.

WHEN Lord Cornwallis cross'd the main,  
The cannons roar'd like thunder ;  
But if he e'er returns again,  
Methinks 'twill be a wonder ;  
Unless great Washington sees fit  
To pity his disaster,  
Should grant his lordship a permit  
To go and tell his master :

That he'd almost eight thousand men,  
All bold and valiant boys, sir ;  
But then they dared not fire a gun,  
For fear 'twould make a noise, sir.  
In seventeen hundred eighty-one,  
The nineteenth of October,



---

His time was out, his race was run,  
Which made him something sober.

If George the Third does still incline  
To ravage, burn, and plunder,  
Tom Gage, Cornwallis, and Burgoyne  
Perhaps may bring us under ;  
For Tom, resolved to have his will,  
And this whole country round, sir.  
From Boston march'd to Bunker Hill,  
And there he ran aground, sir.

This tedious march with all his troops,  
This hero he accomplish'd,  
About two miles in eighteen months,  
Then he, poor soul, was vanquish'd.  
Burgoyne for elbow room complain'd,  
Resolved that he would have it ;  
And General Gates, to please the man,  
Most generously gave it.

He ask'd no more of old Burgoyne,  
But that he should resign, sir,  
Almost eleven thousand men,  
Nor take up arms again, sir.  
The wretch he look'd and stared about,  
And seeing his condition,  
And fearing a more awful route,  
Was forced to submission.

If these three heroes war should wage,  
And Satan to defend them,  
Burgoyne, Cornwallis, and Tom Gage,  
No mortal could withstand them,

If you great Milton's book have read  
Of Satan's usurpation,  
How he the fallen angels led  
On to their ruination,

Then you may guess how he'd appear  
With these three heroes round him ;  
When Washington he does draw near,  
What terrors would confound him !  
But to Cornwallis I'll return,  
And try if I can find him ;  
His heart with rage does doubtless burn,  
Since Washington Burgoyne'd him.

But I must take a retrospect,  
And just inform my reader  
How this great hero did conduct,  
When he was the chief leader.  
When General Lincoln he had took,  
He was so elevated,  
That he disdain'd on him to look,  
He being captivated.

But to an understrapper said,  
" Go take this fellow from me ;  
See that my orders are obey'd,  
He ne'er shall look upon me ;  
I feel so big with the success,  
No mortal e'er felt greater ;  
I'll not discourse him more or less,  
But treat him as a traitor."

This last conduct paved the way  
Just for retaliation ;

I think he must mind the day,  
With horror and vexation.  
He thought himself scarce flesh and bone,  
Or of the human kind, sir.  
If such his thoughts, he's not alone,  
I'm of the same mind, sir.

How must it mortify his mind,  
How great was his dejection ;  
With Yankee guards on either side,  
How cutting the reflection !  
When he a captive pass'd along,  
The band of music sounded,  
'Tis not a pen nor human tongue  
Can tell how he's confounded.

Methinks I hear his lordship say,  
When walking in procession ;  
" How dark and gloomy is the day,  
A stain to my profession ;  
What from Great Britain will be said,  
How greatly 'twill confound me,  
To own I was a prisoner made,  
With British troops all round me,

That had stores of every kind,  
Both arms and ammunition ;  
Provisions plenty, yet resign'd,  
How dreadful my condition !  
What will Great Britain's king reply,  
To hear I'm thus Burgoyned !  
Perhaps he'll feel as bad as I,  
Though he's not yet confined.

In London prints the other day,  
I read that which did scare me,  
That almost all America  
Was conquer'd by our army.  
How greatly is the king deceived,  
By lying printers flatter'd !  
Ten thousand lies he has believed,  
But now his troops are captured.

If at this rate things should go on,  
We can't hold out much longer;  
Old England soon will be undone,  
And Washington will conquer.  
O how I feel my honour gall'd,  
Thus to be overpower'd  
With such an army, and be call'd  
A scoundrel and a coward !"

Thus to himself I do suppose  
Cornwallis ruminated,  
And I suppose he would have chose  
To have been annihilated.  
But as his lordship pass'd along,  
He had some expectation  
That he might speak with Washington  
To be some mitigation.

But when that favour was denied  
It was an aggravation  
To his misfortune, and he cried  
"What is my destination ?"  
Great Washington would not consent  
His lordship should behold him,  
But by a private soldier sent,  
And in this manner told him ;

"You General Lincoln did disdain,  
When he was in your power, sir.  
The wheel of fortune's turn'd again,  
And pray what are you now, sir?  
You to his quarters shall be sent,  
To have your destination.  
Trust Providence for the event,  
'Tis for retaliation."

Then to the general he's convey'd,  
But felt I know not how, sir.  
Deliver'd up his shining blade,  
And made an humble bow, sir.  
The golden hilt our general took,  
Just as his lordship gave it,  
But O how pale his lordship look'd,  
I guess he'd rather have it!  
Now dear Americans, I pray  
That you will all remember,  
And not forget your thanks to pay  
The thirteenth of December;  
Because the Congress have seen fit  
And have their orders given,  
That on that day we all should meet  
And pay our thanks to Heaven.

## 193

## JACKSON'S ADDRESS.

BY LEANDER KERR.

STAND, my heroes, bravely stand,  
Firm united in heart and hand,  
Now our loved, our native land,  
Calls her chivalry.

Wo to him who'd be a slave,  
Death to him who'd be a knave,  
Nerve each arm, ye gallant brave,  
To strike for liberty.

See the troops of Wellington,  
Like a war-cloud rolling on,  
They for pillage hither come,  
And with them slavery.

Hear not ye the war-drum's sound,  
Rolls its echoes round and round?  
Gallants stand, or 'twill be found  
The knell of liberty.

See yon red cross waiving high,  
Streaming on the morning sky,  
It proclaims the foemen nigh,  
Proud England's chivalry.

But our banner floats as proud,  
Freedom's band around it crowd,  
Guard it safe, or be your shroud  
The flag of liberty.

Look behind you what is there?  
Mothers chaste and virgins fair,  
Will you leave them to despair—  
To wo and infamy?

Vengeance hurl upon the foe,  
Deal them death in every blow,  
Is it fame we fight for? No—  
Our homes and liberty.

**194 THE BATTLE OF BENNINGTON.**

BY THOMAS P. RODMAN.

Up through a cloudy sky, the sun  
Was buffeting his way,  
On such a morn as ushers in  
A sultry August day.  
Hot was the air—and hotter yet  
Men's thoughts within them grew :  
They Britons, Hessians, Tories saw—  
They saw their homesteads too.  
They thought of all their country's wrongs,  
They thought of noble lives  
Pour'd out in battle with her foes,  
They thought upon their wives,  
Their children, and their aged sires,  
Their firesides, churches, God—  
And these deep thoughts made hallow'd ground  
Each foot of soil they trod.  
Their leader was a brave old man,  
A man of earnest will ;  
His very presence was a host—  
He'd fought at Bunker Hill.  
A living monument he stood  
Of stirring deeds of fame,  
Of deeds that shed a fadeless light  
On his own deathless name.  
Of Charlestown's flames, of Warren's blood,  
His presence told the tale,  
It made each hero's heart beat high  
Though lip and cheek grew pale ;

It spoke of Princetown, Morristown,  
Told Trenton's thrilling story—  
It lit futurity with hope,  
And on the past shed glory.

Who were those men—their leader who?

Where stood they on that morn!

The men were Berkshire yeomanry,

Brave men as e'er were born,—

Who in the reaper's merry row

Or warrior rank could stand;

Right worthy such a noble troop,

John Stark led on the band.

Wollamsac wanders by the spot

Where they that morning stood;

Then roll'd the war-cloud o'er the stream,

The waves were tinged with blood;

And the near hills that dark cloud girt,

And fires like lightning flash'd,

And shrieks and groans, like howling blasts,

Rose as the bayonets clash'd.

The night before, the Yankee host

Came gathering from afar,

And in each belted bosom glow'd

'The spirit of the war.

All full of fight, through rainy storm,

Night, cloudy, starless, dark

They came, and gathered as they came,

Around the valiant Stark.

There was a Berkshire parson—he

And all his flock were there,

And like true churchmen militant

The arm of flesh made bare.



Out spake the Dominie and said,

“For battle have we come

These many times, and after this

We mean to stay at home.

If now we come in vain, said Stark,

What! will you go to-night

To battle it with yonder troops,

God send us morning light,

And we will give you work enough :

Let but the morning come,

And if ye hear no voice of war

Go back and stay at home.

The morning came—there stood the foe,

Stark eyed them as they stood—

Few words he spake—’twas not a time

For moralising mood.

“See there the enemy, my boys!

Now strong in valour’s might,

Beat them, or Molly Stark will sleep

In widowhood to-night.”

Each soldier there had left at home

A sweetheart, wife, or mother,

A blooming sister, or, perchance,

A fair-hair’d, blue-eyed brother.

Each from a fireside came, and thoughts

Those simple words awoke

That nerved up every warrior’s arm

And guided every stroke.

Fireside and woman—mighty words!

How wondrous is the spell

They work upon the manly heart,

Who knoweth not full well?

And then the women of this land,  
That never land hath known  
A truer, prouder hearted race,  
Each Yankee boy must own.

Brief eloquence was Stark's—nor vain—  
Scarce utter'd he the words,  
When burst the musket's rattling peal  
Out-leap'd the flashing swords;  
And when brave Stark in after time  
Told the proud tale of wonder,  
He said the battle din was one  
"Continual clap of thunder."

Two hours they strove—then victory crown'd  
The gallant Yankee boys.  
Nought but the memory of the dead  
Bedimm'd their glorious joys;  
Ay—there's the rub—the hour of strife,  
Though follow years of fame,  
Is still in mournful memory link'd  
With some death-hallow'd name.

The cypress with the laurel twines—  
The pæan sounds a knell,  
The trophied column marks the spot  
Where friends and brothers fell.  
Fame's mantle a funereal pall  
Seems to the grief-dimm'd eye,  
For ever where the bravest fall  
The best beloved die.

## 195 RESPONSIVE CHORUS.

BY ALONZO LEWIS.

The following stanzas were recited, July 4, 1827, by twenty-four girls, tastefully dressed, belonging to the Second District School. The first section of thirteen bore a white silk banner, with the words "Original States;" the other section of eleven bore a banner with the inscription "New States."

*Original States.*

WE stood in the battle when Tyranny came  
To mantle our dwellings in slaughter and flame,  
And who shall reproach us with ill ?

*New States.*

We have sprung from the soil and the blood of the  
free,  
That was pour'd when you planted fair Liberty's tree,  
And our eagle first soar'd o'er yon hill.

*Original States.*

We went forth to the shore when the tide was at flood,  
And our footsteps were mark'd by our children's best  
blood  
On that dark and that perilous day.

*New States.*

We have mark'd with delight the bold course you  
pursued,  
And would gladly be found with true virtue endued,  
To follow your perilous way.

*Original States.*

To speak our own praise may not haply be well,  
But Bunker, and Yorktown, and Monmouth can tell  
That our hands were not slack in the fight.

*New States.*

Our years may not equal the strength of our love,  
 But Erie, and Plattsburgh, and Orleans can prove  
 That we will not abandon the right.

*AH.*

Then hail to the land which gave Liberty birth!  
 And hail to our country, the proudest on earth!  
 May no tyranny trample its shore!  
 May its course be the march of the brave and the free,  
 And our eagle soar high over mountain and sea,  
 Till the earth and the waves roll no more!

## 196 AMERICAN VOLUNTEERS.

BY CHARLES MEAD.

*Air—"Hail to the chief."*

SOUND the loud anthem with accents of glory,  
 Winds waft to heaven the soul-cheering lay;  
 Clouds disappear, for the beams of Aurora  
 Smile forth again upon Freedom's birth-day.  
 Union of States, like a bright constellation,  
 Risen through carnage, commotion and tears;  
 Valour and virtue, our country's salvation,  
 Dwell in the hearts of our brave volunteers.  
 They guard our happy land,  
 They equal rights defend,  
 They lead the nation to glory and fame.  
 They wave the banners round,  
 They raise the martial sound,  
 They fill the land with a joyous acclaim.

Hail to the nation's triumphant defender,  
Jackson we hail as the first in our choice ;  
He made Britannia's proud forces surrender,  
He made our camps and our councils rejoice.  
Liberty's temple that heroes have founded,  
Pride of the nation, in splendour appears ;  
Noble the structure, by millions surrounded,  
Guarded secure by our brave volunteers.  
Should dire oppression reign,  
They'll break the galling chain,  
They in defence of their birth-rights will rise.  
They threw their bullets well,  
They'll make their ballots tell,  
Where solid worth and integrity lies.

Nations of earth are with envy beholding  
Freedom's last empire, that lies in the west ;  
All our resources are daily unfolding,  
All our wide regions abundantly blest.  
When first was kindled a war's dire commotion ;—  
Cities in flames, and our mothers in tears ;  
Lightnings were hurl'd o'er the land and the ocean,  
Armies subdued by the brave volunteers.  
They struck the fatal blow,  
They laid the Britons low,  
On fields their children now culture in peace,  
Where a prolific soil,  
Yields the reward of toil,  
Fairest of fruits and abundant increase.

Heroes departed from heaven's pavilions,  
Look on the land they have left with delight ;  
Here an asylum is offer'd to millions,  
Who leave the realms of oppression and night.

Long as the sun spreads around us his splendour ;  
Long as a wave on the ocean appears ;  
Valour be Freedom's triumphant defender,  
Tyrants kept down by the brave volunteers.  
Now let the thrilling strain,  
Cheer ev'ry hill and plain,  
While the bright banners so splendidly fly,  
Let festive torrents flow,  
Joy cheer the face of woe,  
Grateful hosannas ascend to the sky.

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## 197 THE FLAG OF FREEDOM.

BY ALONZO LEWIS.

THE Flag of Freedom floats in pride  
Above the hills our fathers saved ;  
It floats, as in the battle tide,  
Above the brave and good it waved.  
It wakes the thought of other days,  
When they, who sleep beneath its shade,  
Stood foremost in the battle blaze,  
And bared for us the patriot blade.  
High o'er its stars our spirits leap  
To gratulate their deathless fame,  
With them the jubilee to keep,  
And hail our country's honour'd name.  
Above the plains, above the rocks,  
Above our father's honour'd graves,  
Free from a thousand battle-shocks,  
Our striped and starry banner waves.

What was the price which bade it ride  
Above our loved and native plains?  
And are there men would curb its pride,  
And bind our eagle fast in chains?

Spirit of Washington, awake!  
And watch o'er Freedom's chartered land;  
The battle peal again may break,  
Again in arms thy children stand!

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## 198

## LINES,

Addressed to the defenders of New Orleans, a few days  
previous to the 8th of January, 1815.

BY DR. J. R. DRAKE.

HAIL! sons of generous valour  
Who now embattled stand!  
To wield the brand of strife and blood,  
For freedom and the land;  
And hail to him, your laurell'd chief!  
Around whose trophied name  
A nation's gratitude has twined  
The wreath of deathless fame.

Now round that gallant leader,  
Your iron phalanx form;  
And throw, like ocean's barrier rocks,  
Your bosoms to the storm;—  
Though wild as ocean's waves it rolls,  
Its fury shall be low;  
For Justice guides the warrior's steel,  
And Vengeance strikes the blow.

32\*

High o'er the gleaming columns  
The banner'd star appears ;  
And proud, amid the martial band,  
His crest the eagle rears ;—  
As long as patriot valour's arm  
Shall win the battle's prize,  
That star shall beam triumphantly,  
That eagle seek the skies.

Then on ! ye daring spirits !  
To danger's tumults now !  
The bowl is fill'd, and wreath'd the crown,  
To grace the victor's brow ;  
And they who for their country die  
Shall fill an honour'd grave ;  
For glory lights the soldier's tomb,  
And beauty weeps the brave.

---

## 199

## MICHIGAN FOREST.

IN Michigan forest the night-winds were high,  
Fast drifted the snow through the bleak winter sky,  
And trees, cliffs, and mountains were hoary and cold,  
While the dark waves of Rasin congeal'd as it roll'd.

The wilderness deepen'd in horror and gloom,  
And nature seem'd wrapt in the sheet of its tomb,  
While the howl of the tempest, and ice-greeting surge,  
With heart-chilling notes sang her funeral dirge.

The beasts of the forest had gone from their homes ;  
The wolf seem'd to prowl, and the otter to roam :



While the hoot of the owl, and the bald eagle scream,  
With omen of Philbrook the Wyandotes dream.

But who could have dream'd ere the morning would  
break

That the Indians from drunken repose would awake!  
At the hour so dreary, what bosom would fear  
That the Britons were lurking in ambush so near.

If a moment there was when a soldier could dose,  
And dream on his station secure from his foes,  
'Twas a moment like this, one dark dismal accrued,  
At the waning of night in the depth of the wood.

The hiss of the serpent, and glow from the lair,  
When danger is nigh, bids the warrior prepare;  
But how should the night-'wilder'd sentinel know  
What bush hides his brother, or deadliest foe?

The hoop and the yell of the savage was still—  
No longer the watch-fire was seen on the hill;  
The war-song and dance round the captive had closed,  
And wrapt in his blanket the warrior reposed.

No sound of the bugle, nor beat of the drum,  
To proclaim that the Indians and Britons had come,  
Till the whoop from the onset, the Chippewas raised,  
And lighted with cannon the wilderness blazed.

At intervals gleam'd the light of the flash,  
Their scalpingknife hung to their broad crimson sash;  
And tomahawk lifted to strike or to throw,  
While the red plumes all waved o'er his face-painted  
brow.

At the head of those warriors, in armour all sheen,  
And foremost in battle Tecumseh was seen;

More fierce was his aspect, more hideous his form,  
And louder his voice than the demon of storm.

How dread was the conflict, how bloody the fray,  
Told the banks of the Rasin at the dawning of day;  
While the gush from the wounds of the dying and  
dead

Had thaw'd for the warrior a snow-sheeted bed.

But where is the pride that a soldier can feel,  
To temper with mercy the wrath of the steel,  
While Proctor, victorious, denies to the brave  
Who had fallen in battle the gift of a grave?

But yet shall Britannia remember the morn,  
When reeking the scalps from the living were torn,  
And the corps of the slain by this sanction was given  
To the beasts of the field and the vultures of heaven.

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## 200 BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

BY I. C. GILLEN.

NE'er has the Muse yet touch'd a strain,  
That echoed the sound again  
Of freemen's strength, like Orleans plain—  
Evinced in Jackson's victory!

Ne'er have we seen on record's page,  
Of years before—or present age—  
So much of slaughter and of rage,  
As by the well-tried hickory!

That combat many a soul has driven,  
To place in either hell or heaven ;  
And to the astonish'd world has given  
The strength of Freedom's soldiery !

Long shall Britannia mourn the day  
Her troops appear'd in fierce array,  
And sought the vantage of the fray,  
Against the sons of liberty !

How swell'd the southern bosoms high !  
How flash'd the hardy woodman's eye !  
When Peckenham and Kean drew nigh,  
To jeopardize that liberty !

Then Jackson stood his country's boast,  
(Midst Freedom's sons, a sturdy host,)  
Determined to maintain his post  
Against the dread artillery !

The hardy veterans of Spain,  
(The peninsula heroes vain,)  
On conquest bent, o'er Orleans plain  
Struggled hard for victory !

Kentucky's sons, Tennesseans brave,  
Their motto, "Conquest or the grave!"  
Resolved New Orleans to save !  
Or yield their lives for liberty !

But now the cannons roaring loud,  
Proclaim the fall of many a proud  
Undaunted hero ; and whose shroud  
Shall be the turf of liberty !

See ! See ! The plain with fallen spread,  
Proud Britain's legions conquer'd ! fled !  
Have left their wounded, and their dead !  
America and Victory !

## 201

## ACROSTIC.

Written at Poughkeepsie, in November, 1781.

G o home, you vain Britons, your nation's perplex'd,  
E mbarrass'd, confounded, divided and vex'd ;  
O' erwhelm'd with confusion, go tell what you've  
done,

R elate to your king all the honours you've won,  
G reat has been your exploits since hither you came ;  
E ach hog-pen and hen-roost can witness the same.

W hat think you, ye cut-throats, d'ye chose to remain,  
A nd try the success of another campaign ?  
S ir Harry, take warning—Cornwallis you know  
H ad high expectations a twelvemonth ago ;  
I n season take warning, ye blood-hounds away,  
N o devil can save you if longer you stay,  
G et quickly on ship-board, the sooner the better ;  
T hen take this acrostic, read every first letter ;  
O ne look is sufficient, I'll venture to say ;  
N o spur can be better to haste you away.

## 202

## NATIONAL JUBILEE.

BEHOLD a nation's Jubilee,  
Ten millions bless'd with liberty,  
Now welcome La Fayette !  
See Freedom's empire in the west,  
Arise and bow to meet her guest,  
Where terror's sun has set.

No monarch in your eastern skies  
Can meet a nation's joyful eyes,  
Like welcome La Fayette;  
Age leaps for joy—rememb'ring wo,  
Those cheeks where love and friendship glow,  
With grateful tears are wet.

Columbia's sons,—rise—catch the fire,  
That could so great a soul inspire,  
As welcome La Fayette;  
Like him deserve a nation's praise;  
Defence of freedom best repays  
An everlasting debt.

Let Fame her loudest clarion ring,  
Let Liberty thank-offerings bring  
To welcome La Fayette;  
She calls on every free-born son  
To bless the day when Washington  
With him for glory met.

America on earth alone  
With freedom blest! her son will own.  
Her welcome La Fayette.  
A voice from every hero's grave  
Is heard—"My sons be free and brave;  
Nor Freedom's friend forget."

The nation hears—resolves—obeys,  
Partakes the patriotic blaze,  
Of welcome La Fayette;  
The patriot's fire our wall shall be,  
Till grace in heaven makes virtue free,  
Where God's rewards are great.

**203 WELCOME LA FAYETTE.**

BY S. WOODWORTH.

HARK ! the martial drum hails the approach of the  
brave !

The hero who comes o'er the proud swelling wave,  
To the land he defended—the land of the free,  
Which greets his return with a grand jubilee,  
While her sons to acknowledge sweet gratitude's debt,  
Now wake the loud bugle, to hail La Fayette.

All hail, gallant soldier ! thy fame shall extend,  
As Liberty's champion, and Washington's friend,  
Till all, in the light of its glory, shall see  
A world disenthral'd, independent and free :  
While millions, inspired by sweet gratitude's debt,  
Shall awake the loud bugle to hail La Fayette.

---

**204 COLUMBIA, LAND OF LIBERTY.**

To Liberty's enraptured sight,  
When first Columbia's hero shone ;  
She hail'd him from her starry height,  
And smiling claim'd him as her own !  
“ Fayette,” the goddess cried, “ be free,  
Son of my choice, to fame arise.”  
She spoke, and straight heaven's minstrelsy  
Swell'd the loud chorus of the skies,  
Welcome Fayette, both great and free,  
To this dear land of liberty.

War blew her clarion loud and long,  
Oppression led his legions on,  
To battle rush'd the patriot throng,  
And soon the glorious day was won.  
Each bleeding freeman smiled in death,  
Flying, he saw his country's foes,  
And wafted by his latest breath,  
To heaven the cheerful pæan rose.  
Content I die, for thou art free,  
Columbia, land of liberty.

And shall we ever dim the fires  
That flame on Freedom's kindred shrines?  
Shall glory's children shame their sires?  
Shall cowards spring from heroes' loins?  
No; by the blood our fathers shed,  
O Freedom, in the holy cause,  
When streaming from the martyr'd dead,  
It seal'd, and sanctified thy laws,  
We swear to keep thee great and free,  
Columbia, land of liberty.

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## 205      HEY FOR YANKEE SONS.

HEARTS that love the free—  
Hands that dare defend them,  
Our laws and liberty  
Invoke us to befriend them;  
Join the freemen throng,  
And let our bold endeavour,  
Our country's rights prolong  
Forever and forever!

Hey for Yankee sons,  
Each his own defender !  
His rights to haughty ones  
He never will surrender !

Quick as lightning streak,  
Free as flowing river,  
Should our country speak,  
A freeman's blood we'll give her !  
But for blood-bought rights,  
More than "gold" must offer ;  
A freeman when he fights,  
Of all, but Fame's a scoffer !  
Hey for Yankee sons,  
Each his own defender !  
His rights to haughty ones  
He never will surrender !

Breathes a heart so base !  
Lives a soul so sordid ;  
Who would dare disgrace  
The glory we have hoarded !  
Far from Freedom's shrine  
Bear the slave forever !  
Columbia ! son of thine  
Thenceforth be he never !  
But our Yankee sons,  
Each his own defender,  
Ne'er to haughty ones  
Will his rights surrender.

Wreath a laurel crown  
For their meed of glory ;  
Sons of bright renown,  
Meetest emblem for thee !



Slaves their golden chain  
May clasp while it is galling :  
But Freeman's hearts disdain  
A shackle so enthralling !  
But our Yankee sons,  
Each his own defender,  
His rights to haughty ones  
He never will surrender.  
Then join the freemen throng,  
And let the toast be ever ;  
" Our country, right or wrong,  
Forever and forever."

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## 206 BOLIVAR ; OR, THE HERO OF LIBERTY.

BY UPTON.

HAIL, intrepid warrior, hail !  
Spread your triumph wide and far,  
Madrid's scepter'd wretch turns pale,  
Hail, illustrious Bolivar !  
Washington's glory lives in thee,  
Lives and lights Columbia's star ;  
Friend of man and liberty,  
Hail, illustrious Bolivar !  
Where is now oppression's power,  
Dungeon chains and Tyranny's bar ;  
Broken—snapt in Freedom's hour ;  
Hail, illustrious Bolivar !  
Live, great Liberator, live,  
Ride supreme in Victory's car ;  
Myriads shall the joy-strain give—  
" Hail, illustrious Bolivar !"

Myriads shall exulting cry—  
    “Naught can man’s prerogative mar,  
Free we’ll breathe, or free we’ll die;”  
    Hail, illustrious Bolivar !  
Sound the trump of deathless fame,  
    Glorious shines the southern star ;  
Liberty gems the patriot’s name,  
    Hail, illustrious Bolivar !

---

## 207 UNFURL OUR STANDARD HIGH.

BY OWEN GRENLIFFE WARREN.

UNFURL our standard high !  
    Its glorious folds shall wave  
Where’er the land looks to the sky,  
    Or ocean’s surges lave !  
And when, beneath its shade, the brave,  
    With patriotic ire,  
Combat for glory or the grave,  
    It shall their breasts inspire  
With that chivalric spark which first  
Upon our foes in terror burst !  
Unfurl the stripes and stars !  
    They evermore shall be  
Victorious on the field of Mars—  
    Triumphant on the sea !  
And when th’ o’erruling fates decree  
    The bolt of war to throw,  
Thou, sacred banner of the free,  
    Shalt daunt the bravest foe ;  
And never shall thy stars decline,  
Till circling suns have ceased to shine.

**208 BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.**

Sung at the anniversary dinner, on the 8th January, 1830.

BY S. WOODWORTH.

*Tune—"Anacreon in heaven."*

AMERICA's glory, which dazzled the world, [ence;  
When the toils of our sires had achieved independ-  
Was brighten'd, when Jackson her banners unfurl'd,  
To protect the dear boon for their grateful descend-  
When the conquerors of Spain [ants,  
Cross'd the boisterous main,  
Boldly threat'ning to rivet our fetters again;  
But a happy New Year for Columbia begun,  
When our Jackson secured what our Washington won.  
The hero, surrounded by hearts like his own,  
When the pure flame of freedom was vividly burning,  
While its lights from their optics indignantly shone,  
The fatigues and the dangers of war nobly spurning;  
Bade the bright banner wave  
O'er the heads of the brave,  
To light them to glory—the foe to his grave.  
Then a happy New Year for Columbia begun,  
For our Jackson secured what our Washington won.  
The foeman advanced in the pride of his strength,  
As the giant of Gath met the youth he derided,  
A veteran phalanx, of measureless length,  
Whose arms had the fortunes of monarchs decided.  
In martial array,  
They advance to the fray,  
While freemen impatiently chide their delay;  
Then a happy New Year for Columbia begun,  
And our Jackson secured what our Washington won.

In Heaven and Justice our veterans trust,  
As they wait for the onset with courage unaltered.  
But "Booty and Beauty," or plunder and lust,  
Was the watch word that rallied the foe when he  
falter'd.

While his doubling drums play,  
And his war-trumpets bray,  
And his proud banners wave, as he moves to the fray.  
Then a happy New Year for Columbia begun,  
And our Jackson secured what our Washington won.

The conflict was dreadful, for freemen were brave,  
And they meted the foe such a stern retribution,  
That thousands were doom'd to a premature grave,  
While their comrades in arms fled the field in confu-  
And our heroes may claim [sion ;  
Living chaplets of fame,  
While we honour the chief who directed their aim.  
When a happy New Year for Columbia begun,  
And our Jackson secured what our Washington won.

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## 209 THE SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS.

COME, all ye bold Americans, to you the truth I tell,  
'Twas of a sad disaster, which late on Britain fell ;  
'Twas near the height of Old Yorktown, where the  
cannons loud did roar,  
A summons to Cornwallis, to fight or else give o'er.  
A summons to surrender, was sent unto the lord,  
Which made him feel like poor Burgoyne and quickly  
draw his sword ;

Saying, "Must I give o'er those glittering troops; those  
ships and armies too,  
And yield to General Washington, and his brave noble  
crew?"

A council to surrender; this lord did then command,  
"What say you, my brave heroes, to yield you must  
depend;  
Don't you hear the bomb-shells flying, boys, and the  
thundering cannon's roar?  
De Grasse is in the harbour, and Washington's on  
shore."

'Twas on the nineteenth of October, in the year of '81,  
Cornwallis did surrender to General Washington;  
Six thousand chosen British troops march'd out and  
grounded arms,  
Huzza, ye bold Americans, for now sweet music charms.  
Six thousand chosen British troops to Washington re-  
sign'd,  
Besides some thousand Hessians that could stay  
behind;  
Both refugees and tories all, when the devil gets his due,  
O now we have got thousands, boys, but then we  
should have few.

Unto New York this lord has gone, surrendering you see,  
And for to write these doleful lines unto his majesty;  
For to contradict those lines, which he before had sent,  
That he and his brave British crew were conquerors  
where they went.

Here's a health to General Washington, and his brave  
noble crew,  
Likewise unto De Grasse, and all that liberty pursue;

May they scourge those bloody tyrants, all from our  
Yankee shore,  
And with the arms of Freedom cause the wars they  
are all o'er.

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## 210 THE HEROES OF QUEENSTOWN.

PROUD Britain may boast what her champions have  
done,  
The fleets they have conquer'd, the arms they have  
won;  
But the sons of Columbia, united and free,  
Can thrash the proud bullies by land or by sea.  
Ballenamona oro—The sons of Columbia for me.

September the thirteenth, at midnight so dark,  
Our troops on the river Niagara embark'd ;  
The standard of Britain resolved to pull down,  
And drive the proud foes from the heights of Queens-  
town.

Ballenamona oro—The heroes of Queenstown for me.

In spite of the current, the hail, wind, and rain,  
The opposite shore was intrepidly gain'd ;  
Though balls, grape, and musket shot round them did  
fly,  
Determined like heroes to conquer or die.

Ballenamona oro—The heroes of Queenstown for me.

Our lines were soon form'd and advanced without fear,  
Led on by the brave Colonel Van Rensselaer ;  
Though wounded four times he despised all pain,  
And headed his men till he sunk on the plain.

Ballenamona oro—Brave Van Rensselaer for me.

~~~~~  
Recovering again, to his men he replied,  
"Rush forward and storm their batteries, my boys ;"  
Then brave Colonel Christy he led the troops on,  
And fought them for hours though three to his one.

Ballenamona oro—Brave Colonel Christy for me.

Now forty proud Britons lie stretch'd on the plain,  
And General Brock, their commander, was slain ;  
We storm'd their batteries and spiked every gun,  
And made both the red and white savage run.

Ballenamona oro—The heroes of Queenstown for me.

But being reinforced they again took the field,  
And our brave Spartan band was obliged for to yield ;  
They may boast of being victors, but that day must  
own

They got Bunker Hill play at the heights of Queens-  
town.

Ballenamona oro—the sons of Columbia for me.

Now fill up your glasses, let this be the toast,  
The heroes of Queenstown, America's boast :  
The stripes of Columbia shall ne'er be pulled down,  
While we have such heroes as fought at Queenstown.

Ballenamona oro—The heroes of Queenstown for me.

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## 211 THE TRUE AMERICAN.

WHEN our enemies rise and defiance proclaim,  
Undaunted to battle we fly ;  
Forget the soft ties that enervate the frame,  
And fight till we conquer or die :  
Our sweethearts we leave, nay our children and wives,  
And brave all the danger of wars.  
We fight that the rest may live peaceable lives,  
And stand till the last in their cause.

In the heat of the battle, when loud cannons roar,  
And the wounded our vengeance excite,  
We muster our men, more enraged than before,  
And with double the fury we fight.  
When the tumult is o'er, and th' unfortunate slain  
Are decently laid in the ground,  
To our friends and our homes we return once again,  
With honour and victory crown'd.

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## 212 THE FREE WARRIOR'S SONG.

BY COL. CROCKETT.

Our warrior hearts for battle burn,  
Hurrah.  
Our thoughts to glory now we turn.  
Hurrah.  
Farewell to home and all its charms,  
We break from love's entwining arms.  
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.  
Behold the enemy appears,  
Hurrah.  
The din of battle fills our ears,  
Hurrah.  
The bugles ring, the banners wave,  
Each warrior grasps his shining blade.  
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.  
But not for fame, but not for gold,  
Hurrah.  
The flag of battle we unfold,  
Hurrah.  
United in a holy band,  
For God, and for our native land.  
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.



From the Providence Gazette.

## 213 THE FROGS OF WINDHAM,

An old colony tale—founded on fact.

BY ARION.

"Much pleasantry," says Mr. Barber, "has been indulged at the expense of the inhabitants of Windham, on account of a singular occurrence which happened in the year 1758, by which the inhabitants were very much frightened. There is probably some exaggeration in the account, though the foundation of the story is believed to be a matter of fact." We copy it as an amusing relic.

"On a dark, cloudy, dismal night in the month of July, A. D. 1758, the inhabitants of Windham, a small town in the eastern part of Connecticut, had retired to rest, and for several hours, all were wrapped in profound repose—when suddenly, soon after midnight, the slumbers of the peaceful inhabitants were disturbed by a most terrific noise in the sky right over their heads, which to many seemed the yells and screeches of infuriated Indians, and others had no other way of accounting for the awful sounds, which still kept increasing, but by supposing the day of judgment had certainly come; and to their terrified imaginations, the awful uproar in the air seemed the immediate precursor of the clangor of the last trumpet. At intervals, many supposed they could distinguish the calling out of particular names, as of Colonels Dyer and Elderkin, two eminent lawyers, and this increased the general terror. But soon there was a rush from every house, the tumult in the air still increasing—old and young, male and female, poured forth into the streets, "*in puris naturalibus*," entirely forgetful, in their hurry and consternation, of their nether habiliments, and with eyes upturned tried to pierce the almost palpable darkness. Some daring "spirits," concluding there was nothing supernatural in the hubbub and uproar over head, but rather, that they heard the yells of Indians commencing a midnight attack, loaded their guns and sallied forth to meet the invading foes. These valiant heroes, on ascending the hill that bounds the village on the east, perceived that the sounds came from that quarter, and not from the skies, as first believed, but their courage

would not permit them to proceed to the daring extremity of advancing eastward, until they had discovered the real cause of alarm and distress, which pervaded the whole village. Towards morning the sounds in the air seemed to die away. In the morning, the whole cause of alarm, which produced such distressing apprehensions among the good people of the town, was apparent to all who took the trouble to go to a certain mill pond, situated about three-fourths of a mile eastward of the village. This pond, hereafter, in the annals of Fame, forever to be called the Frog Pond, in consequence of a severe drought, which had prevailed many weeks, had become nearly dry, and the bull frogs (by which it was densely populated) at the mill fought a pitched battle on the sides of the ditch which ran through it, for the possession and enjoyment of the fluid which remained. Long and obstinately was the contest maintained; and many thousands of the combatants were found defunct, on both sides of the ditch, the next morning. It had been uncommonly still, for several hours before the battle commenced, but suddenly, as if by a preconcerted agreement, every frog on one side of the ditch raised the war cry, *Col. Dyer, Col. Dyer*, and at the same instant, from the opposite side, resounded the adverse shout of *Elderkin too, Elderkin too*. Owing to some peculiar state of the atmosphere, the awful noises and cries appeared to the distressed Windhamite to be directly over their heads."

WHEN these free states were colonies  
 Unto the mother nation;  
 And, in Connecticut, the good  
 Old Blue Laws were in fashion.

A circumstance which there occur'd,  
 (And much the mind surprises  
 Upon reflection,) then gave rise  
 To many strange surmises.

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*

You all have seen, as I presume,  
 Or had a chance to see,

---

Those strange amphibious quadrupeds,  
Call'd bull-frogs commonly.

Well, in Connecticut 'tis said,  
By those who make pretensions  
To truth; those creatures often grow  
To marvellous dimensions.

One night in July, '58,  
They left their home behind 'em,  
Which was an oak and chestnut swamp,  
About five miles from Windham.

The cause was this:—the summer's sun  
Had dried their pond away there  
So shallow, that to save their souls  
The bull-frogs could not stay there.

So in a regiment they hopp'd,  
With many a curious antic,  
Along the road which led unto  
The river Minnomantic.

Soon they in sight of Windham came;  
All in high perspiration,  
And held their course straight towards the same,  
With loud vociferation.

You know such kind of creatures are  
By nature quite voracious;  
Thus they, impell'd by hunger, were  
Remarkably loquacious.

Up flew the windows, one and all,  
And then with ears erected  
From every casement, gaping rows  
Of night-capp'd heads projected.

The children cried, the women scream'd,  
"O, Lord have mercy on us!  
The French have come to burn us out!  
And now are close upon us."

A few, upon the first alarm,  
Then arm'd themselves to go forth  
Against the foe, with guns and belts,  
Shot, powder-horns, and so forth.

Soon, all were running here and there,  
In mighty consternation ;  
Resolving of the town to make  
A quiet evacuation.

Away they went across the lots,  
Hats, caps, and wigs were scatter'd ;  
And heads were broke, and shoes were lost ;  
Shins bruised, and noses batter'd.

Thus having gained a mile or two,  
These men of steady habits,  
All snug behind an old stone wall  
Lay, like a nest of rabbits.

And in this state, for half an hour  
With jaws an inch asunder,  
They thought upon their goods at home,  
Exposed to lawless plunder.

They thought upon their hapless wives,  
Their meeting-house, and cattle ;  
And then resolved to sally forth  
And give the Frenchmen battle.

Among the property which they  
Had brought with them to save it,

---

Were found two trumpets and a drum,  
Just as good luck would have it.

Fifteen or twenty Jews-harps then  
Were found in good condition,  
And all the longest winded men  
Were put in requisition.

Straightway, in long and loud alarm,  
Said instruments were clang—ed,  
And the good old one hundredth psalm  
From nose and Jews-harp twang—ed.

Such as were arm'd, in order ranged,  
The music in the centre—  
Declared they would not run away,  
But on the French would venture.

There might have been among them all,  
Say twenty guns or over—  
How many pitchforks, scythes, and flails,  
I never could discover.

The rest agreed to close the rear,  
After some intercession,  
And altogether made a queer  
And curious procession.

Some were persuaded that they saw  
The band of French marauders ;  
And not a few declared they heard  
The officers give orders.

These words could be distinguish'd then,  
“Dyer,” “Elderkin,” and “Tete,”  
And when they heard the last, they thought  
The French desired a treaty.

So three good, sober-minded men  
Were chosen straight to carry  
Terms to the French, as Ministers  
Plenipotentiary.

Those, moving on with conscious fear,  
Did for a hearing call,  
And begg'd a moment's leave to speak  
With the French general.

The advancing foe an answer made,  
But (it was quite provoking)  
Not one of them could understand  
The language it was spoke in.

So there they stood in piteous plight,  
'Twas ludicrous to see;  
Until the bull-frogs came in sight,  
Which shamed them mightily.

Then all went home, right glad to save  
Their property from pillage;  
And all agreed to shame the men  
Who first alarm'd the village.

Some were well pleased, and some were mad,  
Some turn'd it off in laughter;  
And some would never speak a word  
About the thing thereafter.

Some vow'd, if Satan came at last,  
They did not mean to flee him;  
But if a frog they ever pass'd,  
Pretended not to see him.

\* \* \* \* \*

God save the State of Rhode Island  
And Providence plantations;  
May we have ever at command  
"Good clothing, pay, and rations."

One good old rule, avoiding strife,  
I've followed since my youth—  
To always live an upright life,  
And tell the downright truth.

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## 214 THE YANKEES' VERSION.

SOME sixty years ago, e'er we Yankees cut a show,  
Or into independence thought of starting, O!  
British rulers did decree that we their slaves should be,  
But that was all in my eye and Betty Martin, O!  
They were horribly in debt, and it made them fume  
and fret,  
For they found that their last guinea was departing,  
O!  
So they said they'd make a raise by their stamps and  
other ways,  
But that was all in my eye and Betty Martin, O!  
On pepper, paper, tea, they declared a tax should be,  
Of three pennies every pound, for sartain, O!  
But the Bostonites with glee, to old Davy pitched the  
tea,  
So that was all in my eye and Betty Martin, O!  
They then sent out their ships, with their halters and  
their whips,  
And swore for this their bodies should be smarting, O!

~~~~~  
But the Yankees faced about—the red coats put to  
rout,

So that was all my eye and Betty Martin, O !

Burgoyne declared he'd do—Lord Cornwallis said so  
too,—

For every Yankee, ere he'd be for parting, O !

But Yankees wide awake, Lord, they hook'd 'em in a  
shake,

So they were all my eye and Betty Martin, O !

Old Georgy in a rage, swore eternal war to wage,

Finding that eighty millions were departing, O !

But brave Washington and Lee, swore we should all  
be free,

So the war was all my eye and Betty Martin, O !



## 215 TO THE MEMORY OF WILLIAM LOWE,

Late a member of Capt. Snowdon's Company of Artillery.—1795.

BY A BROTHER SOLDIER.

SAY, pensive muse, where shall I find relief  
From heartfelt sorrow, and a load of grief?  
How shall I ease my bosom, big with woe,  
Which heaves in sorrow for the worthy Lowe?  
Scarce had he reach'd to five-and-twenty years,  
His parents' joy, the darling of their cares,  
In virtue rear'd, from vice and folly free,  
Columbia's friend, the friend of Liberty.  
Alas! he's gone, and shall return no more,  
To taste fair Freedom on his native shore !



~~~~~

He's lately listed in the corps above,  
To aid the cause of great and mighty Jove ;  
No more his voice shall charm the festive board,  
Where Mars e'er thunder'd, or old Bacchus roar'd,  
For thee a band of brothers drop a tear,  
While on each arm the sable badge we wear ;  
Death beats the roll, and to his post he flies,  
Answers the call, and wings the lofty skies :  
Thus fell a youth, revered by all he knew,  
A man, a soldier, and a patriot too.

—◆—

## 216 JAMES ALLEN'S POEM ON THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

*Abercrombie's Speech against waiting for the Fleet to attack.*

" I KNOW, ye chieftains, where their valour lies,  
In dastard ambush, and in base surprise ; &c.  
Gods ! that brigades by noble Percy led,  
Whose sires so oft on fields of triumph bled,  
Should thus the honour of his name forego,  
And fly the face of such a scoundrel foe ;  
My choice to-day, the grenadiers I'll lead,  
Whose giant limbs on yonder field shall bleed ;  
And me their chief to ravening birds a prey,  
If I relieve not that disastrous day," &c.

*British Admiral's Speech.*

" The hag, Religion, ever mumbling prayer,  
With hypocritic breath here taints the air ;  
The Fury faction spreads her forky wing,  
And loathes, infernal imp, the name of king,

These Stygian powers protect the baneful coast,  
And gifted shrines and holy temples boast,  
To these, of old, their execrable sires  
Hung gibbets high and kindled martyr fires;  
Till Heaven, grown weary of their crying crimes,  
Chased the foul harpies to these savage climes.  
Then hurl your thunder on the rebel shore,  
Till yonder mounded summit streams with gore;  
And Charlestown, fated to this day of joy,  
Shall cruel sack and crackling flames destroy," &c.  
So spake the chief, whose will the navy ruled,  
From beardless youth in naval tactic school'd.  
His lofty ships, ere Britain drew the sword,  
Happy at anchor in our haven rode;  
Here oft have prosperous breezes blown his sail,  
And oft the wing of some tempestuous gale;  
Yet he, from storms who sought our friendly shore,  
Or whom to land the winds auspicious bore,  
Cast, with like scorn, his envious eye around,  
And, with like haughty step, disdained the ground.  
Our kind regard and every busy care,  
In his depraved idea sprung from fear.  
If with some honour'd guest he deign'd to dine,  
He loath'd the dainties and he mouth'd the wine;  
Yet brimming dishes piled his greedy plate,  
And servants bore him reeling to the gate," &c.

*Pomeroiy's Answer to the British Herald.*

"If your proud master ask what hardy man,  
Presumptuous thus conducts the rebel van,  
Tell him 'tis he the Gallic phalanx broke,  
Who fell'd proud Dieskau with a single stroke.  
From mid his guards the wounded chieftain bore,  
Myself, my captive, all imbrued in gore,

My noble prisoner every care was shown,  
His wounds were bandaged ere was stanch'd my own.  
Seven days to heal him every art we tried,  
But on the eighth the princely warrior died.  
This dirk I wear recalls the mournful day,  
When, in deep swoons, he breathed his soul away.  
This hand, that smote him mid the rage of fight,  
Pillow'd his head and laid his coverings light, &c.  
What scenes around the savage plain o'erspread,  
What sights of wo, the dying and the dead !  
There, Titcomb fell, and Williams, hapless man,  
Both dauntless chiefs who led our thundering van.  
There pale and breathless, pierced with many a brand,  
Lay the great Hendric, weltering on the strand.  
Two thousand warriors to our aid he brought,  
And he, their chief, beneath our standard fought, &c.  
The charms of chase their sportive lives engage,  
And all their death is but the sleep of age ;  
And breath of rosy morn their youth inhale  
On breezy mountains, or the balmy vale.  
Children of nature, peaceable and kind,  
If no awakening passion vex the mind,  
But if proud insult dare obtrude a wrong,  
Burns the war-fire and howls the deathful song.  
The god of vengeance all the tribes adore,  
And steep, O horrid rite, their tongues in gore, &c.  
The tribes assembled all resent our wrongs,  
Their altars blaze, and thrill the warrior's songs,  
Prepared for march, they offer all their aid,  
From every river, bank, or bowery shade.  
Then tell your master from the savage plains,  
Where freedom's throne in natal glory reigns," &c.

**217     I DEARLY LOVE THE FREE.**

I DEARLY love this happy land,  
Its rivers rolling wide,  
Its forests green, its silvery lakes,  
Its mountains in their pride;  
Beneath its banner's starry folds,  
The wand'rer seeketh rest;  
The home of true and gallant hearts,  
The hope of the oppress'd.  
O! still most dear, this country fair  
Must ever prove to me,  
For well I love her noble sons;  
I dearly love the free!

Where late the savage, bold and brave,  
The forest wide did roam,  
The son of Nature, wild and free,  
In Nature's sylvan home;  
The city, in her health and pride,  
Now rears her hundred spires;  
No more is heard the sound of war  
Around his council fires;  
How fair, and bright, and beautiful,  
This land appears to me,  
I love it well and truly,  
For I dearly love the free!

In every clime beneath the sun  
Her banner bright is known,  
Her honour, wealth, and greatness,  
Earth's mighty nations own;  
The tide of her prosperity,  
Which onward still must roll,

While freedom's stripes are waving,  
To cheer each gallant soul;  
There's every tie to bind true hearts,  
Fair country, unto thee,  
Who love, as I do dearly love,  
The bold, the brave, the free!  
In distant climes, in search of change,  
I do not sigh to roam,  
Thy banner gives protection,  
Thy ample soil a home;  
Here plenty yields her blessings,  
With a rich and liberal hand,  
And peace her downy pinions spread  
Above this fertile land;  
Then be thou still my home of joy,  
Until life's sands are gone,  
And let me have a grave in thee,  
Thou land of Washington!

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## 218 THE FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY THOMAS G. SPEAR.

NE'ER waved beneath the golden sun  
A lovelier banner for the brave,  
Than that our bleeding fathers won,  
And proudly to their children gave.  
No fairer sign can freedom fling  
Where valour seeks a guiding scroll,  
Than that to which our free hearts cling—  
The flag that lights the freeman's soul.

Its glorious stars in azure shine,  
The radiant heraldry of heaven—  
Its stripes in beauteous order twine,  
The emblems of our Union given ;  
And patriot eyes, with raptured gaze,  
Survey its bright and meteor glare,  
As glory's beams around it blaze,  
And rest in fadeless splendour there.

Its lily, streak'd with crimson, flies,  
Effulged with light and blent with blue,  
As spread the rays that span the skies,  
And charm the rapt beholder's view ;  
And every hue that flings its light  
Along creation's gleaming dome,  
Descends to greet its gorgeous flight,  
High o'er the free heart's chosen home.

Look, freemen! on the streaming folds,  
As gallantly they range afar,  
Where freedom's bird undaunted holds  
The branch of peace and spear of war—  
While high amid the rolling stars,  
As boundlessly her wings expand,  
Within her beak serene she bears  
The badge of our united land.

Behold the star-wrought ensign sweep,  
The hope of death of thousands slain,  
Unrivall'd on the foaming deep,  
Unconquer'd on the battle-plain.  
Along the exultant mountain gale,  
Its shining folds majestic flow,  
As trailing meteors skyward sail,  
And leave the dazzled world below.

Though France has crush'd her Bourbon flower,  
And seized the flag her valour sought,  
She blush'd to wave the uncertain dower—  
A name was all the boon it brought.  
Though Albion boasts her cross of blood,  
Encrimson'd on a thousand plains,  
Yet Freedom's cause, too oft withstood,  
Has mark'd it with redeemless stains.

But thine, Columbia! thine's the prize,  
To cheer the free and guide the brave—  
To rear through earth's remotest skies,  
And plant upon Oppression's grave;  
Thine is the flag in danger wrought,  
To lift above the lion's form,—  
Whose folds thy martyr'd fathers sought,  
To cheer them through the battle storm.

When Freedom dared her westward flight,  
Thy spangled sheet she proudly trail'd,  
Soar'd with it forth to fields of light,  
And thralldom to the combat hail'd ;—  
Victorious rose her dazzling sign,  
O'er fields of green and waves of blue,  
Till flush'd from war's disbanded line,  
Through heaven to cheer the world it flew.

Flag of the free! still bear thy sway,  
Undimm'd through ages yet untold,  
O'er earth's proud realms thy stars display,  
Like morning's radiant clouds unroll'd.  
Flag of the skies! still peerless shine,  
Through earth's azure vault unferl'd,  
Till every hand and heart entwine,  
To sweep Oppression from the world.

**219 THE LAND OF HEROES.***Tune—"Five La."*

AMERICA ! thou lovely nation,  
Offspring of eternal day,  
Why should not the whole creation  
Homage to thy virtue pay ?  
That in the field and heat of battle,  
On the deep where cannon roar ;  
First, triumphant and undaunted,  
Banish'd tyrants from your shore.

Long had Liberty lain sleeping,  
Wrapt in darkness, bound in chains ;  
The nation independence seeking,  
Roused to arms, her right regains—  
High exalted rose the eagle,  
Glorious as the morning star ;  
Nature smiled and seem'd delighted,  
Freedom's voice was heard afar.

Liberty, thou here shalt flourish,  
On the soil that gave thee birth ;  
All your sons your rights will nourish,  
Blest with festive joy and mirth ;  
Whilst the nations of the world,  
Tortured, shivering in despair,  
Mourn their agonizing victims,  
Cries of death ascend the air,  
With gallant Gates at Saratoga—  
With brave Montgomery at Quebec,  
The foe you there most nobly foil'd him,  
And sustain'd the fierce attack—



Hail, Columbia, land of heroes,  
Boundless may thy influence run ;  
Universal as the day,  
And everlasting as the sun.

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## 220 THE NOBLE LADS OF CANADA.

COME, all you British heroes, I pray you lend your ears,  
Draw up your reg'lar forces, and then your volunteers ;  
We're going to fight the Yankee boys, by water and by  
land,  
And we never will return until we conquer, sword in  
hand.

We're the noble lads of Canada :  
Come to arms, boys, come !

O ! now the time has come, my boys, to cross the Yan-  
kee line,  
We remember they were rebels once, and conquer'd  
John Burgoyne.  
We'll subdue those mighty Democrats, and pull their  
dwellings down,  
And we'll have the States inhabited with subjects to  
the crown.

We're the noble lads, &c.

We've as choice a British army as ever cross'd the seas ;  
We'll burn both town and city, and with smoke becloud  
the trees ;  
We'll subdue the old Green Mountain Boys, their  
Washington is gone,  
And we'll play them "Yankee Doodle," as the Yan-  
kees did Burgoyne.

We're the noble lads, &c.

Now we've reach'd the Plattsburg banks, my boys,  
and here we'll make a stand :  
Until we take the Yankee fleet Macdonough doth command ;  
We've the Growler and the Eagle, that from Smith we  
took away,  
And we'll have their noble fleet, that lies anchor'd in  
the bay.

We're the noble lads, &c.

O ! our fleet is hove in view, my boys, the cannons  
loudly roar,  
With death upon our cannon balls, we'll drench their  
decks with gore,  
We've a water craft sufficient for to sink them in an  
hour ;  
But our orders are to board 'em, and the Yankee flag to  
lower.

We're the noble lads, &c.

O ! what bitter groans and sighing we hear on board  
the fleet,  
Whilst Macdonough's cocks are crowing, boys, I fear  
we shall get beat ;  
If we lose the cause by sea, my boys, we'll make a  
quick return,  
For as sure as ever hell is hell, we'll all be like Bur-  
goyne.

We're the noble lads of Canada,  
Stand at arms, boys, stand.

Now the battle's growing hot, my boys, I don't know  
how 'twill turn,  
While Macdonough's boats on swivels hung continually  
do burn.

We see such constant flashing that the smoke beclouds  
the day,  
And our larger boats they've struck, and our smaller  
run away.

O we've got too far from Canada,  
Run for life, boys, run.

O Prevost he sigh'd aloud, and to his officers he said,  
"I wish the devil and those Yankees could but sail  
along side;  
For the tars of France and England can't stand before  
them well,  
And I think they'd flog the devil and drive him back  
to hell."

O! we've got too far, &c.

Now prepare for your retreat, my boys, make all the  
speed you can;  
The Yankees are surrounding us, we're slaughter'd  
every man;  
Behind the hedges and the ditches, and the trees, and  
every stump,  
You can see the sons of bitches,—the cursed Yankees,  
jump.

O! we've got too far, &c.

Now we've reach'd the Chazy heights, my boys, we'll  
make a short delay,  
For to rest our weary limbs, and to feed our beasts on  
hay;  
Soon Macdonough's cocks began to crow, they heard  
'em at Stark's farm,  
And the report throughout the camp, was a general  
alarm.

O! we've got too far, &c.

O Prevost he sigh'd aloud, and to his officers did say,  
"The Yankee troops have hove in sight, and hell will  
be to pay,  
Shall we fight like men of courage and let the best be  
done,  
When we know they will flog us two to one? I think  
we'd better run.

O! we've gone too far, &c.

Now if I ever reach Quebec alive, I'll surely stay at  
home;  
For Macdonough's gain'd the victory, the devil fight  
Macomb;  
I had rather fight a thousand troops, good as e'er  
cross'd the seas,  
Than fifty of those Yankee boys behind the stumps  
and trees.

O! we've got too far, &c.

They told us that the Federalists were friendly to the  
crown,  
They'd join our Royal Army and the Democrats pull  
down;  
But they all unite together as a band of brothers round;  
They will fight for Independence till they die upon the  
ground.

O! we've got too far, &c.

The old seventy-sixers sally forth, upon their crutches  
they do lean,  
With their rifles levell'd on us, thro' their specs they  
aim quite keen,  
And there's no retreat to those, my boys, who'd rather  
die than run,

~~~~~  
So we make no doubt but these are they who conquer'd John Burgoyne,

When he got too far, &c.

Now we've reach'd the British ground, my boys, we'll have a day of rest,

And I wish my soul that I could say t'would be a day so blest,

But I've left so many troops behind, hard after me to come,

And if I ever fight the Yankees more, it shall surely be at home."

Now we've all got back to Canada—

Stay at home, boys, stay.

Here's a health to all the British troops, likewise to George Prevost;

And to our respective families, and the girls that we love most.

To Macdonough and Macomb, and every Yankee boy.

Now fill up your tumblers full, for I never was so dry

Now we've all got back to Canada,

Stay at home, boys, stay.

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## 221 ANDRE'S REQUEST TO WASHINGTON.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

It is not the fear of death

That damps my brow ;

It is not for another breath

I ask thee now ;

I can die with a lip unstirr'd

And a quiet heart—

Let but this prayer be heard

Ere I depart.

I can give up my mother's look—  
My sister's kiss ;  
I can think of love—yet brook  
A death like this !  
I can give up the young fame  
I burn'd to win—  
All—but the spotless name  
I glory in !  
Thine is the power to give,  
Thine to deny,  
Joy for the hour I live,  
Calmness to die.  
By all the brave should cherish,  
By my dying breath,  
I ask that I may perish  
By a soldier's death !

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## 222 THE WINNEBAGOE'S SIGH.

The detachment of troops that was sent to superintend the removal of the Winnebago Indians, having arrived at their principal village on the Wisconsin river, the order was given them to prepare for their departure in a week. A youthful hunter, the favourite of his tribe, on hearing the order proclaimed, ran to his lodge, and throwing himself on the floor in a paroxysm of despair, refused all sustenance, and before the preparations for the journey were completed, he expired.

My own, my long familiar hearth,  
I cannot leave thee so ;  
No dearer, holier spot of earth  
Can greet me where I go.  
'Twas here my eyes first saw the light,  
Here did my father dwell,  
And here I bring my game at night,  
I cannot say, farewell !

O spare the wigwam of my rest—  
The toil-worn hunter's home ;  
Joy comes not to the exile's breast ;  
Then bid me not to roam.  
The wild-bird's song is lorn and sad,  
When she breathes not her native air ;  
And shall the hunter's soul be glad,  
In stranger lands afar ?  
None but the woodlands of my home  
Yield me a pleasant shade,  
And I would rest in days to come,  
Where my father's bones are laid.  
Shall stranger footsteps tread the ground,  
Where slumbers many a brave,  
And none protect each lowly mound—  
O spare my father's grave !  
The oak, when years have thinn'd his crest,  
Falls in his own good time,  
And new-born oaks watch o'er his rest,  
On the soil of his native clime.  
Thus I had hoped, in coming years,  
To guard the sleeping brave,  
And when my toils were past, with theirs'  
To find a peaceful grave.  
The stranger comes—it may not be—  
Great Spirit, call me home,  
That henceforth I may wander free,  
Where spectre-visions roam.  
There hunting-grounds are ever green,  
Inviting us to dwell,  
Where lakes are calm and skies serene,  
No more to say, farewell !

## 223

## WE CANNOT WAR.

WE cannot war!—the Briton thinks,  
Our arms were framed to toil—not bleed!  
He little dreams how scythes are swords,  
When comes the bloody hour of need.  
He little recks the selfsame strength,  
Which swings in peace the summer blade,  
Will mow as broad a swath among  
The files where carnage is a trade.

Mark the great oaks! they sway their leaves  
To every breath of noon or night;  
Gentle, as gentlest things of earth—  
Sleeping upon their sense of might.  
The storm is up!—they cast their leaves  
Like useless summer robes away,  
And on the hill-side greenly fix'd,  
They meet the storm in stern array.

We cannot war! our cheeks will blanch  
Before the fierce breath of the foe:  
When carnage looks on us her first,  
To coward's burial we shall go.  
We, who have trod beneath our heel  
The forest serpent and her young;  
We, who have grappled with the wolf,  
And met the panther as he sprung.  
If we could be thus base—thus vile,  
A solemn train of men would spring  
Forth from the sod—the pilgrim sires!  
Their manly voices then would ring  
Like death-knells: "Sons—once sons of ours,  
We give you to the curse ye seek!



No more look back to us as sires :  
But bear the vengeance kings can wreak."

But where is Gaul ? her sons can tell  
If ours is frozen, coward blood ;  
Ask of the Indian ! he can say  
If ours are trusty swords and good.  
The fort o'erturn'd ; the ambush'd foe  
Mark'd down by his own glancing eyes,  
The averted brand, which madly blazed  
A meteor in the midnight skies.

These, and a thousand rays of soul,  
Shot from the darkness of our days,  
The firm resolve—the hardy toil—  
The free-born thought (though this is praise)  
Attest the hearts, whose noblest wish  
Is but a dream—to dare—to die,  
In breathing, battling, suffering for  
The stolen hope of Liberty !



## 224 THE DYING WARRIOR.

BY GEORGE H. COLTON.

"FALLEN I lie on this field red and gory,  
Thousands around me are silent and cold ;  
Brief my existence, but deathless my glory,  
As you, ye bright worlds, that can never grow old.  
Lo ! now I die for thee,  
Heavenly-born Liberty—  
On thy star-dwelling banner my name be enroll'd.  
"Mother, dear mother, the tomb doth enfold thee,  
Yet shall we meet by unperishing springs !

Sister, the world—if with frowns it behold thee—  
God will spread o'er thee his cherishing wings !  
Father—thou near to me  
Slumberest, how silently !  
But light to thy spirit immortally clings !

“ When from thee, dearest, in sadness I parted,  
How thy pale lips falter'd, ‘ Must thou be gone ?  
Yet—yet thy country calls !’ O gentle-hearted,  
Thousands are with me ; yet I am alone !  
But my last thought shall be  
Freedom and thee, Mary,  
Where the perish'd are countless, the living are flown.

“ Stars, gazing down on the dead and the dying,  
Yet with a vision unclouded by tears,  
Soon will my soul, from its dull mansion flying,  
Mix with your brightness, immortal in years.  
Yet shalt thou be, Mary,  
Dearest to memory,  
Mid the music and light of their far-rolling spheres !

“ O ! might thy kiss, press'd in tears and in sorrow,  
Close my cold lips with the seal of thy love,  
How would I welcome Eternity's morrow !  
She comes !—let me clasp thee, thou Death's gentle  
dove !  
Breathe thy sweet voice, Mary !  
O cruel phantasy !  
Can it be but a vision ?—yet meet we above !”

## COLUMBIA'S CHAMPIONS.

WHEN heavenly subjects, all sublime,  
Demand the candid, blameless rhyme,

I glow with fond desire :

I feel the wish, I own the will,  
But want, alas ! the boasted skill

To raise poetic fire.

The bards have conquering heroes sung,  
For Philip's son the lyre was strung,

In ancient vaunted days ;

Some Marlborough and Turenne declare  
The greater sons of later war,

And lavish forth their praise.

Ah ! poets, had you haply known

An age so wondrous as our own,

Your songs might pardon'd be !

Columbia's world you never knew,

Your golden age would here be true,

Because our empire's free.

Hail, sons of fame ! Immortals, hail !

Who dared oppression's rage assail,

To burst the galling chain :

Resolved with Liberty to fall,

Or, if she rose, to bless us all,

And cheer the labouring swain.

O Cincinnatus ! could my verse

But half thy genuine worth rehearse,

It would even time despise :

Then Homer's epic song would fail,

And mine and freedom still prevail,

Immortal to the skies.

La Fayette ! who can speak his fame ?  
Fair Virtue brightens at his name,  
    She spread for him her shield !  
'Twas Heaven, in kindness to us, bore  
The warrior from his native shore,  
    To lead the embattled field.  
The best reward the good can find,  
What most delights a worthy mind,  
    Is gratitude sincere :  
This, great La Fayette, you shall have,  
The patriot cool and hero brave  
    Thy merits still revere.  
What crowds of native sons appear,  
Whose noble deeds illumine the sphere !  
    But who can name them all ?  
Their efforts join'd, they raised a dome  
That rivals once imperial Rome,  
    And but with time can fall.

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## 226

## EPIGRAM, 1785.

Written extempore, on hearing the rumour of the death  
of George III.

YE kings, behold a brother fall !  
    O England, laugh thy fill !  
For scarce a monarch of them all  
    Produced you so much ill !  
His knavish set of servants strove  
    To gain their private ends,  
They justly lost their country's love,  
    And sold their best of friends.  
As king, he was a perfect tool,  
    As man, among the best :

Then while you mind the sceptred fool,  
Believe a king a jest.  
"God bless his bones," let Britons pray,  
Who never knew his use :  
His worst of foes were here :\* they say  
He's dead ; then die abuse.

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## 227 LIBERTY AND WASHINGTON

BY J. H. HEWETT.

WHEN Freedom, from her starry home,  
Look'd down upon the drooping world,  
She saw a land of fairy bloom,  
Where Ocean's sparkling billows curl'd ;  
The sunbeams kiss'd its mighty floods,  
And verdure clad its boundless plains—  
But floods, and fields, and leafy woods,  
All wore alike a despot's chains !  
"Be free !" she cried, "land of my choice ;  
Arise ! and put thy buckler on ;  
Let every patriot raise his voice  
For Liberty and Washington !"  
The word went forth from hill to vale,  
Each patriot heart leapt at the sound ;  
Proud Freedom's banner flapp'd the gale,  
And Britain's chains fell to the ground.  
Man stood erect in majesty,  
The proud defender of his rights :  
For where is he would not be free  
From stern oppression's deadening blights !

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\* In America.

Be free—be free then, happy land !  
Forever beam the light that shone  
Upon the firm and dauntless band,  
Who fought beside our Washington !  
Lo ! where the forest's children rove  
Midst woody hill and rocky glen,  
Wild as the dark retreats they loved—  
What now are towns were deserts then.  
The world has mark'd her onward way,  
Beneath the smile of Liberty ;  
And Fame records the glorious day  
Which made the western empire free.  
Be free—be free then, glorious land !  
In union be thy millions one ;  
Be strong in friendship's holy band,  
Thy brightest star—our Washington !

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## 228

## OUR COUNTRY.

BY WILLIAM J. PEABODY.

Our country !—'tis a glorious land—  
With broad arms stretch'd from shore to shore ;  
The proud Pacific chafes her strand,  
She hears the dark Atlantic roar ;  
And nurtured on her ample breast,  
How many a goodly prospect lies  
In nature's wildest grandeur drest,  
Enamelled with her loveliest dyes.  
Rich prairies, deck'd with flowers of gold,  
Like sunlit oceans, roll afar ;  
Broad lakes her azure heavens behold,  
Reflecting clear each trembling star,

And mighty rivers, mountain born,  
Go sweeping onward, dark and deep,  
Through forests, where the bounding fawn  
Beneath their sheltering branches leap.  
And cradled mid her clustering hills,  
Sweet vales in dream-like beauty hide,  
Where love the air with music fills,  
And calm content and peace abide;  
For plenty here her fulness pours,  
In rich profusion o'er the land;  
And sent to seize her generous stores,  
There prowls no tyrant's hireling band.  
Great God! we thank thee for this home—  
This bounteous birth-land of the free;  
Where wanderers from afar may come,  
And breathe the air of Liberty.  
Still may her flowers untrampled spring,  
Her harvests wave—her cities rise;  
And yet till Time shall fold his wing,  
Remain earth's loveliest Paradise!

## 229

## LAND OF OUR BIRTH.

BY ALONZO LEWIS.

LAND of our birth! when Freedom rose,  
Waked from her sleep of years,  
She bade thee triumph o'er thy foes,  
And banish all thy fears.  
Then pointing to Religion's shrine,  
Her sons she bade repair,  
To make her service all divine,  
With their holy worship there.

High was the call, from heaven it came,  
Borne on the wings of Time,  
Announced with thunder and with flame.

In accents all sublime,  
For Freedom's is a sacred voice,  
Which they who love shall hear;  
She bids her children all rejoice,  
And the mandate they revere.

She gave the word, her sons obey'd;  
Swift did they rush around;  
The Indian started from his shade,  
And listen'd to the sound.  
Long years the battle-cry prevail'd,  
Yet firm they stood the tide,  
Till the bright star of hope was hail'd,  
And they triumph'd, though they died.

Land of our birth! thy glory's fame  
Shines in its bright array;  
Devotion shall increase the flame,  
And virtue smile to-day.  
The light of Freedom's star is pale;  
Without Religion's beam  
Her boasted pleasures all must fail,  
Like the pageants of a dream.

On! be the word, till honour shines;  
On! until all are free!  
Till Afric's sons shall plant their vines  
In Christian liberty.  
The star of Hope has lit the morn,  
Its ray shall bless our eyes,  
Till Virtue's power the world adorn,  
With the freedom of the skies.



God of the throned realm of Heaven !  
 Thou canst our way direct ;  
 O ! come through shadows morn and even,  
 To lead us and protect.  
 Be thou our nation's guardian power,  
 Our strength in time of peace ;  
 And, when the clouds of war shall lower,  
 May thy mercy still increase.



## 230

## EPISTLE

To his excellency George Washington, Esq.—1786.

———Honest praise  
 Oft nobly sways  
 Ingenuous youth :  
 But from the coward and the lying mouth  
 Praise is reproach. Eternal God alone  
 For mortals fixes that sublime award  
 He, from the faithful records of his throne,  
 Bids the historian and the bard  
 Dispose of honour and of scorn ;  
 Discern the patriot from the slave ;  
 And write the good, the wise, the brave,  
 For lessons to the multitude unborn.

AKENSIDE'S *Ode*.

WHILE many a servile muse her succour lends,  
 To flatter tyrants or a tyrant's friends,  
 While thousands, slaughter'd at ambition's shrine,  
 Are made a plea to court the tuneful nine ;  
 Whilst laureats lift their heroes to the sky,  
 Foretell their conquests twice a year, and lie,  
 Damn half-starved rebels to eternal shame,  
 Or paint them trembling at Britannia's name ;  
 Permit an humble bard, great chief, to raise  
 One truth-erected trophy to thy praise :

No flattering colours shall these numbers seek,  
To tinge with blushes Virtue's modest cheek :  
Call forth to view no great or generous deed,  
But foes must own and Washington may read.  
Say, where along yon venerable wood,  
My native stream, swells thy Potowmak's flood,  
Shall my untutor'd muse begin the song,  
Which future bards in rapture shall prolong :  
Or there my little bark presume to sail,  
Fann'd by fair liberty's inspiring gale ?  
Fair liberty, of man the noblest claim !  
Great source of bliss ! kind nurse of arts and fame !  
She, wrong'd and exiled from yon eastern climes,  
Perhaps may deign to listen to these rhymes ;  
And in these regions, pleased to find relief,  
May bear them smiling to her favourite chief :  
Illustrious chief ! whom with one common voice  
An injured people chose, and heaven approved their  
choice.

Forth from the bosom of thy calm retreat,  
At once the hero's and the sage's seat,  
Where bounteous nature spreads her choicest gifts,  
Of woods and lawns along thy native cliffs ;  
Where, with the graces, wisdom chose to roam,  
Where sweet simplicity had fix'd her home,  
Where wedded love display'd his mildest ray,  
To gild each rising and each setting day,  
And with a smile could smooth the brow of care,  
Save when thy country's cries alarm'd thy ear.  
Great Freedom call'd thee to the glorious strife :  
The tranquil scenes of sweet domestic life  
Delight no more : "To arms ! to arms !" she cries ;  
"To arms : to arms !" each sister state replies.

~~~~~  
"Be thou great guardian of thy country's cause,"

She said, and hosts of heroes shout applause.

Thus, when of old, from his paternal farm,  
Rome bade her rigid Cincinnatus arm,  
Th' illustrious peasant rushes to the field ;  
Soon are the haughty Volsci taught to yield :  
His country saved, the solemn triumph o'er,  
He tills his native acres as before.

Hail, happy man ! crown'd with immortal bays,  
Before whose glory sink the dwindled rays  
Of royal pageantry ! thy generous heart,  
To freedom's sons shall still its warmth impart,  
Teach them their native dignity to scan,  
And scorn the wretch who spurns his fellow-man :  
And when in eastern climes, midst lawless sway,  
Thy fame shall sink, and freedom's wreaths decay,  
These infant states shall catch the god-like flame,  
And tyrants still shall shudder at thy name ;  
Then nobly dare, Columbia, to be free,  
And what the Roman was, thy Washington shall be.

—●—  
**231**

**SONG,**

Sung at the tenth anniversary of the Palmetto Society,  
(1786,) in Charleston, in commemoration of the defence of  
fort Moultrie, 28th June, 1776.

WHEN first, by Heaven's inspiring skill,  
Columbus cross'd the western sea ;  
The fates proclaim'd their sovereign will,  
"This continent shall e'er be free."

Hail ! Americans, your ancient rights defend,  
Let freedom to your sons descend.

Though foreign mercenary bands  
With British tyranny combine;  
Yet bold and firm our country stands,  
Her choicest sons to save her join,  
Hail! &c.

We've seen her host repulsed with shame;  
We've seen her haughty fleet retire;  
Whilst our brave troops gained a name,  
Which unborn ages shall admire.  
Hail! &c.

Our conquering youths, with zeal inspired,  
Wide o'er the globe shall be renown'd,  
With more than Roman virtue fired,  
With more than Roman glory crown'd,  
Hail! &c.

Our empire, fraught with youthful rage,  
Its vigorous branches wide displays:  
Whilst pale Britannia, worn with age,  
And vice, and luxury, decays.  
Hail! &c.

Let annual joys their fame prolong,  
Let infants lisp the wondrous tale;  
Record them in the social song,  
Let history's page their deeds reveal.  
Hail! &c.

Come, all ye friends of freedom, join  
To solemnize this festive day;  
While mirth, and joy, and generous wine  
More vigour to the mind convey.  
Hail! &c.

**232 TO THE MEMORY OF TENCH TILGH-  
MAN, ESQ.**

Of Baltimore, Maryland.

YE muses ! weep o'er Tilghman's sacred tomb,  
And plant around it flowers of endless bloom :  
O ! be it yours to eternize his name,  
And sound your lyres to his immortal fame :  
And thou, O Honour, parent of the brave,  
Keep constant vigils at the soldier's grave ;  
Let no rude step profane the awful shade,  
Where pious hands have now his ashes laid.  
'Thou too, Columbia,—mistress of the soil,  
To whom devoted was his martial toil,  
Place high his ensigns—in that pile august,  
Which thou shalt raise hereafter from the dust,  
To hold the archives of thy splendid reign,  
And all thy warlike trophies to contain !  
O think ! how faithful in each trying hour  
Thy Tilghman fought, to elevate thy power ;  
And let a tear drop grateful on his urn,  
Which honour guards and all the muses mourn.  
O, Death !—how sure the arrows sped by thee !  
Could worth have stay'd them—Tilghman had been  
free :

But no—thy altars glory in the tide  
Of precious blood—by fall of chiefs supplied.  
Who next shall yield to thy relentless stroke,  
Which, while it tears the ivy, threatens the oak ?  
What nobler victim can thy grasp attain,  
Till his great master falls amid the slain !

O, Washington! thy Aid is gone before  
To sound thy glories on that deathless shore,  
Where rest the great—the good of every age,  
Who deck the poet's or historian's page:  
The crowd illustrious now await thy flight  
From shades terrestrial, to eternal light,  
Where, to the laurels, thine so justly now,  
They'll add a wreath immortal to thy brow.  
This scene triumphal—'tis thy Aid prepares,  
And thus he soothes his absence from thy cares.

What various honours, Tilghman, knew thy days?  
The warrior's trophy—bound with civic bays.  
Whether as merchant, patriot, or friend,  
Husband or parent, we alike commend.  
In every walk form'd equally to shine:  
Thine were the social, all the virtues thine.

A friend inscribes this column to thy praise,  
With mournful heart—but with imperfect lays,  
Enough for him—if true to Merit's claim,  
These lines attest how spotless was thy fame,  
And call some bard more skill'd, in future verse,  
Thy splendid deeds more nobly to rehearse,  
In times when poets shall arise to crown  
America's great worthies with renown.

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## 233

### TO LIBERTY.

HAIL, sacred Liberty! to thee we owe  
What's good or great upon this scene below!  
O! Heaven's first gift! which, since the world began,  
Hast in some climate still defended man;

And whilst politer nations were enslaved,  
Hast dwelt with savages, from thralldom saved.  
Amidst commotions not unknown to fame,  
Which nations freed and crush'd the Roman name.  
Had thy bright flame extended 'mongst mankind,  
By tyrants they'd have scorn'd to be confined :  
But long the yoke supported, scarce deceit  
That slaves required, to light the ignoble weight ;  
Dark ignorance, which slavery ever brings,  
Delusion swallow'd, and created kings ;  
And such, alas ! of mankind was the lot,  
That from old tyrants freed, they new ones got ;  
Then on fair Albion's shores you sought applause,  
And sometimes glimmer'd midst the feudal laws ;  
Faint glimmering of that great, that noble fire,  
Which since has spread, and all her sons inspire ;  
Type of that greatness, which, to fame alive,  
Check'd crowned influence and prerogative :  
Which from their seats tyrannic sovereigns hurl'd,  
And spread thy glories to the admiring world.  
Emblem of thee, long had Great Britain stood,  
And spread thy banners o'er thy briny flood ;  
Among her sons, who, when oppress'd, had fled,  
And here with laurels crown'd thy worshipp'd head.  
How could the parent slavery despise,  
Who o'er her children wish'd to tyrannize ?  
This Britain did, and on that luckless day  
She lost her sons, transferr'd thy brightest ray.  
Here now, bright Goddess ! with true lustre shine,  
Whilst we, unceasing, own thy pow'r divine ;  
And following thy sacred laws, may we  
Or live in freedom, or else cease to be !

**234 THE BATTLE OF QUEENSTOWN,**

October 13, 1812.

BY WILLIAM BANKER, JUN.

WHEN brave Van Rensselaer cross'd the stream,  
Just at the break of day,  
Distressing thoughts, a restless dream,  
Disturb'd me where I lay.

But all the terrors of the night  
Did quickly flee away :  
My opening eyes beheld the light,  
And hail'd the new-born day.

Soon did the murdering cannon's roar  
Put blood in all my veins ;  
Columbia's sons have trod the shore  
Where the proud Briton reigns.

To expose their breast to cannon's ball,  
Their country's rights to save,  
O what a grief to see them fall !  
True heroes bold and brave !

The musket's flash, the cannon's glow,  
Thunder'd and lighten'd round,  
Struck dread on all the tawny foe,  
And swept them to the ground.

I thought what numbers must be slain,  
What weeping widows left !  
And aged parents full of pain,  
Of every joy bereft.

The naked savage yelling round  
Our heroes where they stood,



---

And every weapon to be found  
Was bathed in human blood.

But bold Van Rensselear, full of wounds,  
Was quickly carried back ;  
Brave Colonel Bloom did next command  
The bloody fierce attack.

Where Brock, the proud insulter, rides  
In pomp and splendour great :  
Our valiant heroes he derides,  
And dared the power of fate.

“ Here is a mark for Yankee boys,  
So shoot me if you can : ”  
A Yankee ball soon closed his eyes,  
Death found him but a man.

They slaughter'd down the tawny foe,  
And Britons that were near ;  
They dealt out death at every blow,  
The battle was severe.

Five battles fought all in one day,  
Through four victorious stood,  
But ah ! the fifth swept all away,  
And spilt our heroes' blood.

The tomahawk and scalping-knife  
On them did try their skill ;  
Some wounded, struggling for their life,  
Did black barbarians kill.

Brave Wadsworth boldly kept the field  
Till their last bullets flew ;  
Then all were prisoners forced to yield,  
What could the general do ?

Militia men ! O fie for shame !  
Thus you your country flee.  
'Tis you at last will bear the blame  
For loss of victory.

When mild Van Rensselaer did command,  
You would not him obey ;  
But stood spectators on the strand,  
To see the bloody fray.

The number kill'd was seventy-four,  
Prisoners, seven hundred sixty-nine ;  
Wounded, two hundred or more,  
Who languish'd in great pain.

Some have already lost their lives,  
And others like to go ;  
But few, I fear, will tell their wives  
The doleful tale of wo.

---

## 235

## THE AMERICAN SWORD.

FORGED from Oppression's chain ;  
Valiantly used,  
Wielded when prayers were vain ;  
Never abused :  
Sword that our fathers drew !  
We, by their dust,  
Swear to prove good and true  
Heirs of the trust.

Should e'er domestic strife  
Call for thy steel,  
Be thou the pruningknife,  
Wounding to heal !

Should Freedom's foes accurst  
E'er seek our shore,  
Forth like God's lightning burst  
E'er as of yore!

Blood rusts thy blade upon :  
Why was it shed ?  
Answer from Lexington,  
Glorious dead !  
Cry from your lowly rest  
'Neath the green sod,  
"Sons! for our rights, the blest  
Charter of God!"

From our sires' hallow'd earth  
Breathes a deep tone:  
"Not for the South or North  
Fought we alone:  
All in one holy band  
Sought we to bind—  
O! let not factious hand  
Loose what we've join'd!"

---

## 236 MAINE BATTLE SONG.

COME, sogers! take your muskets up ;  
And grasp your faithful rifles ;  
We're gwoin to lick the red coat men,  
Who call us Yankees, "trifles."  
Bring out the big gun made of brass,  
Which forges July thunder ;  
Bring out the flag of Bennington,  
And strike the foe with wonder.

37\*

We'll lick the red coats, any how,  
And drive them from the border ;  
The loggers are awake—and all  
Await the gin'ral's order ;  
Britannia shall not rule the Maine,  
Nor shall she rule the water,  
They've sung that song full long enough,  
Much longer than they oughter.

The Aroostook's a right slick stream,  
Has nation sights of woodlands,  
And hang the feller that would lose  
His footing on such good lands.  
And all along the boundary line,  
There's pasturing for cattle ;  
But where that line of boundary is,  
We must decide by battle.

We do not care about the land,  
But they shan't hook it from us ;  
Our country, right or wrong, we cry—  
No budging or compromise.  
So—beat the sheepskin—blow the fife,  
And march in training order ;  
Our way is through the wilderness,  
And all along the border.

---

**237****COLUMBIA, (1785.)**

To her genuine sons, on the prospect of a Spanish war.

*Amer patria incitat.*

AWAKE, O my sons ! and to glory repair,  
The prospect is noble, the object is fair ;  
The Spaniards have dared to infringe on our right ;  
Are ye freemen, and not bring the matter to light ?

These Dons will grow proud by insulting our flag :  
O suffer them not of such meanness to brag.  
In peace let your stripes round the globe be display'd,  
From nation to nation establish your trade ;  
In the language of freemen enforce your decrees,  
Make the ocean your empire, and sail where you please ;  
On the basis of freedom establish your fame,  
And the slaves of each despot will crouch at your  
name ;  
It is fit the impression should now go abroad,  
Ere a meaner, unluckily, first takes the road.

Ye had courage to face the bold Briton in war,  
And the Spaniard, ye know, is inferior by far ;  
Demand satisfaction ; if that be denied,  
The aggressor the consequence then must abide :  
'Twould be worthy, by Heaven ! and your annals  
adorn,  
The standard of Freedom to bear to Cape Horn,  
Unshackle the slaves that to royalty bow,  
And o'er plains quite neglected establish the plough !

Ye are children of Europe, 'tis true ; but the times  
Have never been equall'd by baseness and crimes ;  
Now it's time that the children should act for the best,  
For the parent is doating—will soon be a jest ;  
Your ties are but slender, and easily broke,  
The blame is your own that you suffer the yoke.

Each circumstance tells you, each object you see,  
Informs that your empire was made to be free,  
Give laws to the world, to improve on each plan,  
And by Liberty, everywhere, dignify man.

## 238

## A BLOODY BATTLE,

Between the United States troops under the command of Gov. Harrison, and several tribes of Indians, near the Prophet's town, Nov. 7th 1811.

O'ER western hills, Columbia's martial band  
March'd forth to guard her own defenceless land,  
From savage inroads, on her new frontiers,  
To defend the people, and allay their fears.

Harrison, a commander of great renown,  
Led on our troops near by the Prophet's town.  
After toils o'ercome, and obstructions past,  
Near this savage town they encamp'd at last.

November the seventh, before 'twas light,  
Those Indian tribes began a bloody fight;  
Dark was the hour, and gloomy all around,  
When horrid yells from savage tribes did sound.

The doleful war-whoop roar'd incessantly,  
Which plainly did foretell some mischief nigh;  
Then on our troops they rush'd with fiercest rage,  
Who quickly form'd their ranks, did them engage.

Still pressing on, like heroes they did fight;  
They charged those tribes, and put them all to flight;  
Their tomahawks they used in firm array,  
Yet to our gallant troops they soon gave way.

What carnage's seen—the dead confused lie,  
Our troops and savage men both mix and die;  
And garments roll'd in blood, stood full in view,  
Caused by that base, that wicked Indian crew.

How many youths that left their native shore,  
Their dearest friends—alas! are now no more.  
O! we lament so many met their doom,  
New to the field, and heroes in the bloom.

Columbia's heroic bands, her pride and boast,  
And they who speak the truest, praise them most,  
Their great exploits appear sublimely bright,  
Shine in their native, not a borrow'd light.

---

## 239

## THE AMERICAN FLAG,

*Tune—"The Star-Spangled Banner."*

WHILE Jupiter sat on his throne in the skies,  
The thunder of battle wax'd louder and louder,  
The smoke of the cannon brought tears to his eyes,  
And his nose was assail'd by the fumes of gunpow-  
der :

'Tis America strives

For her children and wives,

While the proud sons of Britain pull foot for their lives ;

The roses of glory the brave shall adorn,

While the sea bears a ship, or the fields Indian-corn,

"I'll give them a banner," in triumph he said,

And a piece of blue sky from the firmament tore he,

He rabbled the rainbow to stripe it with red,

And sew'd some bright stars on, to add to its glory ;

"This banner," says he,

"Is the flag of the free,

And the north or south pole shall the standard-pole be.

It shall float in the skies on the breezes of morn,

While the sea bears a ship, or the fields Indian-corn."

Then swell the loud pæans ; ye cannons, speak out ;

Let the roar of this day through the universe flow,

Till the brazen-lung'd seraph re-echo the shout,

And the voices on high join the chorus below :

Be your banners unfurl'd

And your thunderbolts hurl'd,

Till the glorious huzza plugs the ears of the world ;  
For ne'er such a nation again shall be born,  
While the sea bears a ship, or the fields Indian-corn.

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## 240 ON THE DEATH OF CAPT. L. STORY

Of the Pennsylvania artillery.—1785.

How wrapt in darkness is the fates' decree !  
How hard to trace the maze of destiny ;  
Born in a northern clime, perhaps we die  
Far in the south, no dear relation nigh ;  
There breathe our first, and here in silence lie.  
So the loved youth, the subject of my song,  
Sleeps on the Ashley, though from Anglia sprung :  
Lamented Story ! lamented though in vain,  
Who this mysterious hardship shall explain ;  
That Heaven should such superior gifts supply,  
Yet length of days for exercise deny ?  
Was it for this (your country's faults discern'd)  
You left her, and became our trusty friend ;  
Forsook your friends, relations, country, home,  
And nobly made our injured cause your own !  
But see in solemn pomp they move this way,  
The youthful soldier to his grave convey ;  
In steady ranks his comrades silent mourn,  
By brother masons, see his corpse is borne,  
The pausing drums their slowest notes resound,  
The train conducting to the hallow'd ground ;  
Where the last office by the priest is paid,  
As in his honour'd grave the hero's laid.  
Around its closing mouth a circling band,  
Of brothers, friends, in martial order stand :  
Then in his grave their weeping laurels throw,  
And take their last farewell, o'erwhelm'd with wo.



## 241

## THE SURPRISE.

Now, shroud thy banners, Freedom,  
And fire the minute gun,  
For the red men of the forest  
A hellish deed have done.

Not on the field of battle,  
Where a soldier loves to die,  
Have thy young martyrs fallen,  
For whom the brave will sigh.

O, deed of shame inhuman !  
O, deed of blood and woe—  
A hundred bold and gallant men  
The tomahawk laid low.

Flush'd with high hopes they trail  
Through the shady palmettos,  
When sudden flash'd the savage knife—  
The war-whoop wild arose.

From out the oaken hammocks  
A thousand Indians sprang,  
As with their rifles' thundering crash  
The forest arches rang.

Still, 'gainst o'erpowering numbers,  
The white men battled on :  
And many a savage roll'd in death  
On that eventful morn.

At last, the brave have perish'd,—  
Their dirge, the war-whoop wild !  
For whom will stream deep sorrow's tear,  
From maiden, wife, and child.

And oft will memory wander,  
And shuddering give a prayer,  
For the brave who fell in Florida,  
And weep, no aid was there.

No hand to give them burial,  
To close their dying eyes;—  
God take those gallant spirits home,  
Who perish'd by surprise!

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## 242

## WAR SONG.—1776.

HARK, hark, the sound of war is heard,  
And we must all attend;  
Take up our arms, and go with speed  
Our country to defend.  
Our parent state has turn'd our foe,  
Which fills our land with pain;  
Her gallant ships, mann'd out for war,  
Come thundering o'er the main.  
There's Carleton, Howe, and Clinton too,  
And many thousands more,  
May cross the sea, but all in vain;  
Our rights we'll ne'er give o'er.  
Our pleasant land they do invade,  
Our property devour;  
And all because we won't submit  
To their despotic power.  
Then let us go against our foes,  
We'd better die than yield;  
We and our sons are all undone  
If Britain win the field.

Tories may dream of future joys,  
But, I am bold to say,  
They'll find themselves bound fast in chains  
If Britain wins the day.

Husbands must leave their loving wives,  
And sprightly youths attend,  
Leave their sweethearts and risk their lives,  
Their country to defend.

May they be heroes in the field,  
Have heroes' fame in store;  
We pray the Lord to be their shield  
Where thundering cannons roar.



## 243 A SONG FOR THE SONS OF LIBERTY.

BY DOCTOR PRIME, OF NEW YORK.

Written about the year, 1768.

In story we're told,  
How our fathers of old  
Braved the rage of the wind and the waves;  
And cross'd the deep o'er,  
To this desolate shore,  
All because they were loath to be slaves, brave boys!  
All because they were loath to be slaves.

Yet a strange scheme of late,  
Has been formed in the state,  
By a knot of political knaves;  
Who in secret rejoice,  
That the Parliament's voice  
Has resolved that we all shall be slaves, brave boys! &c.

But if we should obey,  
This vile statute the way  
To more base future slavery paves ;  
Nor in spite of our pain,  
Must we ever complain,  
If we tamely submit to be slaves, brave boys ! &c.

Counteract, then, we must  
A decree so unjust,  
Which our wise constitution depraves ;  
And all nature conspires  
To approve our desires,  
For she cautions us not to be slaves, brave boys ! &c.

As the sun's lucid ray  
To all nations gives day,  
And a world from obscurity saves ;  
So all happy and free,  
George's subjects should be,  
Then Americans must not be slaves, brave boys ! &c.

Heaven only controls  
The great deep as it rolls,  
And the tide which our broad country laves  
Emphatical roars  
This advice to our shores,  
"O ! Americans, never be slaves," brave boys ! &c.

Hark ! the wind, as it flies,  
Though o'erruled by the skies,  
While it each meaner obstacle braves,  
Seems to say, "Be like me,  
Always loyally free,  
But ah ! never consent to be slaves," brave boys ! &c.

To our monarch, we know,  
Due allegiance we owe,  
Who the sceptre so rightfully waves ;  
But no sovereign we own,  
But the king on his throne,  
And we cannot, to subjects, be slaves, brave boys ! &c.

Though fools stupidly tell  
That we mean to rebel,  
Yet all each American craves,  
Is but to be free,  
As we surely must be,  
For we never were born to be slaves, brave boys ! &c.

But whoever, in spite  
At American right,  
Like insolent Haman behaves ;  
Or would wish to grow great  
On the spoils of the state,  
May he and his children be slaves, brave boys ! &c.

Though against the repeal,  
With intemperate zeal,  
Proud Granville so brutishly raves ;  
Yet our conduct shall show ;  
And our enemies know,  
That Americans scorn to be slaves, brave boys ! &c.

With the beasts of the wood,  
We will ramble for food,  
We will lodge in wild deserts and caves ;  
And live poor as Job,  
On the skirts of the globe,  
Before we'll submit to be slaves, brave boys ! &c.

The birth-right we hold  
Shall never be sold,  
But sacred maintain'd to our graves ;  
And before we'll comply,  
We will gallantly die,  
For we must not, we will not be slaves, brave boys! &c.

---

## 244

## ODE.

BY THOMAS POWAR.

WHEN Liberty first raised her voice in our land,  
It peal'd o'er our hills in the accents of glory ;  
Devoted each heart, and uplifted each hand,  
Our fathers predicted their country's proud story.  
Then abroad went the cry  
To be free, or to die—  
And Freedom exulting gave back in reply :  
While our hills shall be green, or its course holds  
the sun,  
The sword shall maintain what by battle was won.

Then despots decreed that Columbia's young hope  
Should mingle its ray with the flood of commotion ;  
That her fleets should ne'er vie, nor her navies e'er  
cope  
With the gallant and chivalrous sons of the ocean.  
But valour soon gave  
Her broad stripes to the wave,  
And the watchword of Freedom went forth from the  
brave :  
While our hills shall be green, &c.

The slave that would yield, or the coward that flies,  
Finds a grave in his heart for each proud, lofty  
feeling;  
For his country, who dares, for his honour who dies,  
Has hope in his peril, his duty revealing.  
Be their valorous band  
Still the pride of our land,  
Who in peace avoid war by the soldier's proud stand.  
While our hills shall be green, &c.

Long, long may our land, in its glory entwine  
The olive's green leaf with the flag of our nation;  
May our citizen-soldiers protect the fair shrine  
Where Liberty dwells, in her own lofty station.  
While her birth-day we hail,  
No alarms shall prevail,  
But the shout shall be echoed from mountain and vale;  
While our hills shall be green, &c.

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## 245 CAPTURE OF BURGOYNE.

The following curious account of the overthrow of Burgoyne at Saratoga, on the 17th of October, 1777, was probably written soon after that memorable event.

HERE followeth the direful fate  
Of Burgoyne and his army great,  
Who so proudly did display  
The terrors of despotic sway.  
His power and pride and many threats  
Have been brought low by fortunate Gates,  
To bend to the United States.

British prisoners by Convention,	-	-	-	2442
Foreigners—by Contra-vention,	-	-	-	2198
Tories sent across the Lake,	-	-	-	1100
Burgoyne and his suite, in state,	-	-	-	12
Sick and wounded, bruised and pounded,	}			528
Ne'er so much before confounded,				
Prisoners of war before Convention,	-	-		400
Deserters come with kind intention,	-	-		300
They lost at Bennington's great battle,	}			1220
Where Starke's glorious arms did rattle,				
Kill'd in September and October,	-	-		600
Ta'en by brave Brown,* some drunk, some sober,				413
Slain by high-famed Herkerman,†	}			300
On both flanks, on rear and van,				
Indians, settlers, butchers, drovers,	}			4413
Enough to crowd large plains all over,				
And those whom grim Death did prevent				
From fighting against our continent;				
And also those who stole away,				
Lest they down their arms should lay,	}			14,000
Abhorring that obnoxious day;				
The whole make fourteen thousand men,	}			
Who may not with us fight again.				

This is a pretty just account  
 Of Burgoyne's legions' whole amount,  
 Who came across the Northern Lakes  
 To desolate our happy States.  
 Their brass cannons we have got all—  
 Fifty-six—both great and small;  
 And ten thousand stand of arms,  
 To prevent all future harms;

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\* Col. John Brown, of Mass.

† Gen. Herkimer, of New York, (probably.)



Stores and implements complete,  
Of workmanship exceeding neat;  
Covered wagons in great plenty,  
And proper harness, no way scanty.  
Among our prisoners there are  
Six generals of fame most rare;  
Six members of their Parliament—  
Reluctantly they seem content;  
Three British lords, and Lord Belcarras,  
Who came, our country free to harass.  
Two baronets of high extraction  
Were sorely wounded in the action.

---

## 246

## AN ODE,

Written at Lexington, in Kentucky, for the fourth of July,  
1788.

WHEN the Almighty's fiat gave  
"Creation's boundless range" a birth;  
The choir of angels hail'd our land,  
The land most favour'd of the earth.  
"Hail, Kentucky! Kentucky, that shall be  
Forever great, most blest and free!

"High as thy streams, whose swelling pride  
Increasing torrents quickly raise;  
So high, the trump of fame shall swell  
Thy name with tributary praise.  
Hail, Kentucky! forever be thy name  
The theme of never-dying fame!

“Till latest times, thy teeming fields,  
 By lib’ral Heaven’s great commands,  
 Shall on thy torrents, unconfined,  
 Send plenty to far distant lands.  
 Hail, Kentucky! Kentucky, thou shalt be  
 Forever great, most blest and free!”

## 247 THE CAPTURE OF BURGOYNE.

Oct. 1777.

From a manuscript furnished the editor, (1842,) by John Ely, now in his eighty-fifth year, a soldier of the Revolution, who was at the capture of Burgoyne.

When dis - cord had rear'd her black stand - ard on high, And  
 sent her hoarse voice thro' the sky—the sky, Con - vuls-ing all Nature with  
 dreadful alarms; Then Freedom commanded her heroes from far, They  
 heard the proud summons, and shouted for war! Here might you see  
 youth of high spi - rit, Of ge - nius and me - rit, in arms.

O'er Champlain, proud Burgoyne all terrible comes,  
With thundering cannon, and drums—and drums.

He shook all the neighbouring regions around ;  
Of blustering titles he told a long tale,  
And thought pomp and nonsense would turn our cheek  
pale ;

But then full soon bold Stark and his yeomen,  
The glory of freemen, he found.

Three times in fierce combat the armies were join'd,  
But battle went not to his mind—his mind ;

For American souls were too gallant to yield.  
Amazed from the hill he beheld his hard fate,  
And wish'd to retire, when the hour was too late :  
Sighing, he saw his hundreds were dying,  
His thousands were flying the field.

While hosts of brave patriots with hearts that beat  
high,

Rush onward to conquer or die—or die ;

Led by Gates, Morgan, Lincoln, those heirs of  
bright fame :

He saw skill and discipline ever must bend,  
Where Freedom, and Virtue, and glory contend :  
Humble and sad this haughty pretender  
Was forced to surrender, with shame.

Then the merry bells rung round American plains,  
And pleasure enliven'd the strains—the strains ;

While Fame the bold acts of our warriors sung ;  
The breath of our heroes new ardour inspired,  
New hopes the sad hearts of the timorous fired ;  
By Virtue's voice, like odours of even,  
Sweet praise to high Heaven was sung.

## 248

## FOURTH OF JULY ODE.

*Tune—"Star-spangled Banner."*

BY WILLIS G. CLARK.

HAIL, hail to the day, when with Memory's wand,  
We waken a vision of worthies departed,  
Whose labours of valour deliver'd the land  
From the fierce, open foe, and the traitor falsehearted;  
Whose blood fell like rain,  
In the ranks of the slain,  
And cried from the ground, with a voice not in vain :  
We hail the bright day which reminds us of yore—  
Of the warriors that slumber to battle no more.

We have come to remember, in anthem and song,  
The fathers, whose bosoms were warm with devotion,  
When o'er them the tempest of war brooded long,  
And the hosts of the foe came like waves of the ocean ;  
When the cannon's loud roar,  
Through the wilderness hoar,  
Went booming in darkness, till peril was o'er,—  
Till the brave hearts, that rallied, their land to defend,  
Saw the bright dove of peace on their banners descend !

We have come to rejoice, as the present we view,  
And compare with the past its condition of glory ;  
At the altar of Freedom our vows to renew,  
And reflect on the deeds that illumine our story :  
To record, on the page  
Of a prosperous age,

That the thoughts of our fathers, our spirits engage;  
That we joy to remember their patriot-love,  
And to deem that they rest in the mansions above.  
O, long may the radiance that beams round us now,  
Above our green mountains and broad valleys hover!  
The cloud hath departed from Liberty's brow—  
There are smiles on her lip, for the struggle is over,  
It is good thus to be,  
From the lawn to the sea,  
Where the sun sinks at evening, a world of the free!  
Long, long, may the links of that beautiful chain  
Which begirds us in union, unsundered remain!

---

## 249 THE PROGRESS OF SIR JACK BRAG.

SAID Burgoyne to his men, as they pass'd in review,  
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo, boys!  
These rebels their course very quickly will rue,  
And fly as the leaves 'fore the autumn tempest flew,  
When him, who is your leader, they know, boys!  
'They with men have now to deal,  
And we soon will make them feel—  
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo, boys!  
That a loyal Briton's arm, and a loyal Briton's steel,  
Can put to flight a rebel, as quick as other foe,  
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo— [boys!  
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo-o-o-o, boys!  
As to Sa-ra-tog' he came, thinking how to jo the game,  
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo, boys!  
He began to see the grubs, in the branches of his fame,  
He began to have the trembles, lest a flash should be  
the flame,

For which he had agreed his perfume to forego,  
boys!  
No lack of skill, but fates,  
Shall make us yield to Gates,  
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo, boys!  
The devils may have leagued, as you know with the  
States,  
But we never will be beat by any mortal foe, boys!  
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo—  
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo-o-o-o, boys!

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## 250

## SUMPTER'S BAND.

BY J. W. SIMMONS.

The exploits of the hero of South Mount, furnish a fruitful theme for the muse. They not only outnumbered those of Marion (whose valuable services, at that time, we would not be understood as intending to disparage) but far exceeded them in brilliancy. Sumpter was emphatically the *Game Cock* of South Carolina—he *was not to be beaten*. His swimming across the Santee, with three hundred and fifty horsemen, and advancing upon the British at Fort Watson, was one of the most gallant and romantic incidents in our revolutionary annals. Had Gates been a Sumpter, the British would have rued the day they set foot on Carolina; and the brave Isaac Hayne, the gentleman, soldier, and patriot, had lived to measure swords with them in another war for independence.

WHEN Carolina's hope grew pale  
Before the British lion's tread;  
And Freedom's sigh in every gale  
Was heard above her martyr'd dead;  
When from her mountain heights, subdued,  
In pride of place forbid to soar,  
Her Eagle banner, quench'd in blood,  
Lay sullen on the indignant shore,

Breathing revenge, invoking doom,  
Tyrant! upon thy purple host,  
When all stood wrapt in steadfast gloom,  
And silence brooded o'er her coast,

Stealthy, as when from thicket dun,  
The Indian springs upon his bow,  
Up rose South Mount, thy warrior son,  
And headlong darted on the foe.

Not in the pride of war he came,  
With bugle note and banner high,  
And nodding plume, and steel of flame,  
Red battle's gorgeous panoply!

With followers few, but undismay'd,  
Each change and chance of fate withstood,  
Beneath her sunshine and her shade,  
The same heroic brotherhood!

From secret nook, in other land,  
Emerging fleet along the pine,  
Prone down he flew before his band,  
Like eagle on the British line!

Catacoba's waters smiled again,  
To see her Sumpter's soul in arms;  
And issuing from each glade and glen,  
Rekindled by war's fierce alarms,

Throng'd hundreds through the solitude  
Of the wild forest, to the call  
Of him whose spirit, unsubdued,  
Fresh impulse gave to each, to all.

By day the burning sands they ply,  
Night sees them in the fell ravine;

Familiar to each follower's eye,  
The tangled brake, the hall of green.

Roused by their tread from covert deep,  
Springs the gaunt wolf, and thus while near  
Is heard, forbidding thought of sleep,  
The rattling serpent's sound of fear!

Before or break of early morn,  
Or fox looks out from copse to close,  
Before the hunter winds his horn,  
Sumpter's already on his foes!

He beat them back! beneath the flame  
Of valour quailing, or the shock!  
And carved at last, a hero's name  
Upon the glorious Hanging Rock!

And time, that shades or sears the wreath,  
Where glory binds the soldier's brow,  
Kept bright her Sumpter's fame in death,  
His hour of proudest triumph, now.

And ne'er shall tyrant tread the shore  
Where Sumpter bled, nor bled in vain;  
A thousand hearts shall break, before  
They wear the oppressor's chains again.

O never can thy sons forget  
The mighty lessons taught by thee;  
Since—treasured by the eternal debt—  
Their watchword is thy memory!



**250 GEN. WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.**

BY GEORGE H. COLTON.

NOR less to him, the unsullied chief, be given,  
Who led them on to victory and the grave,  
Charged with his office from the courts of Heaven,  
By soul-born impulse to arise and save.  
The beautiful and weak create the brave :  
Frail trembling thousands on that soul relied,  
To which their very trust its ardour gave ;  
And Wabash waves, and Maumee's moaning tide,  
And Thames, dark-rushing, tell his name while they  
abide.

The storm swept by, and Peace, with soft fair fingers,  
Folded the banners of red-handed war :  
Where broad Ohio's bending beauty lingers,  
The chief reposed beneath the evening star.  
Calm was the life he led, till, near and far,  
The breath of millions bore his name along,  
Through praise and censure and continuous jar :—  
But lo ! the Capitol's rejoicing throng !  
And envoys from all lands approach with greeting  
tongue !

The moon rose round above the Atlantic main,  
When that proud pageant pass'd to mortal sight ;  
And when, alas ! her splendour waned again,  
His transient glory faded like her light !—  
O empress of the star-loved realm of night,  
I see thee shine o'er mountain, vale, and stream,  
For thou couldst then resume thy beauty bright ;  
But never more upon this land shall beam  
His mild and honour'd sway—departed like a dream !

---

To own the morals of the olden school,  
To be true-hearted and of soul sincere,  
To bear down vice, yet with paternal rule  
To nurse no hatred, and to feel no fear,  
To raise the fallen and the faint to cheer,  
And be the soldier's and the orphan's stay ;  
These are the virtues that his name endear.  
The world is change ! Time verges to decay,  
And all things good, but Heaven, must fail and pass  
away !

But long as on Ohio's coursing wave  
Is borne one freeman towards the glowing west,  
His eye and tongue, above the chieftain's grave,  
Shall hail the marble honours of his rest !  
And long as Dian lifts her waning crest,  
Where Liberty yet holds what she hath won,  
A pensive thought shall haunt the patriot's breast  
Of him, whose reign in her brief year was done,  
And from his heart shall rise the name of HARRISON.

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